

High Times

April '80 \$2.50

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Pot Laws

WHITE HOUSE DRUG SCANDALS

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34 INTERVIEW: ROBERT ANTON WILSON by Michael Hollingshead

The coauthor of the *Illuminatus* trilogy, the ultimate sci-fi conspiracy novel, talks about future drugs, life extension, understanding physics through LSD mutation and Cabalistic magic. A provocative peek at the 21st century.



40 THE DRUG STOPS HERE by Frank Browning

At the White House, that is, where politics makes for some strange toking and tooting partners and where the executive dope policy is a house of cards inspired by good old Washington values like greed, ambition and revenge. Frank Browning reveals how the federal government's line on drugs is shaped by the personal habits of men in high office and the motives of their consorts who turn on and tell. Also, a fond history of dope in the White House from George Washington's Mount Vernon hemp plantation to Richard Nixon's romps with "sleeping pills and demons" and a look at the favorite highs of our presidents' sons and daughters.



48 HOW TO PUT ON A SMOKE-IN by Ben Masel

A few hundred people waving lit joints and peacefully asking the police to arrest them for this act is a potent demonstration of the idiocy of Prohibition as well as an

effective method of mobilizing a community for future political actions and a pretty nice way to get high. Ben Masel, the world's greatest smoke-in strategist, offers the definitive guide to putting together a smoke-in, including tips on publicity, how to make sure the press shows up, distribution of grass and dealing with the cops. And, after all, you don't have to be a head to think our pot laws should be changed.

52 THE LATEST DOPE ON POT LAWS by Allen J. Sheinman

Get popped for an ounce of grass in Florida and you'll be faced with up to five years in jail and a \$5,000 fine; the same will set you back (only) a hundred bucks in Minnesota. A state-by-state survey of our idiosyncratic pot laws and an examination of some hopeful trends in decriminalization.

55 CENTERFOLD: A HIGH OLD TIME

Time was you could stop in at your local pharmacy and pick up a few grams of cocaine, a box of hemp tops or an ounce of coca leaves. Ahhh, the good old days.



58 THE BAND PLAYED ON by John Swenson

When Keith Moon died in September 1978 a lot of people, including Peter Townshend, were saying it was the end of the Who. But the band replaced Moon with Kenney Jones of the Small Faces, added keyboard player John "Rabbit" Bundrick and a three-piece horn section and went on a record-breaking tour that included the blackest event in rock history—the trampling to death of 11 fans at a concert in Cincinnati. John Swenson, author of *The Who* (Ace/Tempo) and *The Rolling Stone Records Guide* (Random House), was at their last gig of the '70s and reports on how the Who survived and why they're still the world's greatest rock 'n' roll band.

Insets: (1) John F. Kennedy; (2) Hamilton Jordan, UPI; (3) Jimmy Carter, Wide World; (4) Billy Carter; (5) Mamie Eisenhower, Max Peter Haas/FPG; (6) Betty Ford; (7) David Kennedy; (8) Joan Kennedy; (9) Peter Boune, UPI. White House model by Robert Zakarian's Prop Shop, Inc.



62 WRITE-OFF! by Joan Flynn

It's time to roll up your sleeves, sharpen your pencils, light up a joint and fill out those nasty income-tax forms. In case you want to be selective in what you divulge to the IRS about your livelihood, or if you'd just like to save a few dollars for yourself, here are some handy tax dos and don'ts gleaned from the nation's top tax pros.

66 THE BICYCLE BOOM by Michael Chance

During the energy crisis of 1973 sales of bicycles reached an all-time high of 15 million. America had rediscovered pedal power—a great way to beat the oil crunch, stay in shape and get away from the madding crowd. Contributing editor Michael Chance offers the inside track on bicycle races, touring, best bike buys and some kinky cousins to the standard two-wheeler.



75 COMIX: Lulubelle's Bedtime Story E Pluribus Pinhead— The Zippy Campaign, Part 2



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Letters

OHIO AND/OR BUST

Hey, great article about Ohio [HIGH TIMES, "Welcome to Ohio, the Buckeye State," November '79]. Being a former resident, I wanted to correct you on Cleveland's mayoral problems. Ralph Perk was mayor two years ago. His big campaign was to stamp out smut. Next came Dennis Kucinich. It was ex-mayor Kucinich ("Dennis the Menace"), not Perk, who set his hair on fire—twice—and whose wife couldn't miss her bowling night to dine at the White House. I don't think Perk's wife was even *that* active in the community. And you forgot to mention Dennis's brother, who, after Kucinich said the town was going to default, went out and robbed a bank to give Dennis the money so the old city wouldn't go under.

And about the Ohio Fact Roundup: You forgot to mention the yearly Buzzard Day Roost when cars and people line up bumper to bumper in Hinkley to watch the buzzards land for a day before venturing back on their migration route. There's a pancake breakfast and T-shirts, too. Stuff like this drove me out, so instead of living in Cleveland, the "Mistake on the Lake," I'm now residing in Houston, the "Garbage on the Gulf." Actually, anywhere you go these days is kinda weird. —Name withheld, Houston, Tex.

Deanne Stillman wouldn't have taken Ohio so lightly had she known of some impressive honors accorded this fine state. For instance, the first man to put a modified engine in a tractor, Paul E. Heath, Jr., hails from a small town outside of Columbus.



Mr. Heath has been winning first place in tractor-pulling contests right regular for 25 years. Also, Reynoldsburg, Ohio, claims to be the birthplace of the tomato. With achievements like these, it's obvious that Ohio is superior to the 49 backwoods brothels we call sister states.

—John Jones, Columbus, Ohio

In response to asshole Stillman's article about Ohio: He obviously had his head up

his asshole all the time he lived in Ohio. Any dipshit knows what a buckeye is (a poisonous nut that I hope Stillman eats). Who cares if we Ohioans are smarter or dumber than anyone else? We party harder than any other state! The egotistical Stillman better change his name if he goes back to Ohio or he might find himself six feet under. Ohio is still the number one state!

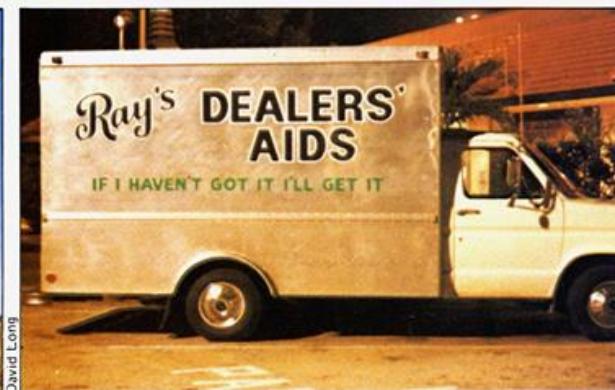
—Tom Zeis, Hawthorne, Ca.

Author Deanne Stillman (herself) replies: A mind is a terrible thing to waste.

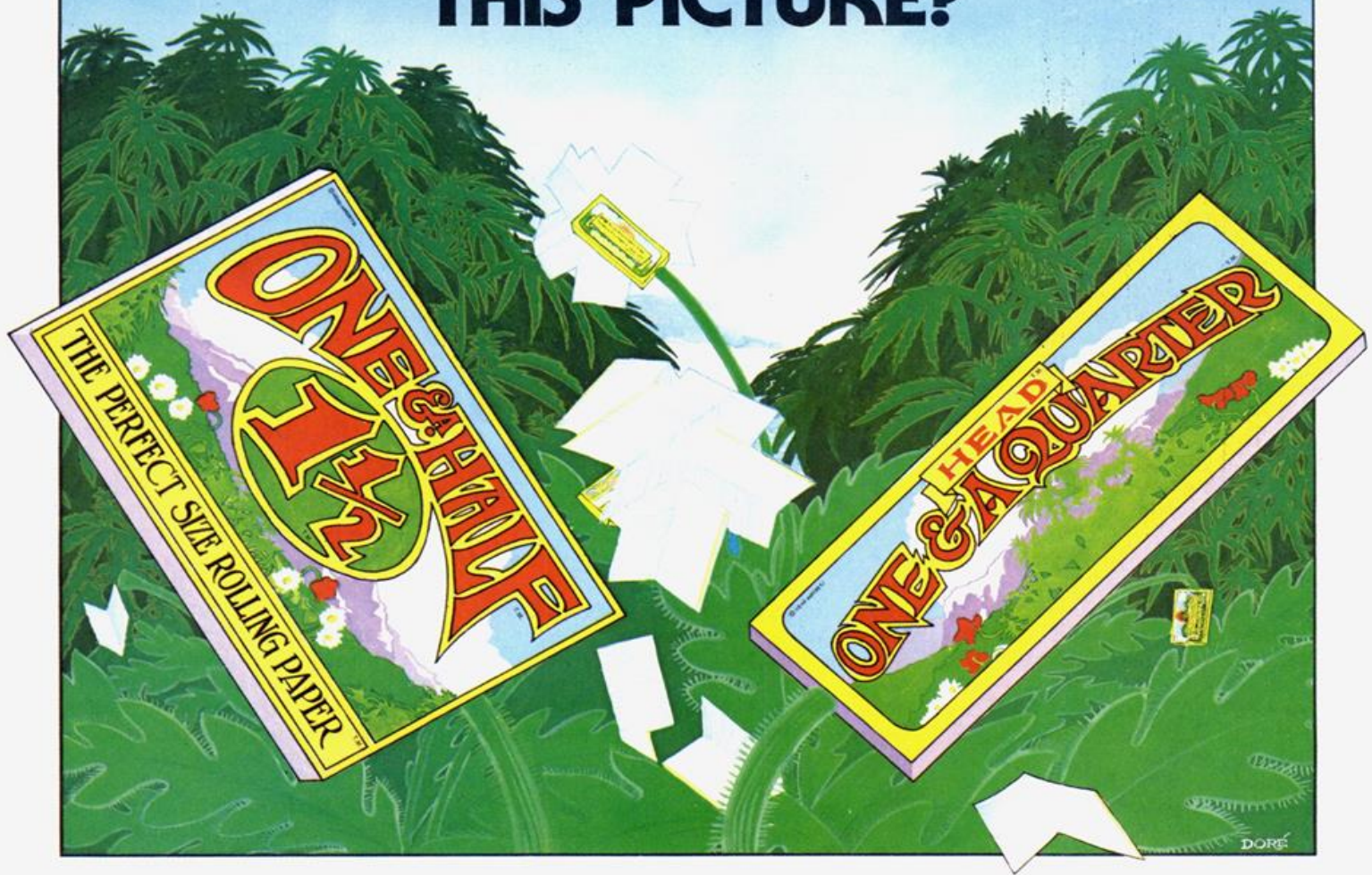
HIGH ON COKE MOUNTAIN

In regard to your article "Where Docs Can Cop Coke" [HIGH TIMES, "Highwitness News," November '79], I wish to inform you that the Stepan Chemical Co. is located in Maywood, not Mayfield, New Jersey. I grew up in Maywood, and my friends and I spent many a night getting stoned in a tiny park that is right next to the Stepan plant. You could always tell when they were processing the coke leaves, because the air would be heavy with a spicy sweet odor, reminiscent of some fine Chinese tea. The spent leaves are dumped in a field on the side of the plant, where they form an incredible turquoise blue-colored mountain some 50 feet tall. Back in the '30s my grandfather used to load up

SIGNS OF THE TIMES



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his truck with these leaves and use them in his garden for mulch and fertilizer. How's that for organic gardening?

A word of advice for any would-be gate-crashers: The Stepan plant is surrounded by a huge barbed wire fence and there is a guardhouse out front. Security is tight and Maywood's finest are quick on their toes. From talking to people who have worked there, it seems like another Fort Knox. But you can dream, can't you?

—Jeffrey Viola, Maywood, N.J.

TOT HEAD

We note that growers from other states write in with complaints about various insects and unknown objects found in their pot patches. Here in Oregon we're relatively insect-free, but as usual for the early harvest we've had an epidemic of babies



turning up in the crop. No matter what precautions we take or fertilizers we use, the darn things reappear every spring and make it difficult to harvest. This is the third baby we've found this month. How do they get there and how can we keep them out?

—Name and address withheld

The U.S. Department of Agriculture has prepared a useful pamphlet entitled *Babies in Your Marijuana*. Send for it—Ed.

BOTANY LESSON

Here is a picture illustrating the difference between *Cannabis sativa* and *Cannabis indica*. The sativa is in the background and was planted about a month and a half before the indica. Surprisingly enough, the



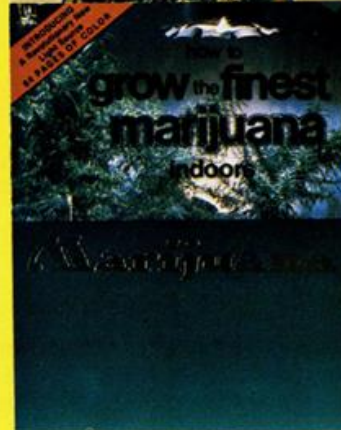
indica turned out to be a male and had to be cut down. The sativa promises some nice tops for the fall harvest.

—Grower, San Fernando Valley, Ca. ☐

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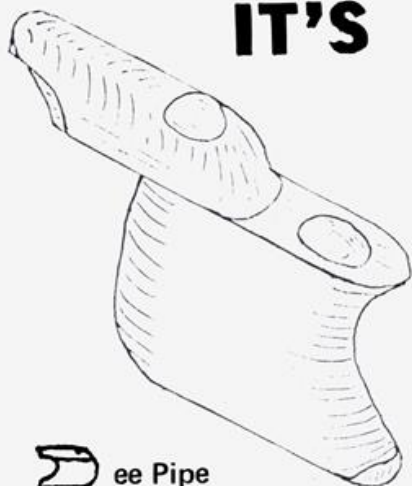
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Adviser



PSI POWER IS A MIND-BENDER

Q: When I first landed in here two years ago, just for the hell of it I began trying to unbend a paper clip with psi power—psychokinesis—alone. The first one took me nine months to unwind, but since then I've



Wade World

Uri Geller can make compass needles spin.

done five—no hands. Now I have just one question: Am I nuts, or what? —Peter B., Atascadero State Prison, Ca.

A: Don't get your hopes up, but there's a project under way at Princeton University that just might eventually come up with a method to "scientifically" observe and measure such a thing. Dr. Robert Jahn, dean of Engineering and Applied Science, and undergraduate researcher Carol Curry began fooling with psi experiments last year as an exercise in data systems. They started out with a healthy skepticism that anything at all would happen, setting up experiments so delicate that if anything at all happened, it was bound to show up on computer printouts. They started out with two modest goals in mind: to raise the temperature of a thermistor by a few thousandths of a degree by mind-power alone, and to alter the reflective angle between the two mirrors of an ultrasensitive interferometer so that a light beam passing between them would be slightly altered.

Sure enough, the computer printouts showed that the temperature did in fact rise on the thermistor, and the light beam changed on the interferometer—but only once in a while, not every time they tried it. They say they undertook the study only "to

establish that we were indeed capable of generating effects to study"—and they did indeed come up with something. However, the effects altered unpredictably from session to session, and it was impossible to impose any scientific pattern or probability formula on the results. Thus nothing can be said to be "proven" at Princeton.

Dr. Jahn observes that since these psi studies obviously entail a disruption of the rules of quantum mechanics and simple entropy, it's exceedingly unlikely they'll fit into any currently accepted formula of natural physics. But he has a full-time researcher on it now.

By the way, the Princeton researchers report that once they knew they were in fact getting results from their thermistors and mirrors, they found it "easier" afterward to reduplicate the effects. Neither had suspected they possessed any psi powers before the experiment commenced, and neither lays any claim to it now; but both report that "visible and attractive" results seem to boost their abilities. If you work steady at it another seven years, you might be able to just blow your way out of the joint.

IS COLOMBIAN FOR REAL?

Q: After five years stationed in Europe, I come back to the States and discover that Colombian red has somehow become the



William Kirk

'Lombo red packs a heavy THC jolt.

world's heaviest dope. I remember when Colombian was just skankweed, but now it's completely different, and I just don't like it. Takes you right up like a rocket and

sets you down again twice as fast. Is this dope natural, or is some new organization treating it with special chemicals? Between this weirdo dope and paraquat-sprayed Mexican, I'm sticking strictly to homegrown. —Should Have Stayed Away, Northern California

A: Alas, the day is fast approaching when most 100 percent-American homegrown will have exactly the same rocket-fuel effect of commercial Colombian. Y'see, it's not an artificial high at all, it's just that the Colombian growers (there's no such thing as a single "organization" that moves grass) have, through scientific farming methods, developed a strain of dope with superhigh THC content. By hyping up the THC content, though, they tamped down a lot of the other cannabinoids—like cannabidiol (CBD)—that work to modify the THC high, slowing the initial rush and making the high last a good deal longer. A lot of people prefer that mellow sort of high to commercial's roller-coaster effect, as you clearly do; but now that the big homegrown planters in the Southeast are reportedly developing high-THC strains of their own, it's probably what we'll all be smoking before long.

DOPE-DOG DEFENSE

Q: I was horrified to read about the unannounced raids conducted in high-school classrooms and locker rooms by police with ferocious dope-sniffing dogs in tow [HIGH TIMES, "The Class of '84," December '79]. As a teacher and Saturday smuggler, I often keep a few lids in my locker at school. I don't relish the idea of keeping the dope wrapped in limburger cheese, so how can I protect my locker from the nefarious noses of those hideous hounds?

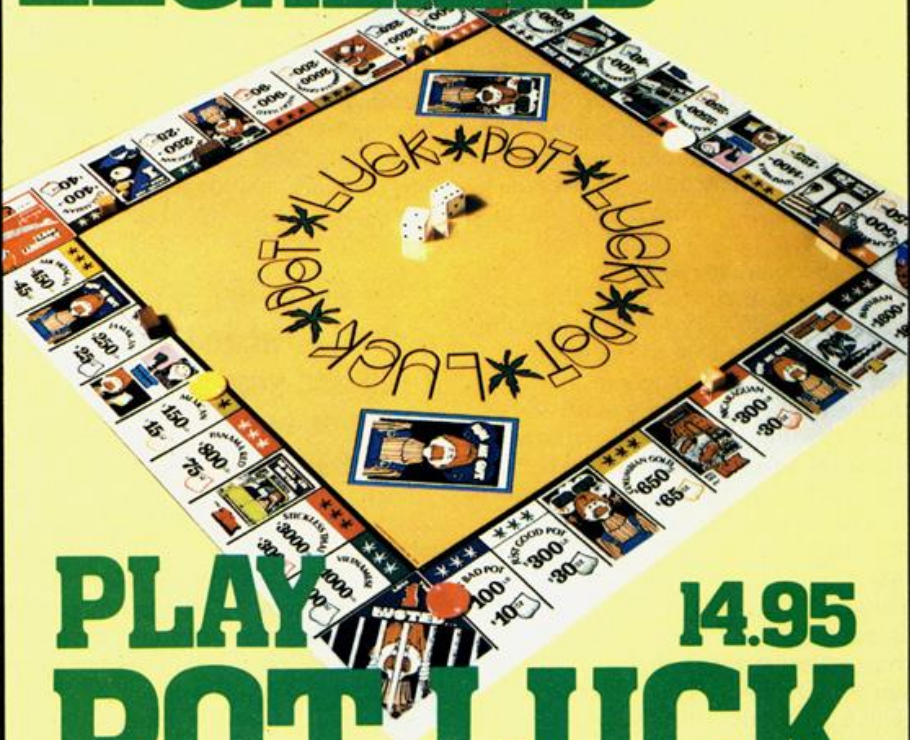
—Mr. Peepers, Houston, Tex.

A: If you can't throw pot dogs off the scent, you can try buzzing them out of their minds—with sound. Dr. Gus Thorton of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals reports that beeper signals in some home smoke detectors can drive dogs crazy. Certain models of the popular home fire-alert systems are equipped with high-pitched beeper signals that sound off to warn of a battery failure inside the alarm. Dr. Thorton says he has encountered at least three cases in which the weird noise drove canines wild, causing one agitated dog to leap through a window to escape the sound. With a bit of technical know-how, you could probably rig up one of these alarms—with suitably weak batteries—to your locker.

Questions on all topics will be considered for "Adviser," including all highs, health, sex, law, science, technology, music, etc. Only those of most interest can be answered. Please be specific. Anonymous queries are accepted. ☐

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HIGH IN THE SKIES

by Justin Henderson

Topanga Beach in August: hot air, bright light makes your blood sing, surge, stumble like two 'ludes and a pint of wine, that fine, feel-divine stumble. Breeze stirs across the naked bodies broiling pleasantly on the beach. A shadow passes over the sun, briefly; a flash of darkness. Forgotten. Then, another. A third. Deserves a look. Sitting up, you squint dizzily into the white-hot sky.

There, silhouetted against the sun, down-swooping in slow circles like overgrown psychedelic eagles, they float in the wind, their bright purple red yellow green striped wings taut in the breeze, spiraling down, over sea, over the Pacific Coast Highway, drifting down to land on the sand in a crowd of naked and half-naked bodies, surfboards, howling hounds and pissed-off lifeguards. What strange creatures are these? From what distant planet do they come?

Birdmen? Pterodactyls? Hang gliders! Their sails span 30 feet, tight-stretched Dacron polyester wings over aircraft aluminum tube framing. They are people of earth like us, but they differ, for they have learned how to fly! Talking with them, you discover that accomplishing this feat isn't so hard. A little dedication, some engineering capability or a good hunk of spare change, a certain fearlessness (though they swear it's less dangerous than the Hollywood Freeway) and you're on your

way. Hey, you wanna make like a bird? Then take up hang gliding.

Hang gliders were invented by NASA engineer Francis Rigollo in the '40s, originally as a vehicle for reentry from extra-atmospheric flight. However, given the American penchant for bizarre and exciting leisure activity, by the early '60s people were using them elsewhere. First, water-skiers, racing behind speedboats with glider wings attached, would ski up ramps and

"I've never had a rush like the rush I get when I fly a glider off a cliff and soar like a bird for an hour or two. It's the cocaine of sport, the ultimate."

soar, towed by the boat. After a while, expanded wing size and lighter materials eliminated the need for the tow rope; and when somebody flashed on jumping off a mountain to launch, the current sport of hang gliding was invented.

My first contact with hang gliding came about five years ago. I traveled with some friends up mind-winding Las Tunas Canyon Road, north of L.A.; off that onto a couple of twisted dirt side roads, eventually emerging onto a flat hilltop looking out over Santa Monica Bay. We unloaded their gliders, and I watched as they assembled

and strapped on their wings, first carefully checking every bolt and wire. They tested the wind, talking it up in nervous tones (this was a time of uncontrolled experimentation in hang gliding, and pilots and designers were always tense, never certain of what might go wrong).

I sat smoking a reefer, content with mind travel alone, as my friends Jerry and Jim awkwardly stumble-ran 15 yards to the edge of a mountain and leaped off into space. Jim went 50 yards downhill at a steep angle and crashed into a clump of brush, emerging unhurt from a tangle of metal, polyester and sage a moment later. But Jerry caught the updraft right and soared up and out into the sky. He leaned left; his wings followed, swooping left. He drifted, circled, swam on the wind, all the while cruising down slowly toward the beach about five miles away and 2500 feet below. To land an hour later on the hot sand. What an absolutely amazing trip! Jerry said: "There's nothing like it. I've flown jets, I've sailplaned, I've skied the Bugaboos, walked a tightrope to the moon in my midnight mind, but I've never had a rush like the rush I get when I fly a glider off a cliff and soar like a bird for an hour or two, stroked by the wind and closer to the stars than you'll ever be. I tell you, man, it's the cocaine of sport, the ultimate. Try it!"

Whoa. Try it? Me fly? Without an airplane wrapped around me, pressurized, with vodka rocks and Valium nearby? No



Toby Antles



Toby Amies

thanks. I'll stick with chemical flight and the corporate comfort of intercontinental jets. Ah, c'mon, he says.

There I stood, on the side of a hundred-foot hill in Marina del Rey, with a pair of enormous, cumbersome, flapping, blue polyester wings strapped on my back. He says run, relax and let loose. He says, quoting Charles Lindbergh verbatim, assuming a serious mien and a 1930s radio announcer's voice, "Aviation in itself is not inherently dangerous—but to an even greater degree than the sea, it's terribly unforgiving of any carelessness, incapacity or neglect." Gulp. I run, I leap and I'm flying! Wow! Ten seconds of a wounded-buzzard-like downswop, a rush of wind in my face, and I landed in a tangled but unhurt leap 50 yards closer to the sea, relieved yet excited as hell. It was a buzz, that first feeble flight.

And since? Why, I've flown off Everest, Whitney, the wing of a jet and... no, actually that was my sole hang-gliding trip. I don't have the time or energy to spend on this kind of thrill. But for those interested in casing this mind-expanding activity (flying is bound to expand your mind a bit, I would think) here's some info that might do you right.

The first thing you need is a hang glider. The materials can be purchased separately—aluminum tubing, Dacron, wiring, bolts, et cetera—for as little as \$150, or as much as a grand. Then you find a design pattern and throw it together. If you have money to toss around, you can buy a kit with instructions for \$1,000 to \$1,500. However, I would think a few lessons prior to such an investment might be advisable. My friend Jerry claims you can learn all that can be taught in two four-hour sessions with an experienced pilot. After that, it's just persistence and finding a mountain to jump off. There are clubs, associations and two rags (*Glider Rider*, P.O. Box 6009, Chattanooga, Tenn. 37401, and *Hang Gliding*, P.O. Box 66306, Los Angeles, Ca. 90066) to give you all those clues.

Wind is your second necessity. There are two kinds, with some variation, that a glider works off. The first type is a ridge lift, like that which hits the Santa Monica Mountains as it comes onshore from the

Pacific. Wind hits mountainside and goes up. Glider pilot, on mountain top, jumps off and catches wind. Very simple. The other type is a thermal lift—hot air rising, anywhere, because heat rises. A thermal can keep a glider aloft for hours. Imagine soaring like a condor for half a day over Yosemite Valley like the guy in the photos is doing. High? I'll say.

Lately some people have been putting little go-kart-size motors on their gliders. The motor makes it possible to run and launch from the flatlands, which brings the sport to once hopeless areas of the Midwest, prairies and so on. Once the glider's up into a thermal, just cut the engine and cruise the wind, free, as they say, as a bird. Motors, to some, distract from the natural element, but if you live in the flats what can you do?

A few people have been rubbed out by the sport, but as the technology improves the dangers diminish. Besides, killing yourself at this, as with any other sport, usually involves a certain foolish recklessness. I remember one story that made the front page of the *Evening Outlook*, (sometimes referred to as the *Evening Outrage*), Santa Monica's trash daily. This poor reckless dude had cleared the power lines over the Pacific Coast Highway by 100 feet as he came down off the mountain on his first pass and headed out over the sea. He was so high, in fact, that he decided to make another full spiral before coming down to land on the beach. Second time around the wind wasn't quite right and... His father, cruising home from work, found, surrounded by appalled and gaping crowds, his son, still winged, frying in a tangle of hot power lines over the road. But this was clearly the son's own fault. Another problem, getting caught headed up into the wind too steeply then falling backward to earth, however far away, has been partially solved by the addition of hand-operated parachutes to the basic kit. These chutes open with only 50 feet of clearance, so they've made things safer.

Regardless of these dangers, for those of you who find life dull unless your ass is somehow on the line, unless you're dancing with danger or seeking a new way to get high, this sport is perfect. Strap on your wings and fly. ☐

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FAREWELL TO COLOMBIAN

by "R."

The time has come to tell sad stories of the death of dope. This column will be an elegy for the untimely demise of Colombian marijuana. RIP 1979: a lingering illness. But we need more than elegy here; painful as it may be, we need an autopsy too.

The first sign that the symptoms might be terminal came in the fall of 1977 when the summer drought never quite came to an end.

Colombian smokers had become resigned in the '70s to enduring summers when the only smoke available was moldy warehoused weed, resigned because there was always the promise of the fall to look forward to. The fall brought back the delights of discovering the seemingly unending varieties Colombian cultivators could offer. Indeed, once the many varieties of Colombian were its wonder and delight. Reds, blonds, golds, rich dark browns, a multitude of mixtures, a myriad of personalities from the divine to the wacky to the weird. Beginning that fatal fall of '77 there was only one variety: the moldy.

Many of us held out hoping. We'd swallow our pride and lay down half a hundred for a lid of something a dealer, barely able to maintain a straight face, would call "gold." We'd take it home, light it up, try to ignore the unpleasant taste and smell, hoping to get high like in the old days. Sure something happened, sure our consciousness was altered, but for me and most others it altered for the worse: irritation, mild seasickness, throbbing temples. At its best the moldy stuff could offer a mere momentary memory of what smoking good Colombian once was. At its worst it made you feel like you'd mixed Somnux and No Doz.

There were explanations. Economics and law-enforcement pressure forced most smugglers to shift to mother-ship-sized loads, forced them to ship 100 tons at a time, to be concerned with mass consumption rather than quality. Prolonged "hovering" by mother ships outside the 12-mile limit and prolonged warehousing by brokers led to moldy deterioration of the delicate cannabinoids into the No Doz-Somnux-like cannabidiols.

Sure there were excuses, but you can't get high on excuses. So we waited, and many of us import-dope snobs were forced to lay out prices as high as \$280 an ounce for the domestic sinsemilla we once disdained. Many stopped smoking given the

choice between bad pod and overpriced pod.

And then in the fall of '79 two developments signaled the death knell for the stricken Colombian market.

First was the sudden price break combined with a quantum-level quality jump in mainland U.S. sinsemilla. Yes, inflation fighters, this fall for the first time the price of California sinsemilla stopped rising. From a high of \$300 an

ounce, state-of-the-art California sinsemilla has dropped to \$140 or less this winter—and it's now available in much greater quantities. That's more than a 50 percent price drop and something like a 1,000 percent increase in the volume. There's now a hell of a lot more of the stuff being grown and consumed and it's not just from California: The Southwest, the Deep South, border states like Kentucky, the Northwest—just about every region in the country has been shipping out high-quality stuff. In addition—another sign of a maturing domestic market—there has been a segmentation developing on the lower price side. This season's California crop brought not only the usual perfectly manufactured buds, but also some very fine, but unmanicured, seeded colas in lids that go for \$100 an ounce. This seeded weed offered a good strong high, with a fresh vigor reminiscent of some good Colombians of the past. Considering the seed and stem weight, it really wasn't much cheaper by volume than the \$140-per-ounce sinsemilla,



but the fact that growers are experimenting with good seeded crops may portend a return of good-quality cheaper ounces in the near future. The new plenitude of the fall '79 harvest makes it look as if the domestic mainland market has established itself to stay. Hawaiian, too, is going strong. And so, if the DEA thinks it's won a victory in crippling Colombian traffic, it is, by their own standards, a costly and silly victory. They've succeeded in transforming the United States from an inefficient

grass-importing country to a highly efficient grass-producing country.

Certainly this is a good thing for our nation's balance of payments, a truly patriotic response of dope growers and consumers in the national effort to reduce dependence on foreign sources of supply. But yet... in the hearts of all true lovers of the weed there has to be sadness at the loss of Colombian. For me the pang of sorrow struck most forcefully this autumn when I realized that I no longer believed there would be a fall harvest of Colombian. The ship would not come in. I felt like a member of one of those "cargo cults," pining forever for the Phantom Dealer to deliver a load from La Guajira. But worse than that, I realized I'd forgotten how good Colombian tasted, what it did for my mind and body. I had to get out and read my old column on classifying the reds, blonds and browns of the Colombian consciousness spectrum to remember what smoking that good fresh stuff was like (see HIGH TIMES, "Dope," July '78). To stir memories I could

only think of culinary metaphors. Smoking sinsemilla these days is like enjoying the finest, most luscious fruit—ripe mangoes, for instance. But smoking great Colombian had that tasty bite and sizzle of charcoal-seared steak, the savory succulence of good barbecue.

It's now December, no new Colombian has hit town, and nobody expects that Santa will be able to bring any weight in over the border. As I was finishing this column, a fellow reporter with good sources told me I ought to hold the obituary because he'd heard there was genuine "chiba" and "wacky weed" back in town.

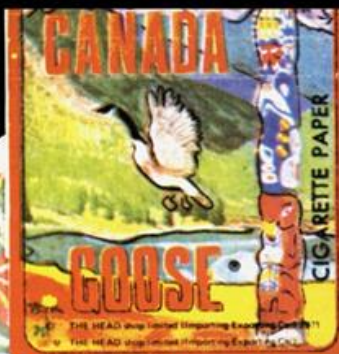
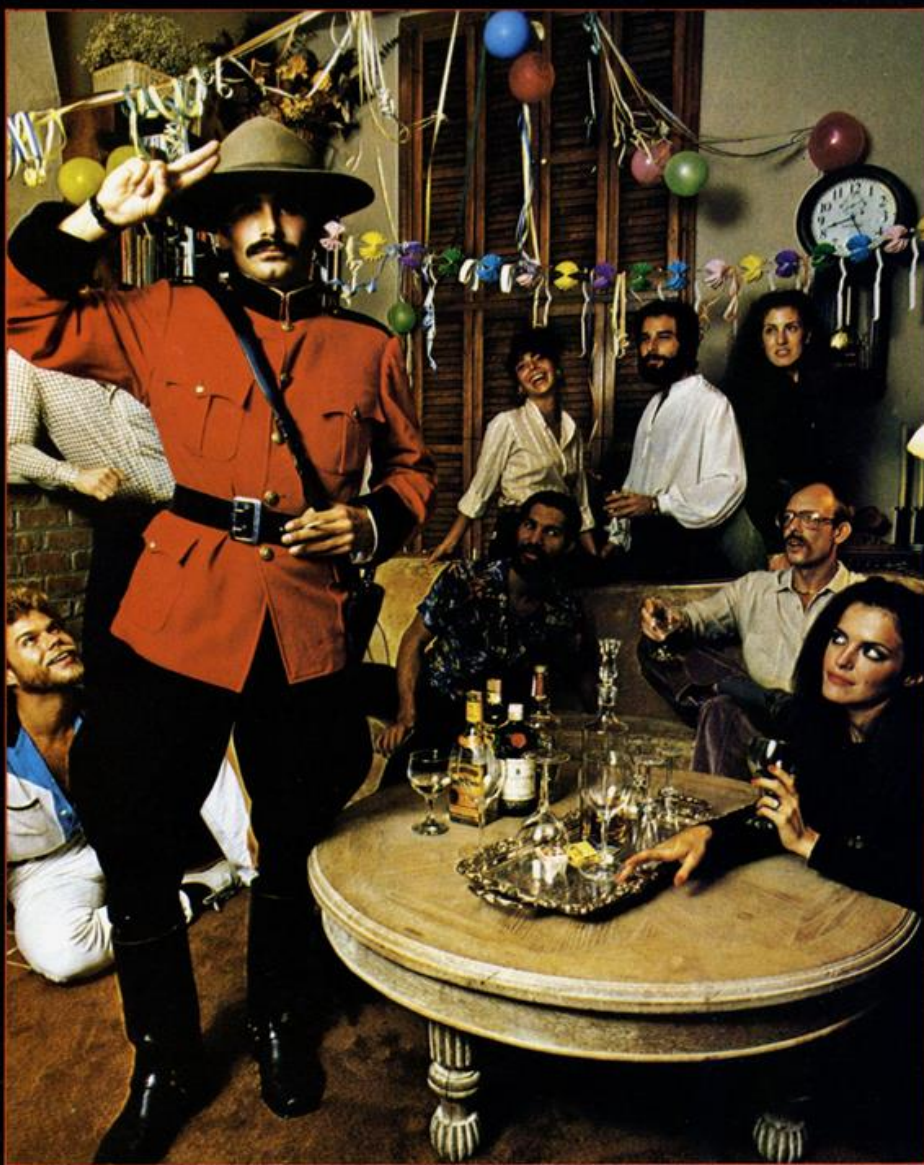
I was high for a day just thinking about it. The day after that I actually tasted it and I wasn't so high anymore. It was some ordinary dark Colombian, slightly stronger and less moldy than most, but definitely nothing like the legendary real thing. Someone was enriching himself by desecrating the sacred names of revered reefer so recently departed. And so I'll stick by my sad conclusions.

Sure we'll have our stockings stuffed with great buds from Hawaii, and you won't hear me complaining. But it will be a sad season, a dismal end to a decade if the dope that inspired its dreams is nowhere to be had. How will we summon up the memories, make sense of the whole thing, without being able to summon the consciousness that created it?

And I'm sure it will be an even sadder season for the people who made that decade possible, the whole infrastructure of the Colombian grass economy. From the pilots and the smugglers down to the littlest ounce dealers. Because if there is no Lazarus-like raising of the dead, the death of the Colombian market will mean poverty and unemployment for many of those who did their part to keep us high. Some, of course, will become coke dealers and turn to other outlaw trades. (Is that what the DEA wanted?) Others will go on to other service professions, but many of them need, and should get, the help of the "New Age" people who prospered on the consciousness that dealers risked their freedom to provide. Head shops and health-food stores should hire ex-dealers and "New Age" communities should somehow see that righteous dealers get a more righteous deal from them than the unemployment line.

It will be springtime when you read this column. By then I hope I'll be regretting that my obituary for Colombian was premature, by then I hope I'll have one of those big fat honey-colored Santa Marta gold buds crumbling in my fingers and a choice of three different shades of punta roja to take on next. I hope those gifted growers in the mountains of La Guajira are making their magic and getting it to us again. I hope I can write a column retracting all this, but, sadly, I don't think it's going to happen that way. I think Colombian has given us The Long Goodbye. ☐

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High Society



Tom Baker, who starred in Warhol's *I, a Man* as well as in Norman Mailer's cult film, *Deer Park*, has been jetting around the world filming Elvis impersonators for his soon-to-be-released documentary, *Life after Elvis*. For the last year, the Baker man has been from Memphis to Vegas to London capturing the vast postmortem industry that has sprung up after the Great One's untimely death. The film will feature the legendary **P.J. Proby**, **Billy Swan**, **Otis Blackwell**, new rockabilly stars **Levi and the Rockcats** and a slew of Elvis look and sound alike and even one Colonel Parker impersonator. Baker even interviewed a Memphis woman relating how listening to Elvis records cured her son of cerebral palsy. "Elvis is a demi-saint," Baker told us. "People genuflect wherever he took a shit. It's amazing. There's more life after Elvis than there was before him."



New-age rockabillies Levi and the Rockcats with Tom Baker, the Fellini of funk.

Reversing a popular trend, conceptual artist **Chris Burden** recently smuggled a plane-load of marijuana into Mexico. The cargo was only two joints, one hanging from each wing of a foot-long, rubber-band-powered, wind-up model airplane. The joints contained some of the finest California-grown sinsemilla and were flown by Burden over the high barbed-wire fence separating Calexico, California, and Mexicali, Mexico. Both locations are actually parts of the same city divided in half by the international border between the United States and Mexico. Scrawled on the plane were the messages "Hecho en U.S.A." ("Made in U.S.A."), "Fumenlos Muchachos" ("Smoke 'em, kids") and "Topanga Tipica" ("Typical Topanga").



Burden: Gringo artist with strange customs.



Ranger goalie John Davidson (black hat) stops another Kinky (white hat) show.

Kinky Friedman has been hotter than a pistol since his definitive *HIGH TIMES* interview broke (December '79). He's received what he described as "several legitimate" Hollywood and TV offers and recently was filmed at the Lone Star Cafe in Manhattan singing "Skating on Thin Ice," the theme song for a movie on the New York Rangers. On hand for the proceedings were Rangers **John Davidson**, **Ron Greschner**, **Ron Duguay**, **Eddie Johnstone** and **Mario Marois** as well as **Richard Todd** of the New York Jets and **Leon Russell**, **John Cale**, **Scarlet Rivera** and **Corky Laing** from the musical fraternity. During his set, Friedman stunned the capacity crowd by meekly announcing his recent religious conversion, a la Dylan. Kinky is now a "Frisbetarian." "That's when your soul lands up on the garage roof and you can't get it back down again," the former Jewboy pronounced. Is there a remedy? "Sure," said Kinky between belches, "the remedy is to hang from a shower rod for 48 hours."

Chinga Chavin, late of country porn and Kinky Friedman's roommate at college in Texas, has switched jump connections. Chinga claims he dropped "Saturday Night Live"'s **Laraine Newman** in favor of hot new actress **Sonia Jennings**, who appeared in *Manhattan* and was featured in *Something Short of Paradise* with David Steinberg. Chinga, who is noted as the author of "Asshole from El Paso" and "Scum Floats," is in New York negotiating with an "unidentified flying major label" for the release of his new album, tentatively titled "Ladies of the '80s." The album will feature Chavin's long-awaited disco entrée "Remedial Dancing for Whites" as well as "I Stammer" and "Sick Girls Like Me a Lot." "It's a new direction for me," Chinga stammered. "MOW. Middle of the Wave."



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Chinga: Love is just a four-legged word. ♡

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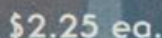
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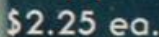
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Antiparaphernalia Group Calls for Investigation of HIGH TIMES and NORML

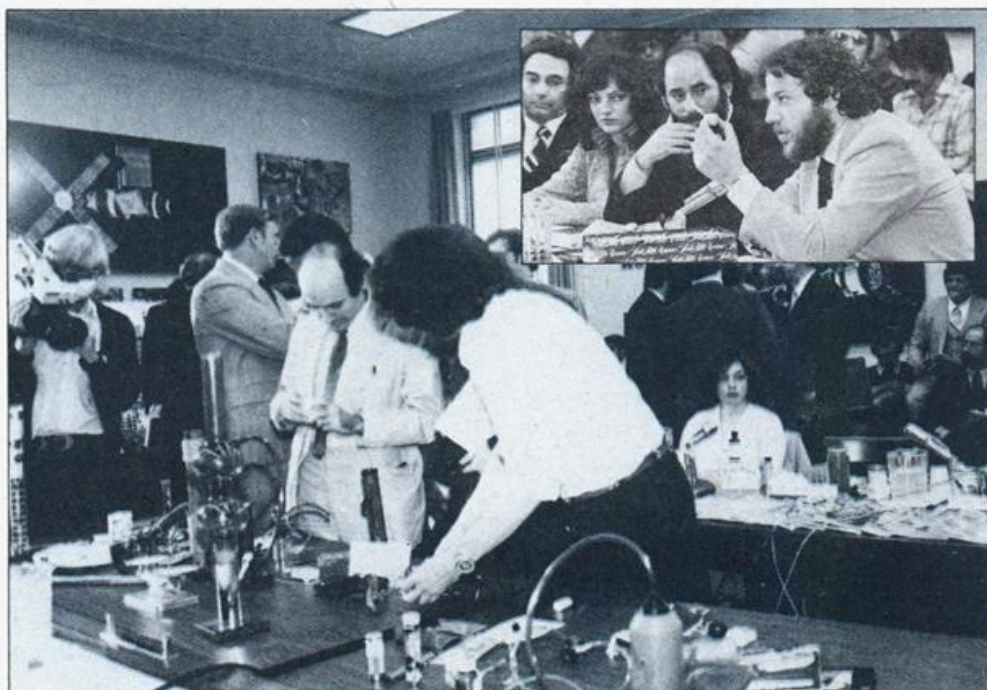
by Dean Latimer

The House of Representatives Select Committee on Narcotics Abuse and Control opened hearings last fall into what was termed the paraphernalia industry—makers and vendors of head gear such as roach clips, water pipes and so on. In the late '60s, the term *paraphernalia* was adopted by some head-gear promoters as a properly psychedelic, spacy-sounding euphemism for their wares. Nowadays, the word has been appropriated by the federal dope-control bureaucracy as something like a legal definition; for example, the newly drafted proposal of the Drug Enforcement Administration (DEA), described at the hearings by DEA administrator Peter Bensinger himself, is called the Model Drug Paraphernalia Act. The select committee solons, meeting in the Sam Rayburn Building, also heard testimony from a Georgia anti-pot outfit called De Kalb County Families in Action (FIA), wherein a full federal criminal investigation was emotionally called down upon the paraphernalia industry—and upon HIGH TIMES and HiLife magazines and NORML (National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws).

Select committee acting chairman Rep. Billy Lee Evans (D., Ga.) then heard various spokespersons from the head-gear industry, who demonstrated how their so-called paraphernalia are only prettily packaged versions of everyday, commonplace objects that heads use to enhance their highs. The demonstration so impressed chairman Evans that he openly stated that special laws may be needed to repress "the ability of the human mind to come up with ways to get around the law." By the end of this first in a series of congressional hearings into various aspects of the American counterculture, it was plain that the term *paraphernalia*, as something to be controlled and abolished, now includes people's minds.

The prime individual target that afternoon of FIA (and of several committee members) was Dr. Norman Zinberg of the Harvard Medical School, who is on NORML's advisory board. Sen. Jacob Javits, Georgia state senator Julian Bond and former attorney general Ramsey Clark are also on the board, with 35 other eminent persons, but Dr. Zinberg was singled out for rebuke repeatedly, both by FIA and several committee members, because for years he has also been a prominent adviser for the White House and the National Institute on Drug Abuse (NIDA).

Two months before the hearings took place, in fact, Representative Evans demanded Dr. Zinberg's ouster from all government projects. In a letter to Dr. William Pollin, NIDA's director, Evans pointed out that HIGH TIMES and head-gear retailers contribute money reg-



Dope gear is exhibited at House committee investigation into the "paraphernalia" industry. Andy Kowl (inset), publisher of the head-gear trade journal *Accessories Digest*, wonders whether the committee plans to outlaw corncob pipes.

ularly to NORML, and that therefore NORML (and by guilty association, Dr. Zinberg) is just a pseudolegal front group for a pack of venal dope profiteers. Evans added that at one time, a White House panel on which Dr. Zinberg sat had actually recommended that "drug education and prevention strategies" place less emphasis on the blanket condemnation of all drugs and teach more realistically about destructive patterns of drug use. On these grounds, Evans vehemently demanded "Dr. Zinberg's immediate resignation as an adviser to NIDA."

At NORML, New York coordinator Mark Heutlinger confirmed that Zinberg had remained on their advisory board: "Norman Zinberg wasn't intimidated by these guilt-by-association tactics, and I don't think anybody else is going to be intimidated. We're talking about a congressional committee that has absolutely no legislative power; it's two or three congressmen using the committee as a platform to justify their own existence in office."

After hearing repeated demands that the head-gear trade be crushed out by federal legislation, the committee empaneled Peter Bensinger, White House drug adviser Lee Dogoloff and special counsel Irvin Nathan of the Justice Department to study the feasibility of such action. It happened that the DEA itself—a law-enforcement agency—had lately com-

posed a model bill to outlaw paraphernalia, and this was sketchily discussed. The bill presents a long list of items that the DEA says are sold to facilitate "controlled substance" use: pipes, spoons, bowls, containers, blenders, scales, sugar, balloons, envelopes and so on. ("Roach clips" are defined as "objects used to hold burning material, such as a marijuana cigarette, that has become too small or too short to be held in the hand.") Possession, sale or the advertising in print of such articles would, if the law were enacted, be illegal under the terms of the Uniform Controlled Substances Act of 1970, to which the DEA bill is being proposed as a kind of afterthought.

Although the DEA had written the law, Bensinger made it plain that its enforcement, if enacted, should be left up to some other government bureau. Nathan likewise termed head gear a "local problem," to be handled with local, not federal funds; he also repeatedly suggested that the model act probably was not viable under the Constitution and unenforceable anyway.

Ultimately it was suggested by Bensinger and Nathan that the new model bill, if passed, might best be treated as an interstate commerce issue, and enforced by the Federal Trade Commission or the Postal Service. No one from the FTC or the USPS was in the room, so no objection was heard.

(continued on next page)

Photos by Carole Amato

Antiparaphernalia Group

(continued from preceding page)

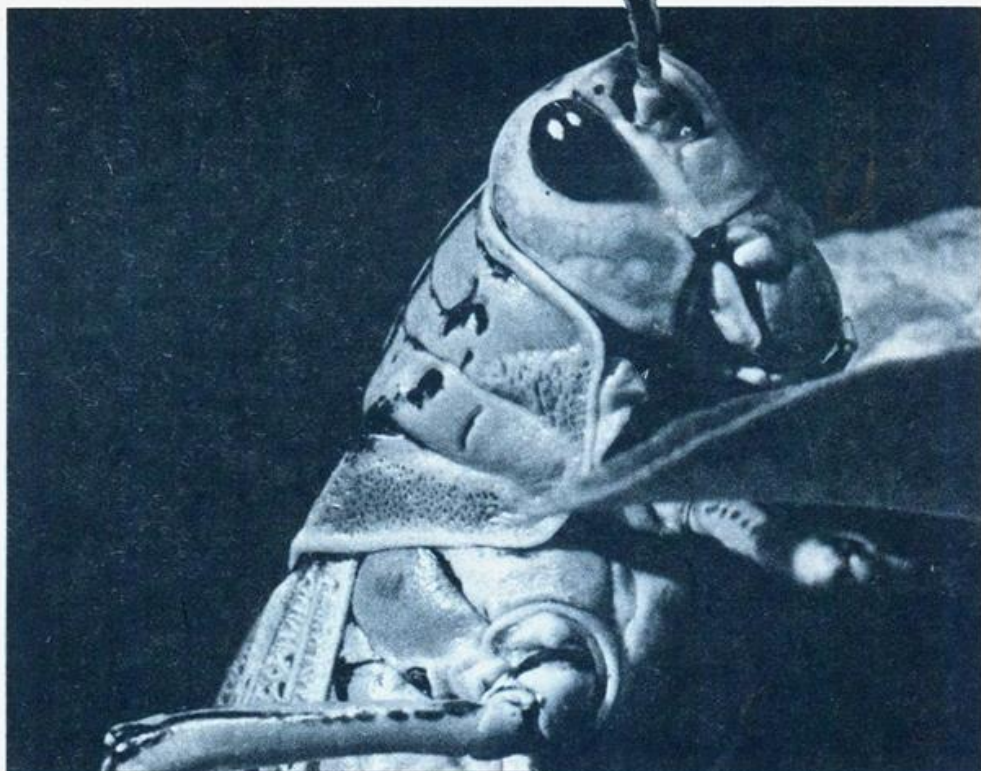
Between witness panels and roll calls, spectators had ample opportunity to inspect the so-called paraphernalia on exhibit before the committee. Various complex plastic water bongs were in evidence, along with half a dozen different packagings of mannitol, a hash pipe shaped like a baby bottle, a slab of beautifully polished agate and an assortment of very unreliable, rudimentary balance scales. (To have displayed, say, an electronic gram scale with digital readout would too obviously have pointed up the impossibility of defining at what point essential scientific apparatuses become paraphernalia.) There was also a nearly complete file of *HIGH TIMES* issues splayed out on the table before the FIA people, along with a copy of *A Child's Garden of Grass*.

There was even a child present, one "Theresa, 16," of Queens, New York. A neat, plump white school kid with some vague history of "drug use" behind her, Theresa was the prime exhibit of Dr. Mitchell Rosenthal of Phoenix House, the privately funded New York City detox facility. Dr. Rosenthal, asking for federal funds, cited studies which, he claimed, show that smoking grass causes "irreversible immaturity," and then had Theresa describe how all this very complicated dope gear worked. A good bong, she demonstrated, "makes the high more better." Whether Theresa was at all immature, for a Queens 16-year-old, was unclear to New York City observers; certainly she was conspicuously more *au courant* about bongs than Rep. Robert Dornan (R., Ca.), who persistently called them "bonkers."

After the feds and children had had their say, publisher Andy Kowl of *Accessories Digest* got the bottom line on the record. Holding a shoebox on the table before him, Kowl declared, "What I've brought are the most commonly used drug paraphernalia in this country. This is the most common joint-rolling accessory available," he said, opening the box and turning the top upside down. "A shoebox top. You crush the marijuana at the top and the seeds roll to the bottom, and then you have clean pot to roll your joint." Representative Evans, who had just lit a cigarette and was smoking it *exactly* like a joint, looked on in manifest astonishment as Kowl showed how to convert a mustard bottle into a power hitter.

Then, holding up a plastic food storage bag, Kowl estimated that 32,000 such bags are ultimately used to divide up every ton of grass that's sold in the United States. For coke, Kowl produced with a tremendous flourish "the most popular cocaine spoon in America"—a McDonald's plastic coffee stirrer. Finally, Kowl took out a flat mirror. "This is your everyday pocket mirror," he told the committee. "However, once I slip it in a jacket"—he produced a purple felt plush bag with a marijuana leaf stitched onto it—"it automatically, presto, is illegal. As a citizen and a publisher, that scares me."

The final word from the drug-using public came from Kowl, who pointed out that the clear purpose of FIA, the DEA and Evans himself in holding these hearings was not to suppress dope at all, but to come down on people who think and behave in ways these people find disagreeable. Evans apparently derived



Even nature's littlest live things swarm by the millions to taste Humboldt County sinse.

Carson Baldwin Jr./Animals Animals

Day of the Locust

by Aureliano Segundo

The plague that once cursed the Egyptians is now being visited upon the luckless pot growers of northern California. Sinsemilla farmers in Humboldt, Del Norte, Trinity and other counties are bracing for another summer of grasshopper hordes; last year's infestation reduced crops by up to 50 percent. It is feared that this year the situation may be worse.

"Man, you couldn't believe it," one grower complained recently at a bar frequented by pot farmers. "I'd walk through the fields and they was flyin' up around me like popcorn. They was everywhere. I put up lights and smokers and sprayed the fringes out beyond the patch, and still they were on every plant, eatin' away. Somebody suggested I put a couple dozen toads in the field and I did, and they musta ate them too."

No one knows what triggers the gluttonous rampage, but grasshopper tides rise and fall to an unknown cosmic rhythm; they cannot be anticipated and there is little defense against them. The pests appeared in force in northern California at the beginning of 1978, and last summer had swollen to such numbers that they were soon leaving whole patches of sinsemilla in tatters. After a 'hopper feast, the plants look as if they had been shot with both barrels of a 12-gauge shotgun. Spider mites, the pot farmer's other natural

enemy, leave small white spots.

What's worse, it appears that the plague is in its early stages. Grasshopper cycles tend to crest every few years, depending on the species, with most cycles reaching a peak after three to five years before subsiding. At this writing the accused species remains unidentified; growers hope they are the common, garden variety cicada that don't eat much and soon subside. However, the northern California hoppers may be one of the notorious migratory species that devour huge fields in a matter of days: the Old World or Rocky Mountain locusts, or the dreaded *Cicada septendecim*—the seventeen-year locust.

The beleaguered sinsemilla farmers have learned from the agriculture media that the infestation is causing problems for growers of more legitimate crops, but are not disposed to using standard eradication procedures. "Can you see me putting pesticide on my smoke?" snorted one grower, who then joked, "Parquat, maybe." Another local grower said he and his partners have come up with a malodorous spray concocted of pine tars and fish oils that not only fends off grasshoppers but is good for the plants as well.

Others accept the 'hoppers with cosmic optimism. "It's a tithe to the land," explained one woman, "that the farmer pays in the struggle for coexistence between humans and earth."

a very profound message from all this. "From listening to the testimony presented so far," he told the committee, "I conclude that the human mind and personality has a great capacity to rationalize behavior and activity to be acceptable. Unfortunately, the ability of the human mind to come up with ways to get around the law makes it almost impossible to be fair and impartial and to apply laws equally."

The House narco committee has no power

to affect legislation by itself, and serves exclusively as an advisory body to other government commissions. But apparently it does exert a certain weird sort of clout in certain quarters. Less than a month after the hearing, as a direct result of Kowl's testimony, the McDonald's junk-food chain righteously announced that they were changing the design of their popular coffee-stirring spoons. "I'm going after their hamburger stashes next," Kowl promised *HIGH TIMES*.

Introducing the National Security Agency:

New Superspook Network Spies on U.S. and Abroad

FORT GEORGE MEADE, MARYLAND—Here, barely a medium-range mortar's trajectory from Central Intelligence Agency headquarters in Langley, Virginia, resides the disarmingly civilian-looking complex that houses the National Security Agency (NSA). During the Nixon and Ford administrations of the mid '70s, the little-known NSA was the pet project of international power broker Henry Kissinger. When, after the Vietnam War, the CIA came under severe attack by divulging, through various Freedom of Information Act disclosures, such illegalities as its instigation of the 1973 military coup in Chile and its complicity with the Asian heroin trade, most of its "clandestine" powers were quietly transferred to the NSA. Disgruntled CIA figures have openly termed the evisceration of their agency as merely a means by Kissinger to consolidate all "intelligence-gathering" powers into his hand-picked NSA circle; and they point out that the NSA, unlike the CIA, is not forbidden by law from meddling in most internal affairs.

It has been estimated that the NSA employs as many as 120,000 operatives around the world on its official payroll alone. Its budget, which is known to exceed that of the CIA, is kept secret for "national security reasons," and its operations are secret for the same reason—except for an occasional blunder which has the inevitable and immediate effect of endangering national security and, by extension, the entire world.

The U.S. battleship *Maddox* was on a classified NSA mission in the Gulf of Tonkin in August 1964 when it was reportedly fired on by North Vietnamese gunboats; though the *Maddox's* "mission" remains classified, the incident had the direct effect of prompting Congress to send the first officially sanctioned U.S. Marine contingents into South Vietnam, initiating the 11-year "police action."

Subsequently, during the 1967 Six-Day War in the Middle East, the USS *Liberty* was blown out of the water by the Israelis while monitoring the Gaza coast, with a loss of more than 40 seamen and NSA stooges aboard. The 1975 capture of the USS *Pueblo*, which was on an NSA spy mission, and the prolonged imprisonment of the crew by

the North Korean government, is the last known instance in which the NSA nearly touched off World War III. Since 1945, it's known that more than 70 U.S. aircraft have been destroyed on such spy missions, and the loss of ships is incalculable.

Perhaps most frighteningly of all, NSA spook chiefs have established a policy of withholding historic documents from all but "indoctrinated personnel." No historian is allowed access to "special intelligence" documents pertaining to any period since 1945 without clearance from the NSA. In other

words, history may in effect henceforth be written (or rewritten) by anonymous think-tankers.

The NSA is known to have been monitoring the activities and communications of some 75,000 U.S. citizens during 1974 alone, when Sen. Frank Church managed to get a partial accounting. Three years later, Congress learned that the NSA had secretly spent millions of dollars on two military bases in Ethiopia in an effort to back up pro-Western emperor Haile Selassie; besides being illegal and patent-

ly futile, the NSA's meddling in Ethiopia had the direct consequence of bringing to power the current Mengistu regime, already characterized by observers as the "most genocidal" (and, incidentally, pro-Soviet) government in all history.

The NSA, unlike the CIA or FBI, refuses to either release documents sought by the public under the Freedom of Information Act or give a detailed explanation for their refusal. Thus it can arbitrarily interfere with the activities of private citizens without tendering any explanation. Recently, for example, two West Coast engineers who'd perfected a voice-scrambling electronic apparatus were forbidden by the NSA to patent, operate, merchandise or even talk about their invention. Unbuggable voice scramblers would thwart the NSA's mandate to conduct "reception and analysis of foreign communications and other electronic transmissions." Since foreign governments undoubtedly already possess such unbuggable transmission scramblers, the NSA's action in this case is clearly directed against the privacy of U.S. citizens.



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Colombian Senate Leader Demands Andean Dope Pact

by Antonio Huneeus

BOGOTÁ—"It was grotesque," said senate president Hector Echeverri Correa of the recent destruction of 800 ki's of pure cocaine here by federal narcs. The historic coke-torching (see HIGH TIMES, "Cocaine Confidential," February '80) occurred coincidentally with the visit here of Florida governor Robert Graham, and the influential senator's remarks were addressed to both Graham and U.S. ambassador Diego Asencio. "It was grotesque," Echeverri Correa told them, "to see a country dying of hunger, incinerating the equivalent of several national budgets' worth of drugs, just to please the U.S. Drug Enforcement Administration" (DEA).

The U.S. officials sat without comment in the senate building while Senator Echeverri calmly proposed the legalization of marijuana and cocaine in the main countries that now produce them—Colombia, Bolivia, Ecuador and Peru—and a sort of "Latin American common market" to control and tax their commerce. Proposals to legitimize and control the dope trade are no longer regarded as particularly extreme in Colombia. Last year's official pro-

posal by the National Association of Financial Institutions (ANIF) to legitimize the *marimba* trade broke the ice dramatically, backed as it was by the country's major banks, insurance companies and investment firms.

Well before the senate president's address, the powerful National Association of Industrialists (ANDI) had strongly advocated the absorption of Colombia's entire "clandestine economy" (grass, coke, coffee, cigarette and gadget smuggling) into the national trade. "Colombia cannot afford to go on taking the orders of the United States," declared Fabio Echeverri Correa (Hector's brother and ANDI's president), "to solve a U.S. problem at the cost of our own free institutions." Political columnist Enrique Santos Calderón in *El Tiempo* has concisely diagnosed the United States' frantic concern with stopping the influx of drugs there as primarily an economic, not moral, matter; the United States merely wants to keep uncontrollable smuggler money out of its own economic system.

"We are certainly acting as 'useful idiots' "

for the Yankees, noted writer Roberto Posada said recently. Since Posada's father-in-law is one of the shareholders of *El Tiempo*, his implicit threat to open official trade with U.S. dope wholesalers should jolt some reality into DEA policy.

DEA "narcotics interdiction" policy has already resulted in the total militarization of the *marimba*-exporting Guajira Peninsula, and the proliferation of army roadblocks everywhere around the country. If pressed much further, many fear, the U.S.-inspired "dope war" will facilitate a total military takeover of the country. "Our problem is different [from that in the United States]," Echeverri Correa emphasized to Graham and Asencio. "Our economy is at stake, and we have the obligation to seek solutions that serve our own interests. The rest is nonsense."

Brit Narcs Seek Fabled LSD Trove

FLITWICK, ENGLAND—Twenty-five cops spent two days in the woods across from Steppingly Hospital here last fall, tearing up the ground with spades, looking for an elusive stash of acid. The treasure hunt followed reports from families living near Steppingly Woods of "strange mounds of earth," and the disclosure last year by an accused acid dealer that he had stashed a big batch of his inventory there. To help locate the contraband, the constables brought along their trusty dope-sniffing dogs. However, after a foggy week-end of wholesale excavation, not a microgram of the drug turned up. Acid, as they probably didn't know, is absolutely odorless.

The futile dig was the most recent fiasco of Operation Julie, Scotland Yard's massive undercover investigation of the huge international acid trade based in Wales and London. Taking its name from the daughter of one of the top narcs, the project led to the conviction last year of Welsh chemist Michael Kemp on charges of manufacturing millions of pounds of LSD for worldwide distribution. Operation Julie was an ad hoc undertaking of the London police in the absence of any national narc force parallel to the U.S. Drug Enforcement Administration (DEA). To crack the ring of acid chemists and distributors, the Yard promoted a bunch of street cops to detective and assigned them to infiltrate the Kemp circles.

The young narcs evidently developed close friendships with their targets over the course of a long investigation, and many of them gave extensive sympathetic testimony at pretrial "mitigation" hearings. The light sentences handed out to many of the more than 20 defendants so pissed off the top cops that they busted most of the Julie cops back down to street beats and resolved to create a narco bureau as ruthless as the DEA. So far no such drug squad has been officially chartered in Great Britain, but the wild goose chase in Steppingly Woods shows that dope in England is still pursued with grim determination.

Turkey Releases U.S. Teen Held on Smuggling Charges

Loretta Jean Dooley is back with her family in Tracy, California, after being held in a Turkish prison for over five months. The 18-year-old exchange student was arrested for allegedly trying to smuggle nine grams of hash by

mail to the United States (see HIGH TIMES, "Highwitness News," February '80), and the young woman could have faced a ten-year sentence if convicted. The girl's sister suspected that she was set up by Turkish cops for complaining publicly that Turkey was sympathetic to Communism. But in a surprise move, Dooley's request for bail was granted, she paid the \$1,500 and was released. It is not expected that she will return to Turkey to face charges.

Three Chinese Nabbed in Historic Tokyo Speed Bust

YOKOHAMA—Cops have landed onto what appears to be a classic Triad dope-smuggling outfit with the busts of three Hong Kong men who allegedly moved 12.7 ki's of pure meth from Bangkok to Tokyo. One of the Chinese was an ivory dealer, another was a travel agent and the third was an electrical engineer—all the earmarks of a Triad squad opening new territories. Though traditionally the Hong Kong Triads have mainly moved smack around Asia and Europe, the 12-ki bust—the biggest in Japan since World War II—suggests that the 300-year-old Chinese cult mob is getting into the mushrooming Japanese speed racket.

Busted with the three Chinese, however, were nine men supposedly associated with Yamaguchi-gumi, Tokyo's most efficient gangster syndicate. Some sources consider it unlikely that Yamaguchi hoods, with their penchant for carrying on like '30s American mobsters straight out of "The Untouchables," would ever tolerate a linkup with non-Japanese Triad professionals. Other sources speculate, though, that the very ineptness of the comic-opera Tokyo hoods makes them sitting ducks for Triad infiltration.



Loretta Dooley is shown arriving in Rome on stopover from Istanbul shortly after her five-month ordeal in a Turkish prison ended.

Great Powers Flip Sides in Golden Triangle Trade

RANGOON, BURMA—Word out of Burma these days has it that the United States is considering military and financial support for outlawed Communist forces in this country. The Burmese Communist Party (BCP) is reportedly trying to muscle in on the Golden Triangle opium trade for the first time since the early '50s, but, unassisted, the going has been rough. For the last 20 years, the BCP has been mainly funded by the People's Republic of China, on the express stipulation that they avoid any contact with the region's opium dealers. Thus the ancient trade has become a virtual monopoly of the right-wing Kuomintang organization—Chinese soldiers of Chiang Kaishek's Nationalist Army who were driven into Burma during the 1948 revolution and have been stuck there ever since.

According to veteran Rangoon reporter U Maung Maung, the BCP lost Peking support early last year, when the new Hua Guofeng government decided to cease fomenting revolution in the area. In the past, disorder there has tended to help the Soviets. Left high and dry, BCP leaders are now attempting tentative contacts with opium-producing rebel tribes in the northern Burmese mountains. Rebels from Shan State in the northeast have for long been subsidized by the Taiwan Intelligence Bureau. While not themselves ideologically conservative, the tribesmen greatly depend on Kuomintang arms for defense against the Burmese Army, which regularly attacks poppy plantations and heroin refineries in the region.

Last summer, the BCP briefly entered into a working relationship with Shan smack-refinery proprietors in the Lo Lem area, but were undone by their own ideology. The powerful Kachin Army opium transporters uncovered a BCP plan to eliminate Buddhist religious practices in eventual "liberated" areas of Burma, and chased them away.

Meanwhile, intelligence experts in Burma hint that the U.S. Drug Enforcement Administration, seeking to create a subsidized force in the area to fight against the right-wing opium armies, may actually now be negotiating with Burmese Communist guerrillas.



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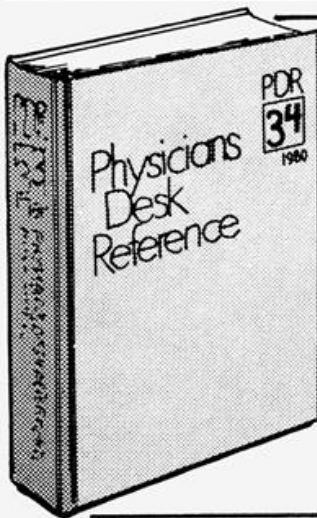


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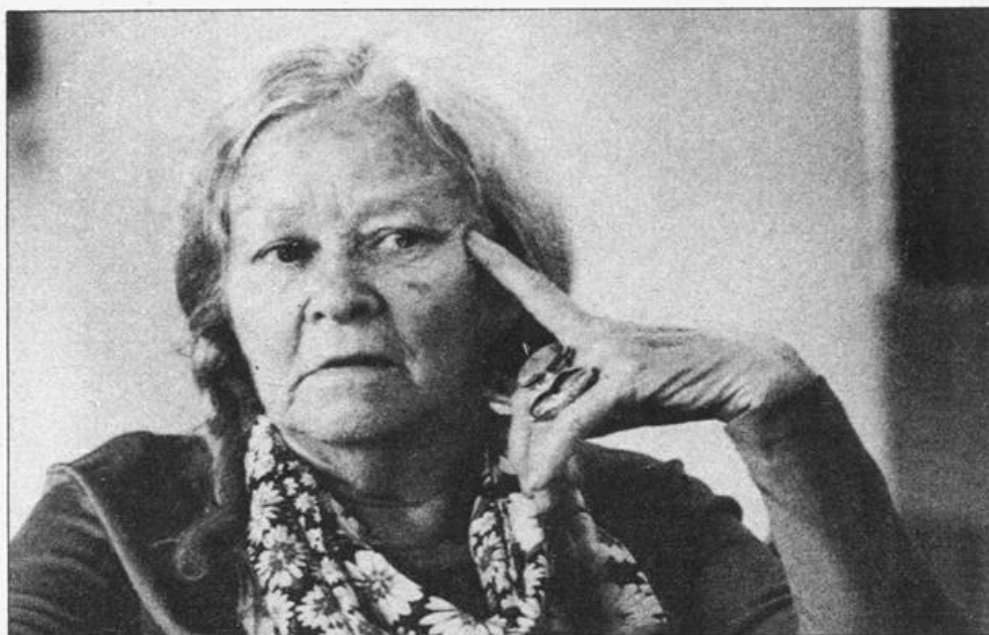
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THE HIGH & MIGHTY

Grandma Marijuana, Cuban Singer and Top Tokyo Model—All Busted



Grandma Marijuana gave her youthful following the wrong gifts.

• **Lois Faulkner**, a 68-year-old Los Angeles resident dubbed Grandma Marijuana by the press, said she withstood "the ordeal of incarceration splendidly." Faulkner served a 53-day sentence for selling and giving grass to schoolchildren. She said she distributed the pot because it was good for the children. Now she's basking in a barrage of publicity and planning to go on a college campus speaking tour and "make a fortune from Grandma Marijuana T-shirts, pants, hats, caps, belts and other paraphernalia." In addition, writers have contacted her about book and movie rights.

• Cuban singer **Nieva Revuelta** and her husband **Isidro Cardenas**, both Miami TV celebs, were nailed in their home by city cops after someone was surprised unloading a bale of grass in their driveway. Once inside the Cardenas home, cops say, they intercepted several phone calls from persons evidently wanting to buy fume in 100-pound lots. Earlier they'd trailed the bale to the Cardenas driveway from a stash house on 97th Avenue, which had doubled as a cock-fighting arena with a full coop of feisty contestants. Both Revuelta and Cardenas were stars of "Aquí Está Cuba," which was aired every Sunday on WLTW, channel 23 in Miami. Altogether, 17 were busted in the stash house raid.

• Even the Man of Steel likes to loosen up with a joint now and then, says actor **Christopher Reeve** of *Superman* fame in a recent interview in *Playboy*. But Reeve draws the line when it comes to snort: "I think snowstorms are bad for your health," he admonishes.

• Top Tokyo fashion model **Vera Hagen O'Connor**, 21, is being prosecuted under the Cannabis Control Act there for some business involving 35 Thai sticks, 30 grams of

hash and 11.2 grams of grass. It seems O'Connor—a Guam-born Yank who headlined the Hanae Mori fashion line last season and did several TV commercials—gave the hash and Thai sticks to a Minato Ward haberdasher who, when he was busted with them, turned right over on her. The cops raided her flat while her husband was visiting Guam and, they say, found the grass. O'Connor reportedly told cops she smoked dope to keep her weight down; the scandalized Kanagawa prefectural police thereafter swore to launch an investigation into the use of "hemp" among models.

• The founder of **Potsmokers Anonymous**, **David Izenson**, is dead from a heart attack at age 47. Izenson, a New York City psychotherapist, founded P.A. two years ago to help people for whom pot, he said, "used as an escape to help get through the daily grind, eventually grinds their lives down to a halt." The P.A. program costs \$175 for nine weeks of group therapy, at the end of which newly created ex-smokers are committed to making it on their own. Izenson reportedly suffered the attack while chasing thieves who had broken into his car.

• **Koji Kita**, erstwhile vocalist with Japan's top Four Leaves disco group, has been given ten months suspended for possession of a quarter gram of speed. Kita, a self-confessed crank freak since 1975, would've gotten stiff time, remarked district-court magistrate **Hiro Takeda**, if he hadn't been properly penitential. "I've taken into account the fact that Kita had given himself up to the police and expressed his regrets for what he did," said the judge. If Kita's seen anywhere near a needle for the next three years, he goes into the tank.

Good News and Bad for Pot Smokers:

Therapeutic Use on Rise, but Arrest Rate Still High

Michigan has become the 16th state to recognize marijuana's medical value and legalize access to the drug for victims of cancer chemotherapy and glaucoma. The legislation was adopted by the Michigan House of Representatives by a vote of 100 to 0. The Michigan Senate had previously passed the measure on June 25, 1979, by a vote of 29 to 5. Gov. William G. Milliken's office has stated that the governor "supports the concept," and as we go to press the bill seems assured of being signed into law.

As in other states, the Michigan bill received strong support from citizens, members of the medical profession, drug abuse professionals and law enforcement officials. The Michigan legislature heard testimony from numerous individuals and received dozens of letters supporting the measure. One letter came from Dr. Barnett Rosenberg, professor of biophysics at Michigan State University and one of the developers of Cisplatin, an extremely effective but severely toxic chemotherapy treatment. Dr. Rosenberg wrote, "I feel that the severe restrictions on the availability of marijuana for cancer patients has more to do with the history of the drug than with a lack of supportive medical evidence."

"Michigan is to be applauded for its compassion and strong support of this measure," says Alice O'Leary, coordinator of the Medical Reclassification Project for NORML (National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws). "One-third of the nation has recognized marijuana's medical value. There can no longer be any question that marijuana has become an accepted form of medical treatment for cancer and glaucoma patients."

- And speaking of glaucoma, the *Santa Barbara News and Review* reports that New Mexico is attracting a virtual epidemic of that eye disease, as patients from as far away as Los Angeles and Houston are flocking to the state to seek relief by receiving legal medical marijuana.

- Marijuana arrests in 1978, while declining slightly, topped 400,000 for the sixth year in a row. According to the FBI's recently released Uniform Crime Reports, state and federal police made 445,800 marijuana-related arrests in '78, a decrease of 2.6 percent from the record-breaking figure of 457,600 in 1977. The arrest statistics revealed that marijuana violations in 1978 accounted for 70 percent of the total nationwide drug arrests and southern states recorded the highest rate, with eight of ten drug arrests being for marijuana.



When in Rome: Crowds gather outside Italian Radical Party headquarters while, inside, party leader Jean Fabre (inset) leads "smoke-in" to protest pot penalties. Fabre was later arrested for possession.

1980 Smoke-In Calendar

As the media blitz builds for the upcoming presidential election, don't overlook this year's marijuana protests. These are but a few of the tokedowns, legalization rallies and harvest fests planned for the next few months. "Highwitness News" will run updates. If you want to add a rally to the list, write care of *Overthrow*, P.O. Box 392, Canal St. Station, New York, N.Y. 10012. In some instances, the specific meeting place and time are still being decided. Call Smoke-In Central at (212) 533-5028 for up-to-the-minute details.

April 1—Annual Hash Bash, Ann Arbor, Mich.
April 6—Easter Smoke-In, Atlanta, Ga. Call

(404) 231-WEED.

May 2—Spring Smoke-In, Columbus, Ohio.
Write P.O. Box 8234, Columbus, Ohio 43201.

May 3—Fifth Avenue Pot Parade, New York City.

May 4—Spring Smoke-In, Athens, Ga.
Call (404) 231-WEED.

May 12—Mother's Day Smoke-In at Miz Lillian's, Plains, Ga. Call (404) 231-WEED.

July 4—Annual White House Smoke-In.
Stay tuned for more info.

July 13-16—Republican convention protest, Detroit, Mich.

August 10-13—Democratic convention protest, New York City.



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HIGH CRIMES

South Carolina Narcs Foul Up DEA Dope Setup

Recent efforts by the Drug Enforcement Administration (DEA) in southern Florida to achieve successful liaisons with other law-enforcement agencies have almost without exception failed, with the DEA invariably getting the blame. Accounts in the press have cited the agency for bringing down busts too soon, endangering other narcs' lives and just generally fucking up. But in the case of a recent setup involving a scheduled shipment of 15,000 pounds of Colombian, it was clearly the local narcs who ruined everything.

Miami DEA agents had allegedly interested seven local people in speculating on 7.5 tons, to be flown from Barranquilla straight to South Carolina; and to keep everything kosher, the feds invited a squad of South Carolina narcs to participate in the undercover end of the setup.

Well, the local narcs went for the job enthusiastically enough: renting a Lexington County farmhouse to hold the dope, repairing the landing strip (already picked out by the DEA) and renting several vans outfitted with long-distance radio gear to facilitate the transport. They even provided one of their down-home snitches to fly the DC-3 to Colombia and back! The upshot, of course, was that on the day before the move was due to take place, the coordinating DEA stooges discovered, to their everlasting embarrassment, that no one would be party to the actual physical transport of the dope except for federal and North Carolina narcotics agents! So they busted the seven civilians who'd had the bad luck to engage in conversation with them, and brought them up on conspiracy charges with no dope at all in the evidence bin. Lotsa luck with *that* one, guys!

• A "highly sophisticated" fume-transport scheme was overturned near Kenansville, Florida, cops say, when a local deputy spotted a twin-engine Convair 440 landing in an Osceola County pasture late at night without lights. The deputy saw a pattern of ground flares light up to guide the big plane down to the field, where it fetched up just eight feet short of a fence. As the cop was driving in toward the pasture he encountered a Ford truck heading out; a man jumped out of the vehicle, he says, firing a shotgun in the air, and disappeared into the dark.

The driver was busted with two tons in the flatbed, and another pickup was found backed up to the plane with three more tons aboard. All the other movers evidently got away. The two trucks had been painted with fictitious company names on the sides to avert suspicion in backwoods Florida; the plane, stripped to admit the largest possible load, was surrounded by gas cans so it could be incinerated after the move. "We're just a bunch of old cowboys," grinned Robert Fornes of the Osceola sheriff's department, "but we're giving them hell."

• "Evidently they had a lookout spotter who sighted us in his scopes," deduced Glades County, Florida, sheriff Roy Lundy, after losing ten dope movers in the middle of the night. "They just ran like a bunch of quail." A snitch had told narcs a plane would be hauling in some dope to a field near Lakeport, so 24 of them were crouched in the palmettos staking out the area when a DC-6 touched down. Although it was pitch-dark, the crew piled into several cars at the site and took off. The plane turned up 23,000 pounds of Colombian in 290 bales.



Let's Break a Deal: Sheriff Dale Carson of Duval, Florida, proudly mugs for the camera with the luxurious car he got to keep after seizing it in a cocaine bust. The gift came fully vacuumed out to boot.

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Civilian Coke Spotters Score 206 Pounds of 90 Percent Pure

OKEECHOBEE, FLORIDA—Two local volunteer cops snagged one of the biggest hauls of cocaine ever captured in the United States—206 pounds of 90 percent pure—by pursuing a Chevy pickup for 40 miles through the Seminole reservation at night. At the end of the chase, cops from three counties busted a 40-year-old Okeechobee cattle hauler who was allegedly driving the truck.

The two auxiliary dope spotters had been sitting in a private plane on the Kissimmee River Estates strip in Glades County when they sighted a twin-engine Aztec moving overhead just at sunset. "We usually go out patrolling in the airplane every morning and afternoon if we can," explained one of them. "That's the time you can see that kind of ac-

tivity best. I don't care for drugs and smugglers and just want to eliminate this kind of thing."

Since there are no official strips in the area besides the one they were using, the two dope spotters, real-estate salesmen both, went up to check for a possible dope drop. The Aztec had landed on a 3,000-foot levee some miles away, and four men were dumping duffel bags and suitcases from it into the pickup alongside. When the spotter plane buzzed them, two men scrambled into the Chevy and two into the Aztec. The plane barely cleared a steel barrier at the end of the levee and was sputtering as it skimmed over the water beyond.

Assuming the Aztec would crash shortly, they went back after the truck, radioing an APB to the Glades County cops. The truck turned off into the Brighton Indian Reservation and flicked off its headlights as night fell. But the dope spotters held a spotlight out the plane window to keep track of the vehicle as they pursued it down twisty swamp roads.

"They turned off at Stone Beads Grocery and went to Harney Pond Canal and dumped the drugs at the side of the road," recalls a Glades deputy. "They turned around and came out the same way. Our cars pinned him in at an Indian camp area." Though all seven Glades deputies were in on the chase, one of the men in the truck evidently escaped on foot.

Subsequently, the cops found the dope by the canal; the coke was in several cloth duffel bags, along with 98 pounds of bootleg 'ludes in suitcases bearing decals from a Colombian hotel. The Aztec turned up a couple days later, abandoned on the strip at Opa-Locka Airport.



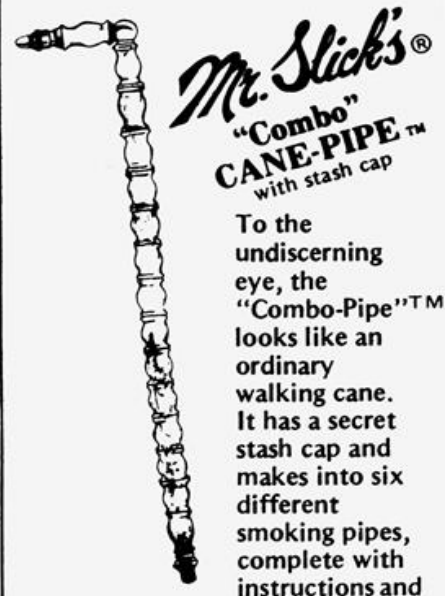
Pulled off the market: A Corpus Christi, Texas, cop inspects 8.5-ounce bag of Mexican coke.

HIT PARADE

Spring is in the air, the indigo-breasted four-flusher chirps a mysterious dirge while building her nest, and once again the *drip drip drip* of maple sap is echoing in the woods and dales, harmonizing with the *skraak skraak skraak* of the bulrushes pulverized 'neath the prows of lazy trawlers chugging upstream with another day's catch of bivalve mollusks. And now, to bring you back down, here's this month's lost and found stats:

- 30,000 lbs of harvested homegrown at isolated farm near Cross City, Florida; Dixie County officers busted 10 people and were looking for 2 more.
- 20,000 lbs of Colombian on abandoned DC-7, engines still running, at Pueblo Airport in Pueblo, Colorado; whereabouts of estimated 4-member crew unknown.
- 15,000 lbs of pot in wooded areas outside Greenville, Florida; 13 people busted by cops from four counties.
- 14,000 lbs of Colombian in three motor homes and one van on Interstate 10 near Madison-Jefferson county line in Florida; 9 men and 3 women nabbed by investigators from the Big Bend Narcotics Task Force.
- 11,000 lbs being ferried from fisher *Joven Elisa* anchored off Bahia Honda, Florida; Customs officers netted 13 men.
- 10,000 lbs of pot being transported from a 75-foot yacht docked in a canal behind a home in Fort Lauderdale, by local sheriff's office working on a tip-off; 4 men busted.

- 5,000 lbs of sinsemilla in raids on three fields in the Anza-Sage area of California; DEA and local deputies arrested 19.
- 3,000 lbs of plants in raid at residence near Weaverville, North Carolina; 1 arrest pending by local cops.
- 2,000 lbs of pot aboard twin-engine Beechcraft at Opa-Locka Airport, Florida; DEA, Customs and Opa-Locka police nabbed 1 man hiding in airport, 1 or 2 others escaped.
- 2,000 lbs of homegrown at Lynglen Terrace in Glendale, California; narcs arrested mother and son.
- 725 lbs of grass and 14,000 boot 'ludes found at a home in Bayamon, Puerto Rico, by San Juan DEA pursuing clues from abandoned twin-engine Piper Aztec with collapsed nosewheel in field near Humacao; 10 arrests.
- 1,000 lbs of hash packed into inner tubes washing ashore at Dare County coastline, North Carolina; no arrests.
- 11,000 tabs of LSD at home in Toronto's east end; local police busted 2 men and 1 woman.



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Recent Drought Fades at Last

So, like a bad dream, the late-1979 drought has come and gone. As America's heads perk up in anticipation of spring, they may reflect on just what inscrutable forces cause these annual dearths. There are a lot of rumors, some false, some half true, and separating the stems and seeds from the real dope may help prepare you for future shortages.

Last year's fall drought, like those of other seasons past, was the result of a confluence of forces, the biggest being the shake-ups in the Colombian connection. The dope war there grinds on, the pressure along the shipping routes intensifies, even the weatherman throws in a monkey wrench or two.

According to the *New York Times* (and who should know better than they?), the Colombian marijuana drought was occasioned by a bad growing season. There is a grain of truth here—the fall harvest is traditionally the smaller of the two and sometimes three harvests that most growers reap. Conversely, the potent reds, golds and regional Colombian pots are harvested in February and March and stay on the market until August when commercial grades—some of which has been warehoused—take over. Then, roughly from August until Thanksgiving, America's pot-heads must depend on the small fall harvest, easily vulnerable to meteorological caprices.

But a couple of wild cards turned up and threw the slim connection into disarray. First, the "revelation" that Russian soldiers are training in Cuba—the Cubans say it is a hoax—brought out an armada of 1,200 U.S. naval ships to patrol the Caribbean. This show of force was primarily political theater. But then, acting on whose authority no one seems to know, the military ships began shaking down suspicious-looking vessels on the grounds that they were looking for sympathetic revolutionaries trying to smuggle arms to Cuba. The resultant panic among Caribbean pot shippers led to an embargo for August, September and part of October. A corollary rumor had it that radar at the U.S. military installation in Guantánamo Bay was being directed at pot smugglers, much as the El Paso enemy warning radar had been converted into a spotter operation.

The D-men, too, have taken their toll. The "Southeast Region," as they term it at the Customs Service, has become so hot for ships that only those people who own their yachts or fishing boats can make a go of it; the day of the leased freighter is gone. Intense surveillance and the shutting down of some abandoned airstrips have crippled the pot air carriers.

The drought that resulted was so severe it changed long-standing market procedures. Like home mortgages and bank loans, the front has disappeared. Whereas as recently as a year ago a partial payment could get you a huge load fronted, now you have the cash in hand when the goods are displayed in Miami and other market centers, and if you don't buy it someone else will. Cash and carry from now on, say the big buyers.

Local dealers have taken advantage of the situation to jack up the price of pot—legiti-

mate during the drought—but are again trying to make the bloated pound and ounce prices stay on after the shortage is sated. Already, customers are balking and price wars are breaking out among neighborhood dealers, a sure sign that there will probably be a downward adjustment—top-caliber Colombian dropping back from its \$650-a-pound peak in October. Commercial will remain stable at \$30–\$45 an ounce.

One benefit of the drought has been the resurgence of Thai, Mexican and African weed, unheard from for some time. The Thai weed is a particular bargain, a grand cheaper at \$1,850 an elbow over its price five years ago. Hawaiian pot has made some unfortunately brief appearances in the nation's big cities, particularly in the West, but is limited because of the indefatigable efforts of the jungle narcs over there. Half man, half gorilla they say. A cornucopia of sinsemilla this year establishes once and for all the future of pot in America—homegrown it will be. *HIGH TIMES'* dope editors have smoked sinsemillas from over 30 states in the last year and a half, most of them far better than the commercial Colombian that has dominated the market. I'll be seeing you, sinsemilla.

Hash Flash: Isomerized pot is turning up all over, some of it resembling car grease. Readers from the hinterlands report con men palming this off as the real McCoy, a feeble imitation at best. Priced at about half what real hash goes for, the iso-hash sometimes resembles blond Lebanese and is shilled as such. Much is manufactured from hopelessly impotent pot, though, that all the coaxing in the world will not improve. Try before you buy.

Dope Gets You Through Times of No Money, Etc.: Two interesting reports released in the same week. One, by the government, showing that unemployment and a fear of the future is soaring among the 16- to 24-year-old age group. Another, by a private social-research group, that LSD usage has shown a dramatic increase in use among the 16- to 24-year-old age group. The psychedelic rerevolution has

generated a plethora of kaleidoscope highs—mushrooms from \$25 an ounce up, scores of LSD brands, even MDA and ALD-52 labs cooking away into the night. At a recent Jefferson Starship concert in New York's Palladium, one acid dealer estimated that over half the crowd was tripping. This flurry of stoned activity has kept the price increases on acid among the lowest of all dope. A nickel windowpane is still a nickel windowpane, same as in 1970. A real recessionary buy.

Pot Watch: Don't put too much faith in those stories about various pots being sprayed with Coca-Cola and other soft drinks before they're garbage-compacted. Supposedly added to increase cohesion, weight and appearance of pounds, it would in reality make the pot rot. This is probably anti-pot propaganda. *HIGH TIMES* is investigating these reports and so far has found no substance to them.

Cocaine Blues: After a prolonged struggle, the price of cocaine has busted the magic century mark and grams now routinely flux from \$75 to \$125 a gram. Happily, though, the quality has improved. The coke kingpins, like the oil barons, no dummies, had traded off quality for price while consumer pressure kept the \$100 ceiling. Now that they've got their price increase, the quality has gone up. Let's hope this doesn't mark the beginning of a cycle.... Some new cocaine capitals are evolving. Several big country-western centers, always big seller's markets, have now become hot marketing centers. One Tennessee burg sees so much toot blown that Sanit-Straws should be thinking of opening a plant there....

Note to Readers: Our new expanded coverage of the dope marketplace requires input from you strung-out stringers in the field(s). If you know of any price changes, categories of dope or areas of interest that we've overlooked, write to "Trans-High Market Quotations," c/o HIGH TIMES, P.O. Box 386, Cooper Station, New York, N.Y. 10003.



Out of circulation: 170 kilos of incoming Lebanese hash were stopped by airport narcs in Geneva.

AUSTRALIA

Domestic grass	quality varies	oz	30-40
Mullumbimby madness	legendary smoke	lb	350-550
Colombian pot	mostly 'mersh	oz	55-75
		lb	550-850
Thai sticks	super but sparse	one	75-225
Pseudo sticks	useless	oz	800-1200
		lb	15-20
New Zealand homegrown	growing	oz	175-240
Domestic hash	truly shit	one	8-13
		oz	100-120
Putty hash	adulterated	oz	75
	Lebanese	lb	600-750
Nepalese fingers	slabs too, top-notch	oz	50-100
Indian hash oil	at times primo	lb	300-500
Mushrooms	ubiquitous	oz	210-250
LSD	tiles, blots	one	3000-4500
Mandrax	rare but there	oz	40-60
Cocaine	A1 for these parts	one	250-400
		oz	2.3-50
		lb	100-200
		gm	140-175
		oz	3000-3200

CANADA

Commercial Colombian	increasing daily	oz	65-80
Gold and red Colombian	zilch	lb	600-800
Hawaiian buds	Vancouver and west coast	oz	80-100
Jamaican pot	in the cities, but rare	lb	750-1000
Mexican tops	yo-yo market	oz	250-350
		lb	2500-7200
California sinsemilla	top dog on the streets	oz	75-125
Homegrown pot	decent, considering	lb	800-1200
Hash	lots of Leb	oz	60-100
		lb	600-800
LSD	choice of varieties, all good	one	175-275
MDA	mostly PCP	one	1750-3000
		oz	25-35
		lb	100-250
		oz	90-135
		lb	1200-1500
		one	4-10
		oz	200-450
		one	3-5

COLOMBIA

Santa Marta	shipping north	oz	7-15
Commercial domestic	megatons	lb	60-100
Colombian hash	still trying	oz	2-5
Hash oil	a loser, surprisingly	lb	50-80
Mushrooms	coming to U.S. soon	oz	10-30
Cocaine	bull market, a top year	lb	100-250
		oz	1500-2000
		lb	40-75
		oz	175-225
		lb	2500-3000

ENGLAND

African grass	some ho-hum sticks	oz	120-150
Colombian grass	on blue moons only	lb	1250-1300
Kashmir twist sticks	small but good	oz	120
Thai sticks	great	one	1000
Homegrown	good year	oz	6
Jamaican pot	seedy, super	lb	25
Black Kashmir hash	knockout, scarce	oz	free to 50
Moroccan hash	average, strong supply	lb	100-350
Paki black hash	black slabs	oz	90-120
Hash oil	in milligram units too	lb	900-1200
LSD	embargoed by cops	one	180-225
Cocaine	drought	oz	90-100
Opium	vintage year	lb	950-1000
Mandrax	limey 'ludes	one	120
		oz	1450-1500
		gm	25-30
		oz	480-540
		one	4.50-7.50
		gm	300
		oz	135-180
		oz	270
		oz	180-300
		lb	1800-2100
		one	1-1.50

JAPAN

Colombian pot	scarce	oz	120
Philippine pot	plentiful but shitty	lb	1200-1600
		oz	90-120
		lb	900-1200

Homegrown	around, not bad	oz	90-120
Thai sticks	taste-test first	one	900-1200
Buddha sticks	rarity, superb	oz	30-40
Philippine hash	not bad for firsts	one	300-600
LSD	much blotter, some dots	gr	40-60
		oz	25
		one	300-350
		one	4-12

MEXICO

Oaxacan tops	bigger than your head	oz	5-10
Mexican sinsemilla	much pollinated	lb	50-90
Acapulco gold	there for jet-setters	oz	5-10
Guerrero gold	mucho pesos	lb	50-80
Emerald hash	when around	oz	10-20
Cocaine	sold mostly to L.A.	lb	50-100
Opium	sucker's buy	oz	7-12
	searching for a market	lb	65-125
		oz	35-75
		gm	400-500
		oz	30-50
		oz	400-700
		oz	50-100
		lb	400-600

NEW ZEALAND

Buddha sticks	chewed looking but great	one	12-15
Homegrown "heads"	ace pot	oz	50-65
Afghani hash	impotent	gm	20
Hash oil	good stuff	oz	120-175
Psychedelic cactus	local varieties	cap	15-20
LSD	less than impressive	oz	80
		one	30-50
		one	4-6

NORWAY

Moroccan hash	like white bread	gm	5-10
Lebanese hash	pungent and potent	kilo	3000-5000
Chitral hash	smoke of Vikings	gm	10-17
Cocaine	badly cut	kilo	3000-6000
		gm	15-20
		kilo	5000-8000
		gm	100-150
		oz	3000-5000

PERU

Brown buds	swamp weed	oz	4-5
Gold buds	highland treat	lb	55-75
Lechuga	"lettuce" pot	oz	10
Coca leaves	from the coast	lb	70-80
Coca paste	more fun than gum	lb	35
Cocaine	head salve	kilo	2-3
Quaaludes	90 percent pure, world's best	gm	1.50-2
	local boots, real losers	kilo	1100
		gm	5-10
		kilo	8500
		one	.20

USA

Contiguous	like hen's teeth	oz	50-75
Top-grade Mexican	quality-control problems	lb	475-650
Quality Jamaican	some potent reefa	oz	50-65
Jamaican sinsemilla	lots, but sometimes seedy	lb	500-600
Commercial Colombian	drought	oz	40-60
Connoisseur Colombian	conditions	lb	475-550
Colombian shake	astonishingly hard to find	oz	75-125
Colombian seeds	infested with seeds	lb	800-1250
Pseudo Thai sticks	take your chances	oz	30-45
Thai sticks	go home	lb	450-500
Loose Thai	caveat emptor	oz	75-100
California sinsemilla	exceptionally good	lb	550-850
Other U.S. sinsemilla	buy this season	oz	20
Hawaiian	record harvest	lb	200-275
Moroccan hash	much A1 material	oz	25
	top dollar	oz	75-125
	a good last resort	lb	750-1250
		one	15-20
		oz	150-175
		oz	1500-2250
		oz	175-225
		lb	1200-2000
		oz	100-175
		lb	900-1700
		oz	200-320
		lb	2000-3200
		oz	75-100
		lb	675-900

Lebanese hash	shitloads	oz	85-120
Black Afghani hash	costly but boss	lb	1000-1400
Nepalese hash	pressed balls and fingers	oz	150-200
Paki hash	suitcase stashes	lb	1500-1800
		lb	100-150
		oz	1000-1250
		lb	100
		oz	1350
Indian hash	from the old masters	lb	125-160
Hash oils	several passable	gm	1000-1350
Psilocybin mushrooms	healthy cottage industry	oz	30-60
Peyote	strong supply	oz	500-1000
LSD	many "brand names"	one	25-45
Cocaine	sniff around for buys	lb	100-250
Quaaludes	endangered species	oz	75-125
MDA	truly wondrous if real	one	1000-2000
Crystal meth	here and there	gm	3-5
PCP	the pits	gm	250-350
		oz	45-75
		gm	40-75
		oz	750-900
		gm	60-75

Alaska

Commercial Colombian	grabbed up fast	oz	65-90
Connoisseur Colombian	scarce as seal feathers	lb	525-650
Domestic weed	good AM smoke	oz	90-125
Mexican weed	an oddity	lb	650-900
Hawaiian Puna buds	demand exceeds supply	oz	25-40
Hawaiian shake	worth the money	lb	100-200
Lebanese hash	standard issue	oz	50-75
Hash oil	sleazy too often	gm	550-750
Cocaine	like snowflakes in hell	oz	275-375
Quaaludes	many bogus	one	3000-3800
White cross	mainland boots	one	175-200
		one	500-1000
		one	15-20
		one	130-200
		one	50-75
		one	100-150
		one	2000-3000
		one	6-15
		one	.50
		one	20-35

Hawaii

Puna buds	potent stuff	oz	175-250
Kona gold	forever amber	lb	1800-2500
Mauna Loa	Wet with resin	oz	150-225
Maui wowie	Rolls-Royce of marijuanas	lb	1500-2500
Oahu shake	pounds like pillows	oz	175-275
Leaf sticks	fluffy, clean	lb	2000-3000
Mountain like Ping-Pong balls		oz	50-100
LSD	dots and blots	one	500-900
Mushrooms	for cheap	one	7-15
Cocaine	taste for every nose	gm	.25
Amphetamines	crosses, black beauts	one	2-4
		one	free
		one	75-125
		one	1500-2000
		one	2

WEST GERMANY

Moroccan hash	tourist grade	gm	3
Lebanese hash	same old song	kilo	2500
Turkish hash	available of late	gm	4
Afghani hash	popular best-seller	kilo	2500-3000
Manali hash (India)	knocks off your socks	gm	5
Nepalese hash	scarce	kilo	3000-4000
Thai weed	great	gm	6
LSD	mikes and "blottenstoneder"	5 gm	4000
cocaine	cheap European prices	kilo	7
		gm	5000-5500
		stick	7
		one	5500
		one	10
		one	7000
		one	3-4
		one	125-150
		gm	110

High Times welcomes anonymous reports, but please be specific about the area, type, quantity and quality of dope referred to. If you are aware of other prices or have other relevant information or suggestions, please send them in. The THMQ is intended solely for comparative purposes and in no way is meant as an inducement to illegal activity, or as an endorsement of dope usage or trafficking, or as an endorsement of any particular dope.



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Hundreds Seek Arthritis Cure in Radioactive Mines



Abandoned uranium mines in Boulder, Montana, are attracting hundreds of arthritis sufferers who believe that breathing the radioactive vapors and drinking the mines' water will cure them. Even the mayor of the tiny town (population 1,300), George Christensen, admits to having visited the mines since 1956 and that his sojourns there "seem to make the entire system percolate better."

The Montana State Bureau of Safety and Health says the water in the underground mines meets federal standards and that limits have been established on how long people can breathe the radon gas. But scientist Charles Honaker of the American College of Radiology in Chicago is distressed by the practice, warning, "It's been proven that breathing radon gas into the lungs produces a very high rate of lung cancer."

• It may sound like the pot's calling the kettle black, but the General Accounting Office (GAO) in Washington, D.C., is saying the Drug Enforcement Administration (DEA) is doing a lousy job. The nation's top narcotics-enforcement bureau, which is charged with interdicting the drugs traffic both in the United States and in over a score of source countries, was sharply criticized in a recent GAO report for spending \$5 billion on its monumental "war on drugs." GAO comptroller general Elmer Staats complains that the DEA, for all its intrepid enforcement efforts, rarely puts top dope dealers in jail; and that whenever it does nail some top syndicate biggies, why, the syndicates just go on operating autonomously, as though nothing ever happened. Staats has righteously concluded that the DEA should change its tack from trying

to bust up dope-smuggling outfits to going after smugglers' bank accounts; which is precisely what the DEA has been doing since early this year, working with the Treasury Department to confiscate millions of dollars in suspected dope proceeds under the Racketeering Influenced and Corrupt Organizations Act. But did the high and mighty know-it-alls at the GAO say anything about that?

• If you've got teenage kids, don't turn your back on them: Three-quarters of the kids in this country would gladly deep-six their moms in favor of TV actresses, and bury their dads in the cellar in favor of movie actors. Only 25 percent of junior-high and high-school students would stick with their real folks if they had their druthers, reports a *Ladies' Home Journal* poll: Most would prefer Cheryl Ladd, Cheryl Tiegs or Farrah Fawcett for moms and Burt Reynolds, Clint Eastwood or Lee Majors for dads.

• For your social-revolution calendar: April 17 will be Big Business Day, a nationwide panache of teach-ins, film festivals and demonstrations against the excesses of corporate power. Consumer advocate Ralph Nader, economist John Kenneth Galbraith, actor Ed Asner and other luminaries are helping to sponsor the event, patterned after Earth Day and other successful "days." The government estimates corporate ripoffs take \$200 billion a year from the public (we wonder how much taxpayer's money the government spent compiling that estimate), and the folks behind Big Business Day figure it's time to mass against "crime in the suites." For more information call Andy Buchsbaum at (202) 861-0456.

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BOTH - SOONER OR LATER!!

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SO WHAT? I DREW MORE ORGY CARDS THAN YOU DID, YOUR HONOR! - WAIT TILL I INVITE BOB AND ALICE, YOU'LL SEE!

IT'S MY TURN NEXT, AND I'M ASKING TED AND CAROL OVER TO PLAY SEXOPOLY... FOR NOW, YOU CAN BE MY VICE MAYOR! OH... WHAT'S THAT GET ME?

HEH-HEH-HEH!!

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ROBERT ANTON WILSON

THE AUTHOR OF THE ILLUMINATUS TRILOGY EXPOUNDS ON MULTIPLE REALITIES, GUERRILLA ONTOLOGY, LSD, LIFE EXTENSION AND THINGS THAT GO BUMP IN THE NIGHT

BY MICHAEL HOLLINGSHEAD

On the back of every U.S. one-dollar bill sits the Great Pyramid, eye blazing omnidirectionally from its apex, all a part of the Great Seal of the United States of America. Though this symbol is usually traced back to the myths and legends of the Masons, the full story of the Great Pyramid was finally revealed with the publication of the *Illuminatus* trilogy.

Written during 1968-69 by Robert Shea and Robert Anton Wilson, at that time both editors at *Playboy*, the *Illuminatus* trilogy has gone on to become one of the great classics of the last decade. A science-fiction epic, a detective story, a weaving together of most of the known conspiracy theories of the past five millennia, the *Illuminatus* trilogy is an inkblot of modern times: funny, wild, scary, sexy, political, philosophical, mystical—in short, modern moksha medicine.

Illuminatus captivates the reader with its incredibly complex plots, subplots, over- and underplots, its madcap humor, its yellow submarine, its explanation for the Jack Kennedy assassination, its armies of revived Nazi soldiers marching up from the depths of a Swiss lake in the middle of a rock concert, as well as its anarcholibertarian political philosophy. The trilogy has already been published in English (Dell), German, French, Japanese and Swedish.

It has also been adapted for the stage and performed in a nine-hour version by the National Theatre Company of London. Over the past three years other presentations of the stage version have been seen in Liverpool and Cambridge, England, and in Amsterdam, Frankfurt and Seattle. The film version of the *Illuminatus* is currently in preproduction.

Robert Anton Wilson has been bringing back communication from the farthest reaches of the mind and culture for more than a decade. Described by anthropolo-

gist Roger Wescott as a polymath, Wilson sees his role as artist-psychologist (Ph.D.) enabling him to plumb the collective genetic archives for the myths that will determine our future.

Born in Brooklyn on the 18th of January, 1932, Wilson says: "I share most of the traits associated with all the great Capricorns: Jesus, Cary Grant, Joseph Stalin and Georges Gurdjieff." His interests range far and wide over modern times: life extension, new theories of physics, intelligence increase, space travel and settlements (he is an active member of the L-5 Society and often lectures on topics concerned with the future move into space).

His interests in life-extension research were put to a supreme test with the violent death of his teenage daughter, the victim of a robbery. Wilson and his wife made arrangements for the brain of their deceased child to be preserved in cryogenic suspension, awaiting medical and brain-computer advances that might enable identity reconstruction at some future time.

Wilson's involvement with the Physics-Consciousness Research Group in the San Francisco Bay Area (they have made him chief literary spokesman for their more far-out ideas) may well yield the results necessary for such things as brain-to-brain communication and identity reconstruction. His other interests and activities touch on topics as varied as astronomy, sex, magic, psychopharmacology and conspiratorial history.

In order that his readers might better follow Bob Wilson as he charts the unknown, he published a "neurological autobiography" entitled *Cosmic Trigger* (Pocket Books) in 1978. He has also written *Sex and Drugs* (Playboy Press) and coauthored, with Timothy Leary, *Neuropolitics* (Peace Press). His latest work of fiction, *The Universe Next Door* (published earlier this

year by Pocket Books), is the first volume of a tetralogy called *Schrodinger's Cat*. The three volumes of *Illuminatus* and the four volumes of *Schrodinger's Cat* are part of a series of 12 novels Wilson intends to complete that will cover the entire scope of mystical, conspiratorial and scientific history from 1776 through the 21st century.

Robert Anton Wilson, epistemologist, magician, psychedelic pioneer and master wordsmith, is one of the most exciting and imaginative talkers of the late 20th century. Michael Hollingshead talked with Bob high above the hills of Berkeley, California.

High Times: One critic has described *Illuminatus* as a "psychedelic novel." What is a psychedelic novel?

Wilson: *Illuminatus* is a psychedelic novel in the sense that it is a novel of initiation and revelation in which the characters go through various forms of brain-change. Robert Shea and I were generally dismayed and pissed off by the stupidities of American politics in the late '60s, when we began it. We had this strong drive to write a satire on all political movements, all the way across the spectrum.

High Times: The book that followed, *Cosmic Trigger*, was that also in the psychedelic mode?

Wilson: Well, I regard it more as "guerrilla ontology." The reader is challenged to decide what's real and what's fantasy. My books are the literary equivalent of magical initiation. That's the sort of thing you face when you get involved in consciousness games.

High Times: In other words, your books are intended to turn readers on?

Wilson: Yes. They're intended to provide the literary equivalent of LSD or of magical initiation. I want the reader to ask the hardest question in philosophy: What's real? Most people think they know what's

real, but they don't at all.

High Times: Really?

Wilson: People just know what they were conditioned to think of as real.

High Times: The Illuminati themselves are members of a mystical, secret brotherhood whose origins go back a very long time indeed but whose membership has had an upsurge since the so-called modern phase began in the Bavaria of the late 18th century. Have you ever met any of the Illuminati yourself?

Wilson: I've met quite a few people who claim to be part of the Illuminati. Like I say somewhere in *Cosmic Trigger*, the final secret may be that you don't know you're a member until it's too late to get out.

High Times: You said just now that you were pissed off with the stupidities of American politics in the late '60s. We are now starting on the '80s. Are we less or more free today than we were ten years ago?

Wilson: Oh, I think we are a much freer country today than we were back in 1960, in many dimensions. Of course, there's a bit of a backlash building up against the new freedom, but that was only to be expected. By and large, I think the drug revo-



“Marijuana and LSD will be phased out by much more specific forms of brain-change drugs in the next 10 to 15 years.”

lution had a good effect on America, despite individual casualties. I wish it could have been handled more intelligently, but I guess you don't have major social changes without a certain amount of upheaval. So it was perhaps only natural that there would be a certain number of bad trips, and a lot of people getting thrown into jail, and scientific research stopped, and so on. You've got to go through these upheavals before a new stage of evolution is stabilized.

High Times: Is there still a future in drugs? What about the year 2000? Will we be turning on then?

Wilson: Well, long before the year 2000 we're going to have a much bigger drug revolution than we had in the '60s.

High Times: What sort of drugs?

Wilson: I think psychiatrists, clinical psychologists, and so on, will have more and more specific drugs for every type of emotional problem. I agree with Nathan Klein and the recent McGraw-Hill poll of scientists that the majority of the scientific community predicts that we'll soon have drugs to permanently raise your intelligence, for example. I've seen this coming for a long time.

High Times: You seem to be talking only of

the therapeutic application of drugs. What about drugs for recreational purposes?

Wilson: Oh, sure, there will be many more of them. To mention Nathan Klein again, he thinks we'll have perfectly safe intoxicant drugs in the year 2000. I think that marijuana and LSD and everything that has caused so much controversy will be phased out by a much more precise, specific prescription type of approach. People will be able to find out just what they need, just the right thing for their mental state at a given time, and they will up-level them to a higher mental state. A friend of mine who is a psychiatrist has predicted, for instance, that within 15 years people will be able to go to a psychiatrist and he'll have a standard set of tests and about 30 different drugs. After giving you the battery of tests, he will prescribe a drug that's just right for what's bothering you. I think that is definitely the direction we're moving in—control of the nervous system by the nervous system. We should be free to choose the circuits in the brain we want to use and not be robots subject to others' imprints and conditioning.

High Times: You mean, people ought to have the freedom to deprogram and reprogram their nervous systems?

Wilson: That's right.

High Times: But doesn't LSD do that now to some extent?

Wilson: Oh, yes, to a very great extent. But I don't think LSD is specific enough. I think in some ways it's a little bit freaky and unpredictable. It needs a very good therapist indeed to get the best results out of it. Its use as a recreational drug has been a mixed blessing. It has done a lot of good for some people, and some people

have gone completely ape under it. I think we'll have much more specific forms of brain-change drugs in the next 10 to 15 years.

High Times: How did you first get interested in psychedelic drugs? Was it as a result of meeting Dr. Timothy Leary?

Wilson: It had nothing to do with Tim. I didn't hear of Tim until about one year after my first peyote trip. I was turned on first by a Quaker who had discovered peyote through Aldous Huxley's books and was convinced that it was an aid to religious awareness. And he became such an enthusiast of peyote that he went around turning on all his friends. You know, the picture painted by the mass media was entirely false. Many people were turned on originally by religious people.

High Times: And many by psychiatrists.

Wilson: Yes. Cary Grant, for example, was turned on by a psychiatrist in Los Angeles.

High Times: Why did a lot of people suddenly start taking LSD and other psychedelic drugs in the early '60s and, indeed, throughout that decade?

Wilson: Most people were seeking to expand their consciousness in order to become freer, higher human beings. Everyone was fantastically idealistic in those days. And at that time there was no criminal element at all. That came later when some people saw that they could make a profit out of psychedelics, when the government stupidly made the whole thing illegal, thereby shooting the profits sky-high.

High Times: You have pointed out that the religious component was always very strong in the psychedelic sphere. I agree that many people who have used these



drugs in this way do obtain a sense of what religious life is really all about, even that the mystical, revelatory experience, via drugs or not, is also a means of expanding one's consciousness. Do you think that religion could ever become a true science? **Wilson:** (Laughing) I really should be eloquent on that subject and not be sloppy. I feel that through the work of Leary and John Lilly and Stanislav Grof and Stan Krippner and others that we are starting to learn precise, operational, scientific procedures for altering human consciousness, or "brain-change" as Tim likes to say. It's a good word, brain-change. I think, though, we have always had a science of brain-change. After all, shamans all over the world have known techniques, including drugs and various types of ritual initiation, that cause rapid brain-change and the imprinting of new circuits. Even though these techniques have been used and acknowledged over many thousands of years, it is only in very recent times that we are getting a much more precise, scientific slant on how they work. And I think this is something completely new in history. Science—in the modern Western sense—when it appeared 300 years ago, was something completely new and it totally revolutionized the world. It's still revolutionizing the world: It's the most revolutionary force on this planet. But the sudden joining of the scientific revolution with the revolution of sensibility, or mysticism, that occurred in the '60s, and chiefly via the new range of psychedelic drugs by modern synthetic chemistry, is something even newer.

We've got a completely new kind of scientist these days. I know quite a few physicists, for example, who've used LSD,

and I think it has definitely mutated them to a state where they understand physics in a completely new way. They have a kind of emotional and existential relationship with the subatomic world, which—before LSD—was only a theoretical one. There are sociologists whose work shows the influence of LSD. And there are modern psychologists who were once involved in LSD research who believe that people can learn how to change their reality. Modern thinking is getting a whole new view of the fact that there is no given reality. Reality is simply something created by our nervous systems and our experiences as we go along. And I think this insight is completely revolutionizing all the sciences. We have produced an entirely new mentality that has never existed in history before, yet one that is both scientific and mystical. **High Times:** You seem to attach a lot of significance to the religious component of the psychedelic experience. I'm sure you don't mean the sort of religion you get in church each Sunday. On the other hand, can you envisage LSD, or any psychedelic for that matter, ever being used in a sacramental way in a church kind of structure? **Wilson:** I think the ideal way to do psyche-

"I know physicists who've used LSD and it has definitely mutated them to a state where they understand physics in a completely new way."

delics is in a group. I don't think our society is ready yet for taking psychedelics in a religious context, but I believe that was the way these hallucinogenic substances were used in Vedic times in India and also in ancient Greece. From surviving references it seems to me that they were using a drug plus a ritual to get the person to a specific state of consciousness, what Stan Grof calls the "phylogenetic unconscious," and Tim Leary the "neurogenetic circuits." It is the stage where you remember all the genetic archives and the fact that you've lived hundreds of thousands of lives before, animal as well as human.

High Times: This brings us naturally to a topic of great interest: life extension. Is it possible that modern science will some day come up with an answer to the problem of dying?

Wilson: I think the breakthrough is definitely coming in the next five years. Some people say it won't occur for the next 10 to 15 years, but I think they are being unduly pessimistic. I see the momentum of the research accelerating. I have absolute confidence that by 1990 I'm going to be younger than I am today. This is the first generation in history where you could say something like that with some degree



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of sanity. (Laughs.) I really do think that in 1990 I will be younger and more vigorous than I am at this present moment!

High Times: Some scientists have predicted that they will be able to increase the human life span to 800 years. Is that a more or less accurate figure?

Wilson: There are various estimates right now. A very good friend of mine, Dr. Paul Segal, has been doing life-extension research for 17 years and he prefers the figure 400 to 500 years. Others put it much higher. However, once you've succeeded in extending the life span, even if only by 50 years, you could expect that during those 50 years there will be further jumps—say, being able to extend life for 100 years or 200 years—and it could go on forever. It's a thinkable thought. Alan Harrington, an extremist who calls himself an immortalist, thinks that we can go on making these jumps in life extension and some of us will never have to die at all. It is something so new that it is a difficult concept to grapple with.

High Times: Isn't this something many of the new gurus are also saying? And even though they may refer to eternal life in some other, more cosmic dimension, they do seem to be saying that the "particular Me" can live on in some form forever and forever. What do you think about gurus? Ram Dass [Dr. Richard Alpert], Swami Prem Dharma and Dr. George Litwin come to mind.

Wilson: Well, I leave it to Tim Leary to criticize those people. I prefer to think well of my fellow humans and to be as charitable as possible in my judgments. I am reminded of something Bucky Fuller said when he was asked what he thought about the Hancock Building in Chicago: "I can't think of anything good to say about it so I'd rather not say anything." (Laughs.)

High Times: How do you feel, then, about traditional religion?

Wilson: I don't think it's a big advance to go back to the metaphysics and philosophy of 2,000 or 3,000 years ago. To the extent that gurus tell you to abolish mind and just go with the flow—I think that's fine for a holiday. I don't see it as a way of life. I think it gets pretty boring after a while. I want to know more and more precise things. However, I think you can learn a great deal from Tibetan Buddhism, from Zen, from the Hindus. My own preference, amongst all these movements, is Sufism, because Sufism seems to be more dynamic and more of a confrontation with the real world. I can also agree with the Sufis that mere ecstasy is not the goal of life. But all these trips are interesting if you learn something from them, and I think the more you know about *everything* the better.

High Times: Have you yourself ever duplicated the LSD experience without using drugs?

Wilson: (Laughs.) I've done it through Cabalistic magic.

High Times: How did you do that?



"I have absolute confidence that by 1990 I will be younger and more vigorous than I am at this present moment!"

Wilson: Well, I think I sort of explained that in *Cosmic Trigger*. Basically, Cabalistic magic is a complicated way of brainwashing yourself so you can find reality in a variety of entirely different ways. I also think that Cabalistic magic is much easier to do after you've done some psychedelics, when you're used to going through brain-changes. At least, I have found it easier than it is traditionally supposed to be, and I attribute this to the fact that I had been experimenting on myself with psychedelics before I got into magic.

High Times: Cabalistic magic, as far as I am able to understand it, makes use of an elaborate symbol system, as indeed does the modern physicist, to tell something about the nature of reality or realities.

Wilson: Cabalistic magic is a way of relating to symbols that turn everything into a joke, eventually, but a joke with a lot of poignant point to it, with lots of astonishing surprises on the way.

High Times: Do you know of any ongoing LSD research in this country at the moment?

Wilson: The only research I know anything about is all illegal. I don't know of any legal research.

High Times: It is quite possible that the CIA is still using psychedelics as tools for brainwashing.

Wilson: Well, how are you going to stop the CIA from abusing any technology? As a libertarian, I feel that eternal vigilance is the price of liberty. I think it was, has

Wilson: My business is making people see that there's more than one reality. ■

HT

The **DRUG STOPS** Here

The story behind the White House dope policy

by Frank Browning

Brzezinski shooting coke in the War Room. Vance dropping MDA with his underlings at State. Chip dealing grass in the East Room. Amy popping 'ludes in the nursery.

It's not that bad yet along the corridors of power in the alabaster city of Washington. But it soon could be according to dire scenarios laid out by the progenitors of a billowing new reefer-madness hysteria in the federal government. Toking up on healthy hits of fear, distortion and scientific misrepresentation, an alliance of congressmen, cops and White House errand boys have declared open war on grass and all those who smoke it. The result has been a sharp increase in dope arrests across the country, a propaganda blitz to win bigger bucks for the Drug Enforcement Administration (DEA), and the replacement of reasoned scientific debate by self-serving superstition. Or, in the words of one former White House consultant, it is "the beginning of the end of any kind of enlightened drug policy in America." All this in the administration of a president who launched his campaign with the bucks of dope-smoking, coke-snorting rock 'n' rollers and promised right off the bat to decriminalize the personal use of marijuana.

If the grass smokers of America are distressed and surprised by all this, it is only because they have been filling their bongos too full, allowing hard-headed political analysis to go up in euphoric smoke. How the Carter administration sold out on a progressive drug policy is no different from how it has weaseled its way out of disarmament, how it has sacrificed Andy Young and the black unemployed and how it betrayed the human rights of 35 million Iranians to prop up the dictatorship of the shah. Indeed, Carter's failure to live up to his commitments to develop an "enlightened drug policy" will probably come to be seen as a minor footnote to his presidency. Its importance instead is as a classic example of how men, institutions, careers and principles are consumed by a government machinery that makes "enlightened policy" all but impossible.

The story of Jimmy and the reefers is a straightforward drama in three acts. But first the characters. The two leading men are Peter Bourne and Keith Stroup, both of whom saw Jimmy Carter as the ladder to stardom, each of whom helped the other onto that ladder and each of whom connived to break the rungs beneath the other's feet when the opportune moment arrived.

Peter Bourne is an Englishman, a doctor, an internationally known consultant on drug use, a liberal, and a one-time deputy on Richard Nixon's White House drug-policy staff. He was Jimmy Carter's earliest Washington supporter and became his chief drug adviser, a glib and dapper man who held elegant little campaign parties on Capitol Hill when everyone else in town was snickering about the cracker who pushed peanuts.

Keith Stroup is the founder of NORML (National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws), a lobbying outfit born in 1970 when Stroup, fresh from law school, decided to make a career out of getting a little help for his many respectable dope-smoking friends. Stroup soon won a reputation as a dynamo lobbyist for progressive drug laws and the most effective pro-pot spokesman in America. Something of a pinstripe Yippie, Stroup never hesitated to put his pot where his mouth was, generously lighting up and offering a toke to such passing reporters as cared to interview him. As the story opened, both Stroup and Bourne were believed to be good guys and friends.

The chief supporting character in the story is Peter B. Bensinger. He is not considered a good guy by Keith Stroup or the officers of NORML. He is the director of the DEA. Like Peter Bourne, he worked for Richard Nixon (as boss of DEA). Like Peter Bourne, he is verbally adept, carefully coiffed and given to demure blue and charcoal suits. He is also rich, a principal heir to the Brunswick bowling fortune. Unlike Peter Bourne, however, he has never been accused of snorting a Class II "narcotic" at a public party. Also unlike Peter Bourne, he is regarded as one of the smartest political operators in Washington.

Secondary supporting characters are the cracker-barrel boys from Georgia, Ham and Jody (Hamilton Jordan, now White House chief of staff, and Jody Powell, White House press secretary). Besides being the president's oldest and closest advisers, they were believed to have contributed much of the common-touch demeanor to the White House. Ham, it may be recalled, was the statesman who at a formal dinner pointedly contemplated the well-proportioned breasts of the Egyptian ambassador's wife and opened the conversation by declaring to her that he had long wished to visit the pyramids. On another occasion he expressed his fondness for a female companion by spitting his amaretto down her bosom. He was also reported to have been dazzled by the lights of the big city (two cities, actually: New York, the Big Apple, and Los Angeles, the Bad Apple), where he was rumored to snort at more than the presidential line. Jody's job was to talk to the press.

Other characters include Chip Carter, whose house in Virginia reportedly contained so many illegal herbs, his Secret Service protectors preferred to surveil him from their car in the street; Lee Dogoloff, another Nixon holdover and White House drug adviser, who is reported to make his policy from Peter Bensinger's press releases; certain speech writers and campaign strategists still on the president's staff, whose consumption habits were the subject of veiled press accounts; and the ghost of Harry Anslinger, who 40 years ago invented the first reefer-madness campaign.



I. The Connection

James Earl Carter, it will be recalled, was the first president in American history to have launched his campaign with the proceeds from a rock concert. In 1976 some Washington wags derisively described him as the candidate from Capricorn Records, where the long-haired, latter-day hippie Gregg Allman was his number one sugar daddy. Without the Allman Brothers' benefit concerts, Carter might never have found the money to make it past the Macon county line. Not only were the rock stars big financial connections in the beginning, they were also Jimmy's mainline into the youth vote. (According to some reports, the whole thing had begun through the mutual admiration of the Carter sons and the Allmans.) It was no secret that the young Carters "had smoked" grass or that smokables and popables of every flavor were a regular ingredient in the Allman entourage. Thus, through his children, candidate Carter was solidly on the side of hip. But so too was Jimmy's rival, the bumbling Gerald Ford, whose lure to the dope vote included his son Jack and personal photographer David Kennerly, both well known to partake of the weed. Moreover, First Lady Betty Ford candidly acknowledged that she would not be particularly upset to find the kids taking lovers or smoking dope in moderation. First Mama let everybody know that Republicans could be hip too. So it was that the Great American Youth Vote became more important than in any previous presidential election. Given that over half of that constituency at least occasionally smoked marijuana, demonstration of open-minded attitudes on private pot smoking was a rather sensible political position.

But then Carter dropped a bombshell: He would dedicate himself to federal decriminalization of private marijuana possession for personal use. If elected president, Carter would do his best to see to it that no more innocent middle-class kids went to jail for getting high. No matter that the federal government never busted kids for lighting up (it was the state and local governments). It was the position and the gesture that counted. And in the view of some of his staff, that declaration was as important as then-congressman Andy Young's appeal to black voters in securing for Carter his narrow margin of victory. Whereas Ford's position was benign on this most important youth issue, Carter would drive the old Nixon narcs and nasties out of the governmental counting house. Reefer madness would give way to reefer gladness.

That is more or less the way Keith Stroup and the aging pranksters at NORML remember the euphoric rush of the Carter victory. "After all those years on the outside, suddenly it looked like we were going to be insiders," Stroup recalled recently. "It was like we were all working on the same side for a change. I was in and out of the White House all the time. Peter Bourne had the president's ear whenever he wanted it, and he had been one of our most sympathetic supporters for several years. We didn't expect to legalize grass straight out, but we did believe we had won the first battle. The problem is that we believed the illusion."

The high mark of Keith Stroup's executive illusion came in midsummer 1977, when word went out that Carter was ready to present his drug message to Congress. Holed up in a Watergate apartment with a White House aide, Stroup himself drafted the congressional message. From there it went to Peter Bourne, won approval, was forwarded to adviser Stu Eizenstat and after some toning down was given to Carter, who delivered it with only modest changes. Stroup was busting his buttons with pride: He, Mr. Pot, had personally framed a presidential drug policy that endorsed decriminalizing marijuana in small amounts for personal use.

"It was a very special sort of marriage we had in those days," said Bob Carr, then a senior consultant to the prestigious Drug Abuse Council. Carr was also coordinator of a special task force on the use of psychoactive drugs for the President's Commission



UPI

Jimmy Carter: Stroup wrote his dope speech. His was the Reefer Gladness presidency.



Wide World

Peter Bensinger: Top Narc.



Wide World

Peter Bourne: The head that rolled.



UPI

Keith Stroup: "Mr. Pot."

on Mental Health. That special marriage was between the top officials in the White House and the sundry assortment of young, bright lawyers, journalists, lobbyists and congressional aides who had been smoking dope since college days and were just entering the prime of their careers.

"Marijuana smoking in public was fairly widespread and pretty casual," Carr said. "There was also a sense of celebration

that smokers were finally out of the closet and could socialize with people of high esteem."

"You know, it's hard to believe," a senatorial aide mused with a *Washington Post* reporter, a small vial of coke on the coffee table before them. "When they talk about official Washington using drugs, they're talking about people like me." Reflecting on his past life as an antiwar activist, he continued: "It's really weird to

How Our Heads of State Got High

May 12-13: sowed hemp at muddy hole by swamp.

August 7: began to separate the male from the female hemp—rather too late.

While it is unlikely that George Washington, who penned these diary notes 200 years ago, smoked any of the scraggly rope-dope he was growing on his Mount Vernon plantation, he certainly dreamed of hemp as a cash crop. After all, it had a solid foreign market and was perfect for cottage industry, basketmaking and such. He won over Thomas Jefferson, who began importing hemp seeds to Monticello, but failed to win the support of early American farmers, who favored tobacco cultivation. If, by some historical quirk, they had instead followed Washington's advice, early U.S. history might have been considerably headier.

As it turned out, not until the 19th century did Americans—including presidents—really turn on. The patent-medicine boom in the mid 1800s was largely responsible: Virtually everyone sampled various opium-, cannabis- and cocaine-based remedies and elixirs. If the president had the flu, a stomach ache, piles or a hangover, the prescribed remedy was tincture of opium: laudanum. Also prescribed for all manner of "female complaints," laudanum found its way into first ladies' medicine chests too. A century before Betty Ford got strung out on Valium and vodka, Mary Todd Lincoln was portrayed by presidential biographer William H. Herdon as a virtual patent-medicine junkie.

On the whole, however, records of bummers on these 19th-century elixirs are far outweighed by the good trips. Ulysses S. Grant, burned out by years of boozing, was miraculously revitalized near the end of his life by daily doses of Mariani tea, one of chemist Angelo Mariani's delightful cocaine-based products. It so bolstered the aging ex-president that he was able to put in hours of work a day on his memoirs, valued as one of the finest accounts of the Civil War.

During the 1880s, coca wine, another Mariani tonic, enjoyed



JFK's most effective space program was the one he conducted on himself.

unsurpassed popularity on the patent-medicine market. The enterprising Mariani eventually rounded up glowing endorsements from the prince of Wales, the czar and czarina of Russia, the kings of Norway and Sweden, and Pope Leo XIII. In the United States, Pres. William McKinley's secretary noted that a case of Vin Mariani had received an enthusiastic reception from the president.

All this came to an end—sort of—with the election of Theodore Roosevelt in 1901, under whose "progressive" administration the first federal controls on what people drank, swallowed and smoked were instituted and the stage was set for Prohibition. Still, the rough-riding, trust-busting Teddy may not have been the straight arrow he claimed to be. One day in 1912, according to the account of one Herford Cowling, a 91-year-old retired newsreel cameraman, the retired president halted a motorcade on its way to the Roosevelt Dam when he spotted a stand of "cactus fruits" growing in the middle of the Arizona desert. According to Cowling, reporters watched bewildered as he rushed to the site and commenced "pulling off the little green bulbs and eating them."

Still, by the time Teddy Roosevelt left office in 1909, the nation's first antidrug campaign was really rolling. First came the Harrison Narcotics Act of 1914, prohibiting over-the-counter sales of opiates and cocaine. However high-minded their pitch to save children from Mother Baily's Soothing Syrup and other kiddie narcotics, and to regulate the quality of medicine, some of the prohibitionists concealed darker motives. This

country's first official drug policy was instituted against a background of Hearst-syndicate "yellow peril" journalism, portraying Chinese as shift, no-good dope fiends. The hidden objective was racial and financial: to halt the flood of Chinese immigrants into the U.S. labor pool. Racism also underscored cocaine prohibition, as characterized by Dr. Christopher Koch's statement before Congress in 1910 that "most attacks upon white women in the South are the direct result of a cocaine-crazed Negro brain."

Hysteria and hypocrisy have all too often characterized drug policy since then. The Volstead Act (passed 1919, repealed 1933) banned alcohol, but didn't prevent Pres. Warren Harding from hosting regular booze parties. And 50 years later, Richard Nixon launched his "war on drugs" while the CIA was actually running shotgun for opium traders in Southeast Asia to prevent the well-armed opium dealers from supporting the Communists. There was a reassuring note of cosmic justice as the curtain fell on Tricky Dick, stoned on downs, talking to the presidential portraits in the White House. Even his spiritual adviser, Billy Graham, had to lament that it was "sleeping pills and demons" that caused Nixon's decline and fall in 1974 (see *HIGH TIMES*, "The High & Mighty," August '79).

Among other recent presidents, chemical preferences have been varied. According to William Burroughs, Dwight Eisenhower swore by the rejuvenative qualities of placenta serum, a compound rich in endorphins (natural body opiates) derived

from the placentas of sheep.

John Kennedy's favorite tonics are by now widely documented. He received regular injections of megavitamins and amphetamines from Dr. Max Jacobson ("Dr. Jake"), who has since—many ex-patients feel, unfairly—been barred from practice. According to other accounts, JFK was also fond of the procaine-novocaine derivative "gerovital" (CH₃), which advocates tout as a dandy antidepressant, libido stimulator and longevity drug. (The Food and Drug Administration has yet to approve it for general use.) And in 1962, according to Judith Exner's account, he became the first president to smoke dope in the White House.

No less enlightened was brother Bobby. Psychedelic pioneer Dr. John Beresford (writing in the introduction to Peter Stafford's *Psychedelic Encyclopedia*) notes that in the spring of 1963, Bobby was known to be taking LSD or psilocybin and providing psychedelic entertainment for foreign dignitaries. This at a time when the CIA was organizing its own secret acid tests.

Once upon a time none of this would have been considered at all shocking. Among primitive peoples, the heads—shamanic healers and prophets—have always been among the most highly regarded tribal members. The pharaohs revered opium so much they took jarfuls of it with them on their journeys to the land of the dead. Not only were the leaders in ancient Greece familiar with the many healing and mind-expanding properties of drugs, their gods and goddesses turned on too: According to Greek myth, Demeter was the first opium eater. And in the 11th century, Hasan-i-Sabah, the Old Man of the Mountain, rose to lead the Moslem faithful against the Crusaders. According to legend, his fabled Assassins (*Hashashans*) topped off their battle-weary days by smoking hashish in lovely pleasure gardens. So why not presidents?

The point is simply this: While attitudes regarding specific highs may change, the turn-on goes on, right on up to the top.

—Jeff Goldberg

wake up one day and realize that all of a sudden you are the 'them' that 'we' were always marching against."

II. The Bust

If there was ever a christening to the birth of this new spirit, it came at the annual NORML conference in December 1977, 13 months after Carter's election. Marijuana reform may have been NORML's official mission, but cocaine had become the elixir of moment among the delegates and national staff who had put the affair together at Washington's swank Hyatt Regency Hotel (it's been a long time since pot reformers traveled the bedbug and studio-floor circuit). Cocaine had also finally arrived in Washington as the party powder that separated the bumpkins from the beautiful people. This, NORML's sixth annual shindig, was strictly beautiful, so beautiful in fact that several big-time coke dealers took suites at the Hyatt to provide sweet refreshment for their confreres. It was not merely a flurry but great avalanches of coke that tumbled down the corridors. Said one overwhelmed delegate, "I've never seen anything like it. There's always been a

It was no secret that the young Carters "had smoked" grass or that smokables and popables of every flavor were a regular ingredient in the Allman entourage. Thus, through his children, candidate Carter was solidly on the side of hip.

little bit of coke around at the conferences, but never anything like this."

Eventually the working conference came to an end, and it was time for a party. And such a party. Six hundred people passed through. There were jugglers, rock bands, champagne and, of course, dope. So much dope, according to one account, that two NORML aides spent one whole day rolling joints for the party. By all accounts it was the evening of the season, a *de rigueur* event for everybody who was anybody. Bob Carr called it the "very highest cut of young Washington society." The White House was represented. The Post. The best law firms. The smartest senators. Best of all perhaps was Peter Bourne.

For the dozen or so guests of Bourne's status, a special gesture was required, a gesture that led him upstairs to a smaller room where Chairman Stroup presided. There, reports have it, a fine vial of cocaine appeared, lines were drawn and the snorting started. Always the graceful guest, Bourne was reported to have taken a snort in each nostril.

No sooner had that inner circle broken to mingle among the beautiful hoi polloi than word of the Bourne snort spread like Russian flu. "It just spread everywhere," Bob Carr recalled. "I heard it ten times in 15 minutes. Within an hour after he was supposed to have taken it probably 500 people in Washington knew about it."

Despite the fact that reporters for both Jack Anderson and the *Washington Post* were at the party, the Bourne gossip was not then judged to be news. And it would not become news until several months later when the career ambitions of Keith Stroup, those reporters and Peter Bourne came in conflict.

The occasion for the sacrifice was July 1978, when Dr. Bourne was caught writing a phony Quaalude prescription for one of his assistants. The allegation was damning and criminal charges might have been brought against him had the evidence been tested in court. Still, Bourne planned to ride out the storm—

Kids Will



Carter's homegrown drug problem: Chip.

Betty Ford started it when she snitched on her own kids to the gleeful national media in the spring of 1976. She said they had tried marijuana but that she had not consequently ceased to associate with them. Mrs. Ford never did say in what part of the United States the kids happened to be during that presumably brief moral lapse. And the way pot laws vary from state to state, the Ford youngsters were being accused by their own mother of anything from engaging in a common pastime to committing a serious crime. And as for Betty's husband (Jerry, was it?), having a narc informant for a wife and four dope fiends for kids gained him a "just folks" image rarely before surpassed by a Republican incumbent. Raising little potheads has now become a virtual prerequisite for the presidency—just like going to church and having at least one dog.

Unfortunately for Betty Ford, there was just no outdoing the stoned-again relatives of Jimmy Carter. Just two months before the election in 1976, Rosalynn sang to the *Ladies' Home Journal* about her own three sons. Although she cleverly sidestepped the issue of why they were not in jail (pot possession is a felony in Georgia) by claiming they were all currently off the stuff, the reporters OD'd on Carter dope copy.

- A few days before the Carter inauguration, the Associated Press dug up a "Navy spokesman" who blabbed that the president-elect's oldest son, Jack, had been 86'd from the Navy in 1970 for smoking marijuana. Columnist Jack Anderson rubbed it in on the "Good Morning America" program on national TV, quoting the young man as attributing his light treatment at the hands of Navy brass to his father's clout. "They knew my dad was about to become governor of Georgia," Anderson quoted Jack as saying. "So they treated me somewhat deferentially." He received a "general" rather than a dishonorable discharge.

- Early in the 1976 campaign, Carter's youngest son, Jeff, now 28, told the *National Enquirer* that he had tried marijuana four years earlier in Montego Bay, Jamaica. He said he did not believe marijuana leads to the use of harder drugs and quoted his father as advocating decriminalization of small amounts for per-

sonal use. The noted head then told the tabloid, "My own view is that marijuana should be legalized and sold openly. It could be taxed like the government levies taxes on tobacco and alcohol. The revenue would certainly aid the economy." It was therefore no surprise when, in April of last year, Secret Service agents reportedly complained that their assignment to guard Jeff and his wife Annette was giving them a contact high. The *Washington Post* broke the story of Jeff and Annette's hedonistic hideaway—the Arlington, Virginia, home of White House staffer Rhonda Bush, where agents said the young Carters frequently went to zonk themselves on pot, strobe lights and a blaring stereo. At first Bush told reporters she didn't think it was "appropriate" to be asked whether reefer was toked in the house, but later she denied that she or the Carters had ever smoked marijuana there.

- The revelation last November that the owners of Studio 54, a New York disco and drug den for the jet set, had kept a shopping list for celebrities for whom they had purchased coke and pills had the Justice Department freaking out for weeks. A department spokesman told the *Washington Post* that the reason the department wouldn't take a plea in the disco owners' tax-fraud case was to quash rumors that the feds were covering up White House drug use. He said, "I've already heard a rumor that we're trying to protect one of the president's children." It was Chip Carter's name they had been told might be on the "hit" list. Chip and Jeff had accompanied Hamilton Jordan to the night spot, where Jordan supposedly bought and snorted cocaine. Rumors

Be Kids



Jack and Jeff.

that Chip hadn't kept his nose any cleaner remain just that. The Justice Department strenuously denies he's on the list or that they're investigating him for any involvement with drugs. But pot use by Carter kids has become such media humdrum that when they don't get high it makes screaming headlines. The ever-banal scandal sheet the *Star* recently found it newsworthy that Chip merely passed a joint at a Capitol Hill party without taking a drag. He reportedly told his blissful acquaintances, "I've promised my mother I won't use [pot] while the campaign's on. It's too risky. After the Studio 54 affair, everybody's jittery. This sort of thing could cost us a lot of votes." It is widely believed that Rosalynn could elicit such a pledge from Chip because of his true hopeless addiction: the campaign limelight. The *Star* says she traded him a "high-profile role in the election."

It wasn't the first time fun-loving Chip had second thoughts on weed. Three weeks ago he was lined up by NORML (National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws) for a pro-pot spiel in New Mexico but pulled out when a White House policy adviser convinced him his father would suffer if anyone around him got too close to the drug question. That bit of wisdom came from the sometimes sober Hamilton Jordan.

It's getting harder and harder for the president to sustain a family image of all-American decadence. Last November, when the Justice Department appointed a special prosecutor to investigate the Jordan cocaine charges, Carter hastily commented that he ranks Jordan's honesty as high as that of his wife "or my children." Carter

knows he'll get far more "heart-break" points from the electorate if he can keep all the bad habits in the family. Aides don't count.

• The "just folks" competition is evidently escalating as Carter battles the all-time champion "just folks," Ted Kennedy, in the primaries. Bragging about the kids' marijuana problems has definitely led Carter to harder drugs. This time it'll be Carter's nephew William Carter Spann—who spent most of his uncle's administration serving time in California for an armed robbery he says he doesn't remember because he was "so high on speed and heroin"—versus Kennedy's nephew David (son of Ted's late brother Robert), whose drug habits burst into the public eye last fall when police pulled him out of a fistfight in a Harlem hotel to which he said he had gone to buy drugs. He was promptly lectured by his tearful uncle, who begged him to kick junk (can Carter top that?), and hospitalized by the family for a heart infection associated with heroin addiction. The only way Jerry Brown could possibly keep up with all this would be to legally adopt Timothy Leary.

• The Republicans seem a bit rusty at drumming up good drug scandals in their families. Even Ronald Reagan has not attempted to publicly plead with his shaggy-haired son, Ron, to swear off pot. Ron, who attends Yale, told the *New Haven Register* that he disagrees with his father's stand on marijuana and called politics "a kind of childish game."

And so far, at least, Republicanism doesn't seem to lead to harder stuff. Does anybody even remember the time President Ford gave the DEA the go-ahead to investigate a tip that his son Jack, then a student at Utah State University, had been seen buying cocaine in Salt Lake City in 1974? As it turned out, the Fords missed their big chance to win the sympathy—and the votes—of every coke snorter's parent in America. The kid had an alibi provided by his own Secret Service guards: He was not in Salt Lake City that day.

The days are apparently over when the only thing the president's little ones sniffed was hairspray, the only "horse" around the White House was a pony named Macaroni and the only razor blades were for splicing tapes. —Nancy Borman

stonewall it, so to speak. Whether he could have survived is anybody's guess. But when his old host, Keith Stroup, decided to call the *Post* with tales of Bourne, rolled bills and white crystals at the '77 NORML party, all was lost. The plucky doctor swooned, tucked his tails and fled out the back door of 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue, forever banned from the presidential priesthood. It was a low moment for Carter morale, coming just a year after his other old buddy, Bert Lance, had been driven from the circle for committing similarly injudicious capers in the banking business.

Always in Washington there are two kinds of stories: Who Killed Cock Robin, which claims page 1, and Who Squealed on Cock Robin's Killer, which usually ends up on page 34. The second story rarely gets written and is almost never answered. Seven years after Watergate, for example, no one has yet explained why the Nixon burglars wanted to break in to the Democratic Party headquarters. So, too, with the great Peter Bourne debacle, the questions of why it all happened still linger.

Why did drug lobbyist Stroup act as an informer against Bourne? How did a minor prescription for an unknown White House staffer filled at a Virginia drugstore make its way to the press? (Why was a highly visible presidential adviser like Bourne so careless in the first place?) Why did the reporters at the party

Cocaine had finally arrived in Washington as the party powder that separated the bumpkins from the beautiful people. It was not merely a flurry but great avalanches of coke that tumbled down the corridors.

sit on the story for seven months, and then what made them change their minds?

One explanation among the paranoid few is that it was a plot by the DEA's Peter Bensinger to gut the permissive drug policy being pushed by his White House rival, Peter Bourne. At a policy level, the results have turned out that way, but not a shred of evidence has surfaced to support the theory.

A counterparanoia is that the narcs infiltrated NORML and lured Bourne into the upper room at the ill-starred party, intending to use the incident as blackmail to force Bourne's continued support of the DEA's poisonous paraquat spraying in Mexico. Also intriguing, since Stroup acted as host in the Bourne "bust," but again no evidence.

In an essay in the libertarian magazine *Inquiry*, Washington writer Phil Stanford pointed out that Bourne and NORML were becoming more and more estranged in the months after the party due to Bourne's support of the paraquat spraying. Thus, when Bourne stumbled over the Quaalude prescription, Stroup decided it was time for the pot lobby to play hardball. Alas for Stroup, his fellow lobbyists on the NORML board of directors were not keen on informants of any stripe. They issued a unanimous censure, and he resigned. There is, however, more.

Even at the time of the '77 NORML party, bad blood had begun to boil between Stroup and Bourne. During the convention, famed Yippie pie thrower Aron Kay tossed a creamy one at Joe Nellis, the staff director of the House Select Committee on Narcotics Abuse and Control, a committee not known for kowtowing to dope smokers. Only a bit of his tie was soiled, but Nellis was furious and Bourne apparently received a piece of his wrath as well. A letter went out immediately from Bourne's office to Stroup chastising him for unseemly conduct that might in the future impair relations between the White House and NORML. It was even implied that Stroup had put Kay up to it.

(continued)

At the suggestion, Stroup became equally furious (he acknowledged to friends that he "might" have "jokingly," in a "casual moment," told Kay to go ahead, though he never believed it would happen). He demanded an apology from Bourne, accusing him of meddling in NORML affairs and of plotting against him. It was all threatening to become quite nasty, and, perhaps reflecting upon just how nasty it could become, Bourne issued Stroup an apology within a couple of weeks, promising that relations could be patched up.

Nonetheless, the patches were sewn with weak thread. NORML and Stroup were stupefied over Bourne's support of the Mexican paraquat program, which threatened to poison thousands if not millions of dope-smoking American citizens. As Bourne recalls it, the boys at NORML blew whatever credibility they had by screaming about a sensible, innocent program that was being administered by officials of another nation. There was also disappointment at NORML with Malthea Falco, formerly a deputy to Bourne at the Drug Abuse Council, who was named an under secretary of state with responsibility for international narcotics control. In times past, Stroup has claimed to several people that he and Falco have shared more than a taste for the same brand of scotch. Yet when he pressed her on the paraquat problem, he learned that matters of Mexican oil simply had to take precedence over the possible health risks of smoking an herb

Why did drug lobbyist Stroup act as an informer against Bourne? How did a minor prescription for an unknown White House staffer filled at a Virginia drugstore make its way to the press?

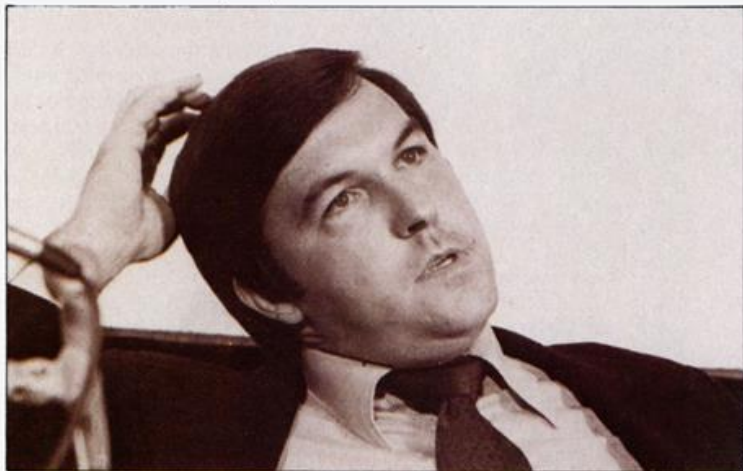
that had not yet even been decriminalized. Besides, there were other places to buy grass, and didn't Keith realize there might be more interesting careers than endlessly fussing with potheads? So it was that winter highs turned into spring and summer downers for the pot lobby.

As the months rolled on and the coke snows of December were replaced by the fall of cherry blossoms, Stroup seemed to be losing ground steadily. He had not stopped paraquat. Bourne had done his number for grass and indeed was ready to move on to broader issues of public health that were more interesting and more likely to earn him expanded influence in the federal government. He had once had his eye on the secretary's seat at Health, Education and Welfare, then occupied by Joseph Califano, who was not currying favor with the president. While the pot-smoking youth vote had been helpful to Carter in 1976, that constituency was less and less likely to be of value for his reelection. Even the best estimates said that no more than 50 percent of the population favored decriminalization. It was one thing for the Democrats to campaign against the medieval drug policies of the Nixon administration; it was quite another for them to risk alienating a significant portion of their constituency by appearing to take up the banner in favor of pot smoking. Finally, his deputy, Lee Dogoloff, known as a hard-liner on drug use, could handle the daily business with less flack. Thus the passage of time and the drift within the Carter ranks seemed to leave Stroup with steadily declining influence. If he had any leverage over Bourne, he would have to act. Thus, with the Quaalude episode as pretext, Stroup struck.

Hypocrisy, he has said, was the issue. How could high policymakers who use drugs be so duplicitous as to continue draconian laws that endanger and imprison lesser people who also use them? And were they not weaseling on their earlier progressive commitments? Fair enough. But there was the other ethical element. By informing to his powerful friends at the *Washington Post*, Stroup threatened to launch a kind of McCarthyism that



Malthea Falco: What paraquat?



Hamilton Jordan: The snow must go on.

would undermine progressives in the government and embarrass reporters who had been at the party and at other NORML affairs. In the end he brought out the worst in opportunist careerism. Perhaps the most anguished reporter was Gary Cohen, from Jack Anderson's office, who had been at the December party and who did not believe the Bourne coke incident to be a proper news story. Then in July he broke the story ahead of the *Post*. Explaining his dilemma, he told a *New York Times* reporter: "I wasn't sure whether I ought to write the story or not. I felt awful about it, but when I heard that the *Post* was going after it, I knew it was going to come out anyway and so I wrote it."

So far as the *Post* is concerned, two writers from the great paper were reported to have been in the room with Bourne that night at the party. One was identified as the "witness" or source for the *Post*'s account—even though the account did not initially identify said witness as a *Post* reporter. Tom Zito, a highly accomplished writer for the "Style" section of the newspaper, has admitted he was there but says he refused to be a source for his paper's story. That leaves the mystery witness who with Stroup acted as the effective "Deep Nose" in the Bourne bust—whose identity will remain secret unless and until Stroup reveals it in the book he and Washington writer Pat Anderson are completing on the ins and outs of NORML and the pot lobby.

III. Withdrawal

"I'll tell you one effect this is going to have," a Senate aide told a *Post* reporter shortly after the Bourne story broke. "No one's going to be writing checks for their coke anymore. From now on, it's going to be strictly cash."

"You won't be seeing many reporters at parties anymore," declared a local restaurateur whose place was something of a sanctum sanctorum for the Carter cognoscenti. "Who can afford



Jack Anderson: From Watergate to Snortergate.

that kind of thing? You have a tank of nitrous in the bedroom, two grams in the living room and an ounce in the kitchen—who's going to take any chances?"

"The departure of Peter Bourne from the White House," said Bob Carr, now executive director of the Fund for Constitutional Government, "marked the beginning of the end of any kind of enlightened drug policy in America. Beyond the White House there was a retreat on all fronts and considerable distrust. The friendly coalition just fell apart. People began to ask each other: 'Can we work together? Can we smoke together?'"

Carr was one of the few influential Washingtonians who agreed to speak about drug use for the record after the Bourne affair. He is also one of the few who has shown any concern for the consequences it has had on federal drug policy. For most, all the case did was threaten the neat and narcissistic little world inhabited by high-class sources and high-class journalists. Stories assigned by both the *Post* and the *Times* concentrated almost exclusively on the lifestyle implications of drug use in the government—ignoring totally the two critical issues that underlay the affair, namely health and individual liberties. One measure of the narcissistic preoccupation was the dilemma created in both newspapers over acknowledging that most reporters under 35 use marijuana and cocaine at least occasionally. There was mild titillation around town when the *Post*'s Lynn Darling (who lives with Keith Stroup) confessed in a major wrap-up that "a number of people agreed to talk to this reporter because she has had experience with the very substances under discussion here." The *Times*'s Washington bureau was much more distressed at the impropriety shown by Jim Wooten in a similar piece when he noted that drugs were common condiments for writers at America's newspaper of record. That offending revelation was promptly erased from the record by *Times* editors.

Thus ended the press corps's interest in drugs until new charges last summer that Ham Jordan had been even less discreet about snorting coke at Studio 54 in New York and at a supper club in Los

Angeles. Once again the power of the investigative press tried everything but pulling biopsies from Ham's nostrils to determine if the notorious womanizer had actually done it. In a remarkable piece of reportorial sleuthing written by hotshot reporter Bob Scheer, the *Los Angeles Times* printed a 2,000-word account of Jordan's 1977 Hollywood adventure. All it proved in the end was that his wife had substantial grounds for the separation she demanded soon after he had returned from the trip.

Despite his marital difficulties, Ham Jordan seems to have survived these travails. [As we went to press, however, a special prosecutor was appointed to investigate Jordan's case. —Ed.] Two other well-known White House aides who have drafted speeches and are helping to coordinate the new Carter campaign suffered more than a mild case of the shakes last fall when the drug story surfaced again. But the heat now seems to be off them as well. (That, of course, may result from Jody Powell's warning to the press not to undertake a cheap, hypocritical "witch-hunt." Or, Powell promised, "all of us are not going to be in public life forever . . . having to bite our tongues when we see this sort of thing going on.")

Peter Bourne has moved on to a comfortable position at the United Nations involved in water-resource management. He has lost weight and taken to long-distance running. There is a poignant air about him, however, as he sits making phone calls in a

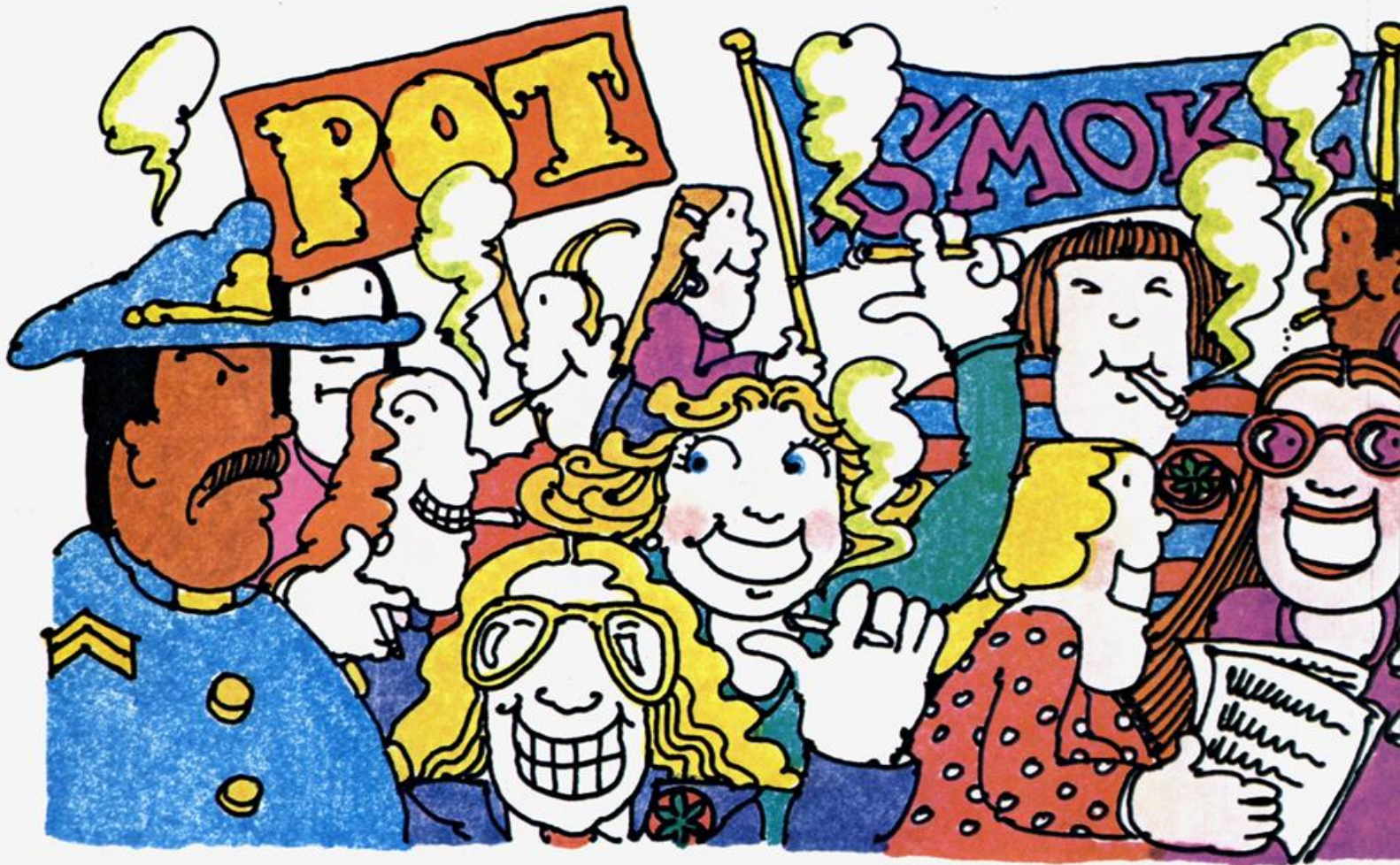
The investigative press tried everything but pulling biopsies from Ham's nostrils to determine if the notorious womanizer had actually snorted coke.

small brown office he sublets a few blocks from the White House. He is proud of what he accomplished for Carter on drug policy. The heroin supply, he says, is the lowest it has been in 15 years, largely due to the chemical eradication program in Mexico. He admits that the program has concentrated "opium growing into a handful of oligopolistic growers" and that there is corruption of the Mexican enforcement system "all the way up and down." He also acknowledges that "a change of administrations in Mexico, a breakdown over oil supplies, or any souring of relations could break the whole thing open again." And what of the administration's policy on marijuana? "There is a cultural and institutional acceptance of marijuana," he claims, a "real degree of condonation in American society that makes it hard to resist."

Bourne may like to believe he made good on his promise of a breakthrough on marijuana. There are few others, however, who would agree with him. Those who would take the greatest exception are the subjects of the steadily rising number of marijuana arrests across the country. According to the FBI's Uniform Crime Reports, grass arrests rose 3.7 percent from 1976 to 1977—the very years that Bourne believes showed the most tolerance. More pointedly, marijuana offenses, according to the report, accounted for 71 percent of the total nationwide drug busts in 1977. Nearly all of those arrests are at the state level (most in the South). State enforcement, however, is almost always affected by the stance articulated at the federal law-enforcement level. Given the line now emanating from the White House, dope busts are almost certain to continue the upward spiral.

The *Washington Drug Review*, a newsletter regarded as one of the most authoritative digests of federal drug policy, stated the situation flatly in its September 27, 1979, issue: "There are also stronger voices coming from the White House these days on marijuana policy. . . . When the discussion focuses on a single drug, that drug is now more often than not marijuana." The source of that new line is Lee Dogoloff, formerly Bourne's deputy

(continued on page 94)



How to Put O

Why are you guys still doing smoke-ins?" we're often asked by those who feel marijuana prohibition could be better eliminated by lobbying or such. While smoke-ins do have a substantial effect on the dope laws, more important is the perceptual change of the participants. Police power comes only from the toleration of the policed, and this power is broken by a conscious collective action. Pot is de facto legal wherever community standards have forced the narcs to lay off.

The folks at Smoke-In Central have condensed the following most-requested pointers in hopes of speeding the day the narcs lay off completely, everywhere.

When a successful smoke-in demonstrates that community can overcome, people are more ready to move on other fronts. The smoke-in has already provided organizers with wide-ranging contacts. One of the most valuable things you can do during the smoke-in is to collect addresses and phone numbers of those who want to help with future projects. Also, set up a

literature table to display HIGH TIMES and any other good publications to which you may have access.

When and Where

The first real step to putting on a smoke-in is publicity: posters, leaflets and so on. But

When a successful smoke-in shows that community can overcome, people are more ready to move on other fronts.

before you commit yourself on paper, you must figure out certain things like where and when the smoke-in should be held. If the event is set for a Saturday, you can have a Sunday rain date publicized with little difficulty. Start at high noon.

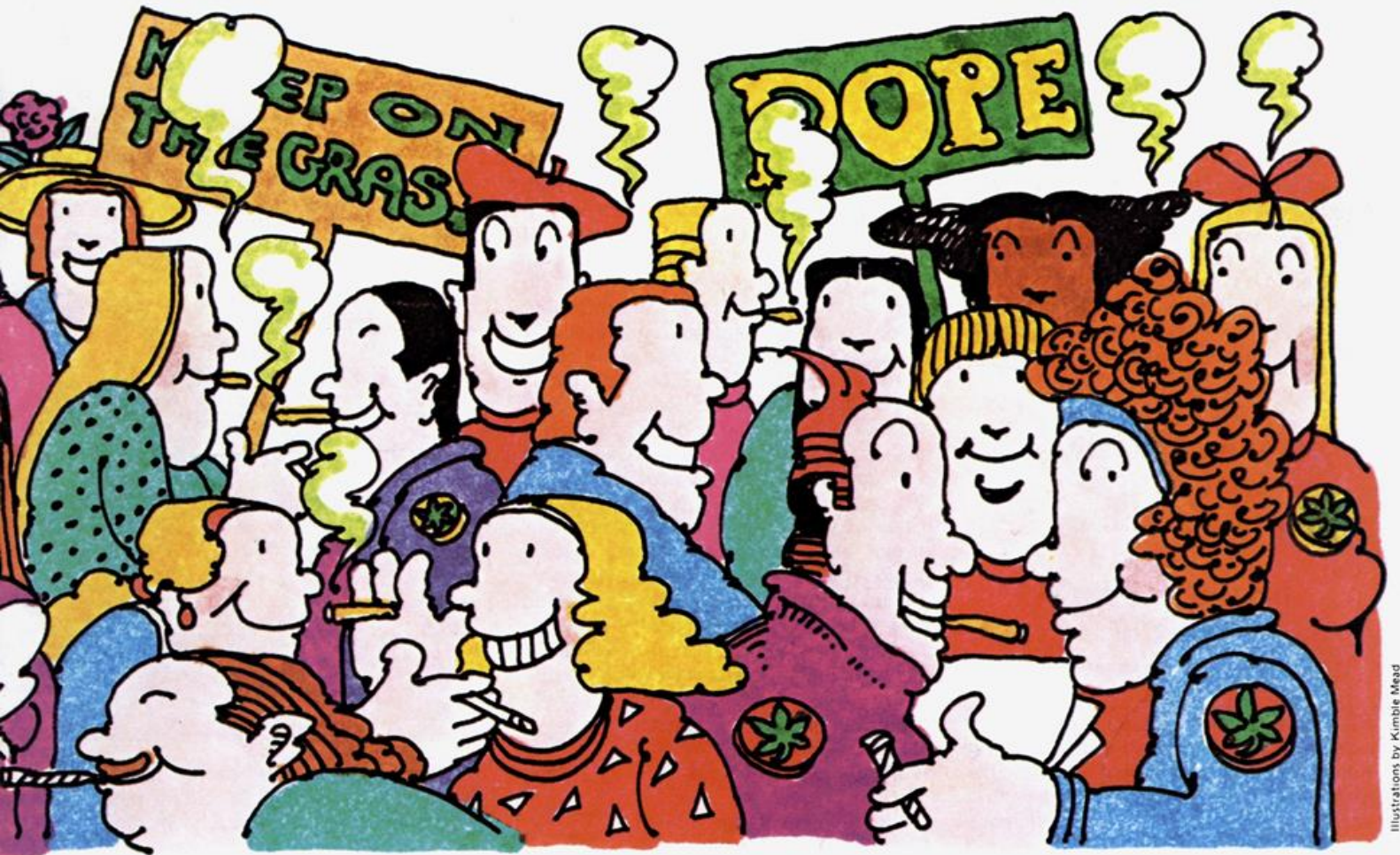
Many prefer to key their date to the availability of big-name bands or speak-

ers. This is fine so long as it doesn't force you to schedule the smoke-in prematurely. *Lead time is the biggest draw there is.* Give yourself at least three weeks from appearance of your posters till the event. Six weeks is much better, giving you time to reach every pothead and pot symp in the state.

Decide on your public-contact address and phone number early. This will enable other people who want to help (and there will be plenty) to reach you. If you are unable to use your own or a friend's, see if a local head shop or food co-op will serve as a message drop. As a last resort get a post-office box or telephone answering service. Having a phone number on the poster lets reporters get hold of you. Bands too.

Find a sympathetic lawyer. This is important not only if there are busts, but also for dealing with the authorities and others who are reassured by the presence of an attorney.

In picking your location, the first priority is your political target. State capitols



Illustrations by Kimble Mead

n a Smoke-In

by Ben Masel

are an obvious choice. On a local level consider the courthouse, jail, campus or even a certain hill next to the high school. You may want to use the smoke-in to build a community defense of a park in which the local fuzz have been harassing people.

Your political target may not be a good place to lay back and dig on music and smoke, however. In this case start the event at the political target, and then march over to the park where you can get loose.

Permits

Most places "require" permits for parades, sound systems, use of parks, and so on. And while we need no permission to do what's right (and what is constitutionally guaranteed anyway), having permits in order does limit the Man's options. If they are going to bust the smoke-in, make them bust for grass, not for "operating a sound system without a permit."

Strategy for obtaining permits varies with the political climate in which you are

working. In a "liberal" city, in college towns and in some major cities, you can get a permit up front for a legitimate peaceful protest against the marijuana laws. *If this is your strategy, wait till your posters are out.* It helps to have a representative of the local NORML chapter (National Organization for the Reform of

If they are going to bust the smoke-in, make them bust for grass, not for "operating a sound system without a permit."

Marijuana Laws), the student government, a sympathetic elected official or other "respectable" person or group co-sponsor the event, at least on paper.

After receiving your permit application the authorities will usually try to set up a meeting with you. Bring along your lawyer and representatives of cosponsors, if pos-

sible. Emphasize that you want to put on a legitimate peaceful demonstration, permit or not. One of your negotiators should pose as a hard-liner, subtly warning the Man not to fuck with you. Give a high number of expected participants. Explain that posters are already out in a five-state area, and there's no way to cancel now.

More repressive locales demand greater ingenuity. In College Park, Maryland, in 1977, a member of the Maryland Medieval Mercenary Militia got that group a permit to hold a Maypole Ceremony on the South Lawn of the campus. The event was listed as open to the public. The Yippies meanwhile had advertised a smoke-in for across the campus, on the Mall area. By the time the police realized the Maypole Ceremony was a smoke-in, they were too late to disperse an already assembled crowd of 400.

You may end up with no formal permit, but with an informal promise to lay off. This is obviously inferior because it may be a setup for a bust, and it leaves the way open for a clique of right-wing cops to ig-

nore the hands-off policy, saying they are just enforcing the law, because you had no permit. This happened at the 1976 Democratic convention in New York City, when I was beaten and arrested for using a bullhorn the city had promised we would need no permit for. The deputy mayor with whom we had negotiated proclaimed his distress at the beating but explained there was nothing he could do. After all, we didn't have a permit.

Obviously, if they won't grant the necessary permits, proceed anyway and hold a press conference pointing out that (1) the

You are only as powerful as you appear to be, and a grabbing poster will be the building block of that power.

city's refusal to grant the necessary permits constitutes a violation of our First Amendment right to peaceably assemble for redress of grievance; and (2) the Walker Commission found that violence erupted at the Democratic convention in Chicago in 1968 as a result of police interpreting the city of Chicago's refusal to issue permits for demonstrations as a carte blanche to attack protesters. Say, "The city of — by its action today invites a repetition of this disaster. While we hope to see a peaceful smoke-in here, the police are warned that we are not the kind of people who tell others not to defend themselves if attacked."

Without a Permit

An unsanctioned, outlaw event is a whole 'nuther number. Forget about electrified music. Small bullhorns hidden in backpacks worked wonders at College Park. Don't distribute any weed until you have massed enough people to protect yourselves. Choice of site is vitally important for an outlaw event. One of the first suburban smoke-ins in 1972, in Paramus, New Jersey, was held in a park right near a shopping center with a construction site nearby. The potential of moving on the shopping mall, stopping along the way for bricks and such, was enough to keep the police from trying too hard to roust us. Don't get caught in a fenced-in area with few escape routes.

With an unsanctioned smoke-in you may want to use someone else's crowd for cover. When the first July 4 Smoke-In in Washington, D.C., was teargassed in 1970, smoke-inners took over Bob Hope's Honor America Day site. Police were unable to act as effectively against a crowd inter-

persed among the family types.

Publicity

Your most effective media tool will be your poster. Aside from "rumor," the poster is the most reliable means of spreading the word. Should your event be boycotted by the corporate media, the poster will be your main news tool. Even with fair media coverage, a good poster will do wonders to legitimize your organization. Although posters can be done relatively cheaply, it is not a wise place to cut costs. A two-color 11" x 14" (offset) poster is good. It is possible to use a really bold 8 1/2" x 11" as both a poster and leaflet. You are only as powerful as you appear to be, and a ubiquitous, graphically grabbing poster will be the building block of that power. There are no set rules to follow in poster design, but generally try to keep it informationally and graphically direct and simple. Be sure to include somewhere on the poster the words "free dope." This phrase can be played up as much or as little as you want, but it is your most volatile political message. If your smoke-in will include live music, put it on the poster.

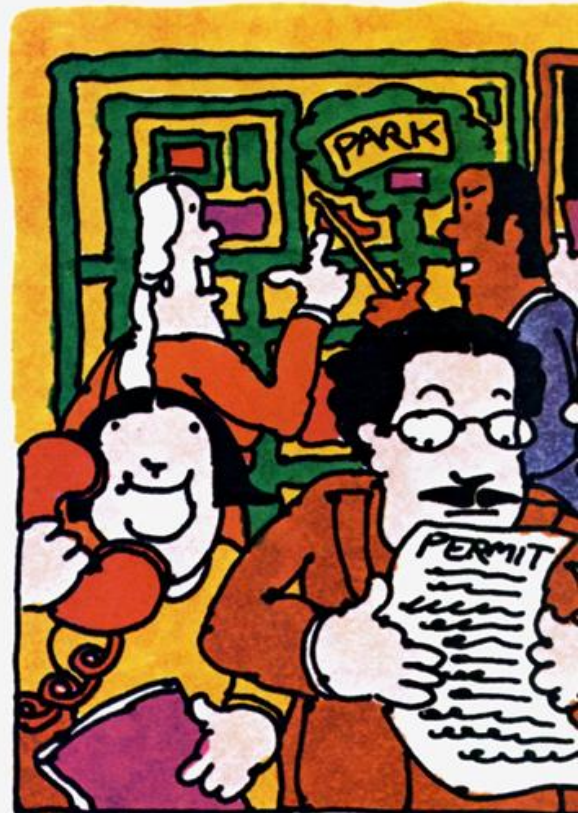
Here's a poster checklist:

- ☐ Date and day of week
- ☐ Time
- ☐ Location, city; map, if needed
- ☐ Contact phone, address
- ☐ Rain date
- ☐ Bands
- ☐ Smoke-in/Free weed
- ☐ YIPPIE!

The number of posters to be printed is best determined by individual circumstances; however, it is always better to overprint than underprint. A minimum is 1,000. Surplus posters can always be sold at the smoke-in as collector's memorabilia or as large rolling papers, to recoup some of the printing costs.

Posters can be put up almost anywhere with the right materials. However, your targets and accompanying materials should be chosen wisely. Telephone poles love heavy-duty tacking staples with at least a half-inch point. You must be aware also that there will be those who want to start collecting the poster as soon as it goes up, so staple it profusely. For those hard-to-staple surfaces, like cement and glass, wheat paste or evaporated milk provides super adhesion. There will be some business establishments that you have selected that will object to having your posters as part of their window displays, and will attempt to strip them off. For these deserving jobs (e.g., businesses listed as endorsers by antigraffiti coalitions), science has produced a material called liquid glass (sodium silicate solution, available at chemical supply stores) that actually melts the glass and enshrines the poster on it for the lifetime of the glass, or the store—whichever comes first.

Try to line up ads in college, community,



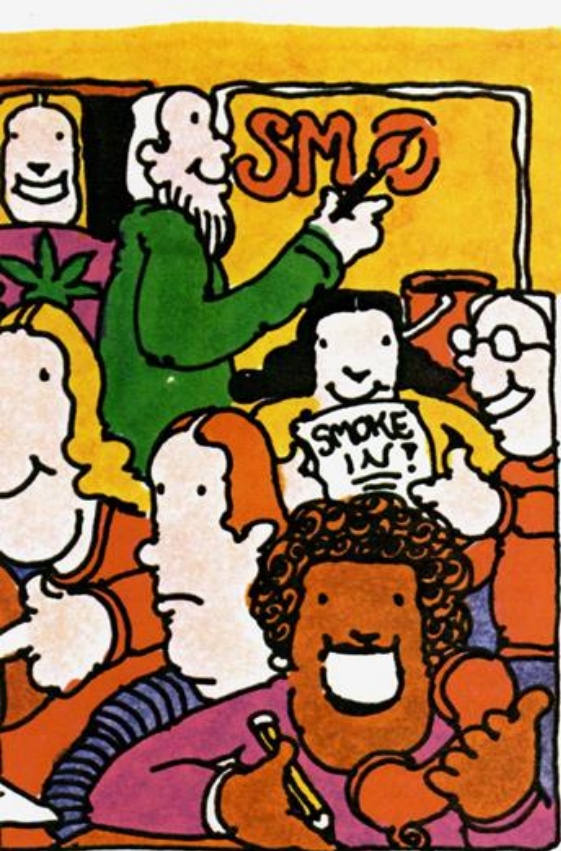
or alternative-music papers in the area. Radio is even more helpful. Go for public-service announcements and news stories. Try to use the ride boards at area colleges. Phone call-in shows to steal some airtime. A press conference a few days before the event may help the straight press, particularly if right-wingers are already attacking you. Letters to the editor attacking the deviate, Yippie, Red-inspired smoke-in plans can spur a public outcry as well as provide free publicity.

In addition to your poster, print a large number of leaflets. A good size is 8 1/2" x 11", though to cut corners you may decide on half that size (print two images and cut). With 10,000 you can cover a state. The leaflet can be distributed at rock concerts, through head shops, restaurants and food co-ops, on street corners and especially at high schools. Finding three or four people at a school to take 100 each, and then moving to the next school, a flying team can saturate eight schools in a day. Like the poster, the leaflet needs a visible pot graphic.

Posters and leaflets should be distributed over as wide an area as possible, preferably statewide. We can put you in touch with activists in your state if you give us a call at the Smoke-In Central, (212) 533-5028. You may decide to do local smoke-ins one day, with caravans converging on the state capitol the next day or following week.

Finding Weed and Keeping It Secure

Weed is the sine qua non of any smoke-in. You want to line up a main stash, rolled up



ahead of time. This is because it's best to pass out lit joints, one at a time. The weed lasts longer and attention is not drawn to the distributors, who should have a couple of escorts for protection.

The New York Spring '74 Smoke-In became a disaster when the two shopping bags of joints so laboriously rolled were ripped off from a poorly concealed courier, leaving other Yippies to explain to 10,000 angry potheads why the promised free pot was being sold at the edges of the crowd for a dollar a joint. Don't let that happen to you.

Have a couple of low-visibility houses—not known to the police—throw rolling parties a few nights in advance. The stash should be split up from there so that it can never be found in one place.

Ideally, on the day of the smoke-in, 50 people—each with about an ounce in joints—should be circulating slowly through your crowd, sidling up to each small group, asking for a light, and leaving them to share the evidence.

To keep the crowd, make sure some weed is saved till near the end of the event.

Busts, if any, come down around the fringes of the crowd. Urge people to pack tight, and only distribute near the center. *If chased, always run into, not away from, the center of the crowd.* A quick trade of clothes, a moment to tie back your hair, and you're back in action.

Stage and Music

Even in the absence of a permit—even when police are tearing up your permit—your event will have a focus, whether

an unapproved bullhorn or a cluster of banners or whatever, that will, in effect, become the stage on which your dialogue is played out to the surrounding crowd.

Your success or failure in precisely those situations that least resemble the conventional, controllable stage show depends on your ability to animate the crowd.

Keep your show moving. Speakers should be brief, unless they are really sharp and people really dig them. The main political raps should be right after each other so that reporters can be tipped off to what time to come to get good quotes. The stage show can include theatrical riffs such as the blue ribbon award for the best homegrown sinsemilla, or any other idea you dream up. The point is to keep interest focused, keep it funny, and keep the event from drifting apart.

At the 1979 July 4 Smoke-In, police, on orders from White House chief of staff Hamilton Jordan, changed the permit on us and moved our stage away from the White House side of Lafayette Park, from which CAMP (Coalition for the Abolition of Marijuana Prohibition) coordinators had expected to keep the attention of 6,000 hardcore tokers defying the downpour.

Either spontaneously or with a little prodding from provocateurs, much of the sodden crowd bolted through the space where the stage should have been, across Pennsylvania Avenue (which just happened, for the first time ever in anyone's memory, to be devoid of cops), to cavort in the rain on the walk in front of the White House.

Harmless enough, except that, as planned, park police used this as a pretext to tear up the permit and clear the park with clubs and horses. The CAMPer at the microphone, overwhelmed by the senseless police violence before him, could not help but recall the lessons of Altamont: that no show can go on when security crumbles; that stage security is only as good as crowd security—is in fact an extension of security throughout the crowd.

The fact that your crowd is your greatest instrument, which, when resonating properly, forms your ultimate deterrent, means the opposition always tries to destroy that resonance by disrupting your show.

So, if all you have is a bullhorn, surround it with people you know—especially behind the speaker.

Do you have any idea how hard it is to speak when you're being heckled from behind?

Even with an actual stage, hecklers can be a problem. The solution is to have your regular crowd security—not stage crew—approach the heckler and divert him with animated conversation. Even if you have no formal parade marshals, affinity groups of friends could circulate—especially on the fringes where mishaps can occur.

If you are able to secure a permit, or think you can get by without one, rock and roll. Line up any local band who will gig; the more the merrier (besides, someone usually backs out). Even if you have a permit, don't rely on the city for electricity. A 2,000-watt generator can be rented for \$15 or \$20 a day. Make sure to cop enough fuel. Consider the acoustics in picking a site. Stages can be rented or built, but it's nice to have something in place. As a last resort, try hammering together a pile of skids four feet high, covered with plywood. A flatbed truck is also an excellent

**Pass out lit joints,
one at a time.
The weed lasts
longer and attention
is not drawn to the
distributors, who should
have a couple of
escorts for protection.**

stage, and it's cheaper to rent than a conventional structure.

Banners, Props, Press

Large props can compel photo coverage in the local press. Giant papier-mâché joints have highlighted many smoke-ins, but don't let your creativity stop there. Muslin and cotton make fine banners to help get your demands across. Lettering is neat and quick if you can block out the letters with masking tape, then paint inside. Allow to dry, then peel off tape. Banners over 5' x 12' require extra poles, with sewn sleeves to hold against wind. A 1¾" closet pole is the best we've found for those big banners. For slogans we suggest: CIVIL RIGHTS FOR POTHEADS! STOP GOVERNMENT SPYING! FREE THE HEADS, JAIL THE FEDS! POLICE OUT OF POT, OUT OF OUR LIVES!

One person should be appointed press officer for the event. The job includes getting releases to local media outlets and the wire services and being available at the smoke-in to make sure reporters understand what you are trying to project. Many people complain to us that the press quoted the wrong person at their smoke-in, usually as saying something idiotic. Don't give them a chance. The straightest, most skeptical stringer still tends to give you credence if you're the press officer he's been dealing with all along. Remember: The smoke-in is a blank canvas. Be sure your message appears in the final picture.

Your media person should call us at the HIGH TIMES News Department, Smoke-In Central or Zodiac News Service with reports of the big day. Zodiac serves alternative papers and radio stations and can be reached at (415) 956-3555. ☐

The Latest Dope on Pot Laws

A state-by-state survey

by Allen J. Sheinman

The indicators continue to pile up: Official federal estimates now cite 51 million Americans as having smoked pot at least once, with roughly half that figure labeled regular smokers. Law-enforcement authorities admit that pot is a top money crop in Hawaii and California. Florida and South Carolina house huge importation and distribution industries that rival the money volume of all the two states' other agricultural products. Trafficking in marijuana has reached the point in the United States where dope is second only to automobiles

as the country's largest import. Americans spend more money on marijuana than they do on cigarettes. And on and on.

Meanwhile, the social cost of trying to enforce Prohibition escalates: over 3 million marijuana-related arrests since 1970; more than \$600 million spent annually on marijuana arrests and prosecutions.

Grudgingly, the laws are changing to reflect current attitudes on pot. On the federal level, 1980 could see action on the Marijuana Control Act in the House of Representatives. It would remove criminal

penalties for personal possession and substitute a \$100 civil fine. A pending decriminalization bill introduced by Sen. Jacob Javits and five senate cosponsors would make possession of less than one ounce a civil, rather than criminal offense. In the meantime, the decriminalization or lessening of marijuana laws is left to individual state legislatures and local courtrooms. On this basis, 11 states have adopted decrim laws to date, and in 16 states doctors can apply for legal supplies of marijuana to conduct medically related research and therapy.

What follows is a guide to marijuana laws in all 50 states, with notes on recent legislative trends and actions. Current penalties listed apply to first offenses for possession only. In each instance a possible jail sentence is listed, followed by a slash (/) indicating "and/or" the applicable fine. Compare how your state rivals others in enlightened marijuana legislation. But don't go packing off to Maine simply because the laws are less repressive there. Fight for your rights right where you are—that's where it's needed the most.

ALABAMA

Current Penalties: For unspecified amount, 0-1 year/\$1,000.

Notes: The Cotton State doesn't take kindly to upstart agricultural competition: The penalties are stiff for cultivation (2-15 years/\$25,000 fine for a first offense) and decrim is a long way off. But a recent therapeutic-use bill was signed into law to enable research into the possible health benefits of the weed.

ALASKA

Current Penalties: \$100 fine for private personal use of less than 1 oz, \$1,000 fine for over 1 oz in public.

Notes: The 49th state leads the pack in enlightened marijuana laws. Alaska was the 2nd state to decriminalize small quantities of pot for personal use, and the 1st to take private-cultivation penalties off the books. For larger amounts of dope, it is left to the courts to decide on a case-by-case basis what constitutes private use or public menace. But beware of backlash: Gov. Jay S. Hammond is considering a measure that would make possession of over 1 lb a presumption of more than private use and thus an automatic felony. Stay tuned to future issues of HIGH TIMES for outcome.

ARIZONA

Current Penalties: Unspecified amount, minimum 0-1 year/\$1,000, maximum 1-10 years/\$50,000.

Notes: What did you expect from the state that spawned Barry Goldwater? Pot is still classified as a "narcotic" here. A few good smoke-ins would shake the dust out of this feudal desert.

ARKANSAS

Current Penalties: For less than 1 oz, 0-1 year/\$250; over 1 oz is automatic intent to distribute, 3-10 years/\$15,000.

Notes: The state nickname, "Land of Opportunity," does not apply to pot

smokers. No decrim activity at all in recent months.

CALIFORNIA

Current Penalties: Less than 1 oz, \$100; over 1 oz, 0-6 months/\$500.

Notes: The top homegrown producers in the U.S. and the 5th state to go decrim, California is a hotbed of activity. Most important is the 1980 California Marijuana Initiative sponsored by NORML (National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws). The initiative would remove all penalties for personal possession and cultivation and establish a state commission to conduct a feasibility study on the agricultural, economic and tax benefits of a legal marijuana market. If NORML can get 600,000 signatures by May 1, the initiative will appear on the November presidential ballot (California residents, call NORML at (415) 563-5858). In addition, the state senate has passed a medical-use bill for glaucoma research.

COLORADO

Current Penalties: Less than 1 oz, \$100; for "public display or consumption," 0-15 days/\$100 (mandatory).

Notes: The 4th state to enact decriminalization (1975), Colorado also boasts the 1979 passage of a therapeutic-use bill for glaucoma and cancer research. A bill was recently introduced in the state senate to decriminalize possession for minors.

CONNECTICUT

Current Penalties: Less than 4 oz, 0-1 year/\$1,000; over 4 oz, 0-5 years/\$2,000.

Notes: Frustration in the Nutmeg State. Two medical-use bills are kicking around the state senate, and a state house bill introduced last year that would reduce first-time possession penalties to 3 months in jail and \$100 fine was rejected. No support from Gov. Ella T. Grasso.

DELAWARE

Current Penalties: Unspecified amount, 0-2 years/\$500.

Notes: A state senate therapeutic-use bill was tabled when the legislature adjourned in late '79. Otherwise no action.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

Current Penalties: Unspecified amount, 0-1 year/\$100-\$1,000.

Notes: The big news in D.C. is a California-style marijuana initiative. If NORML can get 12,500 signatures by July 4, the initiative, which NORML says will set the tone for going beyond decrim in the '80s by removing all penalties for personal possession and cultivation, will appear on the November presidential ballot (D.C. residents, call NORML at (202) 233-3170).

FLORIDA

Current Penalties: Less than 20 gm, 0-1 year/\$1,000; over 20 gm, 0-5 years/\$5,000.

Notes: This main port of entry and financial capital of the American dope scene is a continuous merry-go-round of legislative maneuvers. In 1978 a medical-use bill for glaucoma and cancer research was signed into law, but last year's bill to legalize grass on a county-by-county basis lost in the state legislature. Also in 1979, the cut-off between misdemeanor possession and felony possession was upped, from 5 gm to 20 gm. Meanwhile, the crunch on trafficking has been tightened by ex-governor Reubin Askew's signing of a bill that increases penalties to 3 years and \$25,000 for 100-2,000 lb, 5 years and \$50,000 for 2,000-10,000 lb, and a mandatory 15 years and \$200,000 fine for over 10,000 lb.

GEORGIA

Current Penalties: Less than 1 oz, 0-1 year/\$1,000; over 1 oz, 1-10 years.

Notes: Pres. Jimmy Carter's home

state has witnessed a county-by-county crackdown on paraphernalia sales. No major decrim action in 1979.

HAWAII

Current Penalties: Less than 1 oz, 0-30 days/\$500; 1 oz-1 kg, 0-1 year/\$1,000; over 1 kg, 0-5 years/\$5,000.

Notes: The whirling blades of dope-detecting narc helicopters threaten to supplant "Hawaii pono!" as the official state song. An attempt last year to make possession of 1 oz a noncriminal violation died in the state senate, ditto for a therapeutic-use bill.

IDAHO

Current Penalties: Less than 3 oz, 0-1 year/\$1,000; over 3 oz, 0-5 years/\$15,000.

Notes: The potato still reigns supreme. No decrim action last year, and a medical-use bill was aborted before it could be officially introduced in the state legislature.

ILLINOIS

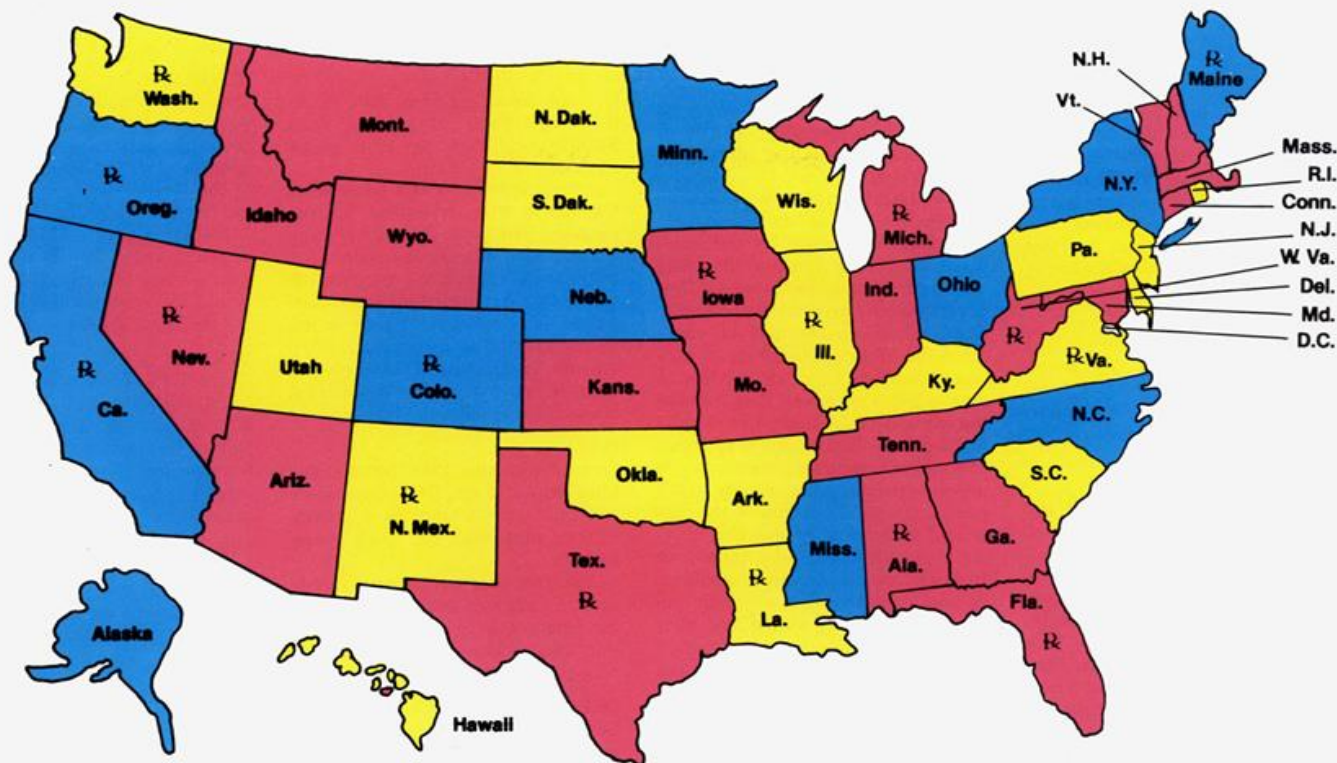
Current Penalties: Less than 2.5 gm, 0-30 days/\$500; 2.5-10 gm, 0-6 months/\$500; 10-30 gm, 0-1 year/\$1,000; 30-500 gm, 1-3 years/\$10,000; over 500 gm, 1-10 years/\$10,000.

Notes: Last year's decrim bill in the state house was postponed till this spring. NORML rates its chances as poor—Gov. James R. Thompson threatens to veto it. An unusual 1978 medical-use bill gave physicians the right to prescribe marijuana for glaucoma and cancer sufferers but made no provision as to how to legally supply same physicians. Antiparaphernalia sentiments are strong here, as in much of the Midwest.

INDIANA

Current Penalties: Less than 30 gm, 0-1 year/\$5,000; over 30 gm, 0-4 years/\$10,000.

Notes: Indiana law-enforcement officials now estimate a yearly gross of



HOW THE STATES RATE ON FIRST-TIME MARIJUANA-POSSESSION PENALTIES FOR 1 OZ OR LESS

Decriminalized; small fine and citation only
 Less than \$1,000 fine and/or 1 year in jail
 More than \$1,000 fine and/or 1 year in jail
 R Marijuana can be prescribed for medical therapy

more than \$50 million in pot sales. Nevertheless, decrim action at a standstill in '79.

IOWA

Current Penalties: Unspecified amount, 0-6 months/\$1,000.

Notes: Decrim still has a steep uphill battle to fight—a bill sponsored by the state senate's judiciary committee would double all existing pot penalties and comes to a vote this year. But last June, Gov. Robert D. Ray approved a medical-use bill, and supplies of federally sanctioned pot have been applied for.

KANSAS

Current Penalties: Unspecified amount, 0-6 months/\$1,000.

Notes: Some hope in the Sunflower State—2 bills would make possession of up to 1 oz a class-D misdemeanor punishable by a \$100 fine; the 1st passed the state senate and is now in the house judiciary committee, and the 2nd was introduced by the senate judiciary committee and is still being studied. Both come to a vote this year. A therapeutic-use bill passed in the state house by 80 to 4 and will come before the state senate during the current session.

KENTUCKY

Current Penalties: Unspecified amount, 0-90 days/\$250.

Notes: For a state that hasn't enacted any decrim laws, Kentucky's penalties are the lightest in the country. Gov. Julian M. Carroll has resisted any attempts to change the situation for better or worse.

LOUISIANA

Current Penalties: Unspecified amount, 0-6 months/\$500.

Notes: While the situation for person-

al possession of small amounts has remained low key, tough new trafficking measures (possession of over 100 lbs automatically supposes trafficking) a la Florida were signed into law by Gov. Edwin W. Edwards last year, perhaps in recognition of the Pelican State's escalating role as a port of entry. In 1978 a medical-use bill was enacted, with supplies from the sole legal pot farm in Mississippi applied for last June.

MAINE

Current Penalties: Less than 1½ oz, \$200; over 1½ oz, 0-1 year/\$500.

Notes: A Maine Office of Alcoholism and Drug Abuse study released last November reported that decriminalization improved the quality of justice in Maine (the 3rd state to enact decrim laws) and helped save the state more than \$1 million. A 1978 report from the same agency cited 68% of adults surveyed as favoring decrim or even a more liberalized approach, including legalized sale. And on the therapeutic front, a bill allowing for use of confiscated pot as medical supplies passed the state house and senate and received Gov. Joseph E. Brennan's approval. In this progressive atmosphere, Maine surely rates as the crème de la decrim.

MARYLAND

Current Penalties: Unspecified amount, 0-1 year/\$1,000.

Notes: Last year's decrim bill lost by a vote of 7 to 1 in judicial proceedings, and a medical-use bill was unsuccessful as well.

MASSACHUSETTS

Current Penalties: Unspecified amount, 0-1 year/\$1,000.

Notes: Much ado about not much. In 1979, 3 decrim bills were tabled in the

state senate, and of 4 introduced in the state house, 1 is still alive, barely. The sole surviving measure would place a "non-binding" question re decrim on the 1980 ballot, if it ever gets out of the state house ways and means committee. On the repressive side, a state house bill to increase possession penalties to a mandatory 1-2 years was rejected. Another proposed house measure would allow possessors of over \$25,000 worth of "harmful drugs" to be held in jail without bail—this move was tabled by the judiciary committee for further consideration this year. A medical-use bill passed the state senate last August and awaits state house consideration; it goes one step further than similar bills in allowing for asthma therapy along with treatment of glaucoma and cancer.

MICHIGAN

Current Penalties: Less than 2 oz, 0-1 year/\$1,000; over 2 oz, 0-4 years/\$2,000.

Notes: Maybe there'll be something extra to celebrate at this year's Ann Arbor Hash Bash—a decrim bill passed that state senate late last year by a 20 to 14 vote and is now being studied by the house judiciary committee. A therapeutic-use bill is about to be signed into law (see "Reefer Reform," page 27).

MINNESOTA

Current Penalties: Less than 1½ oz, \$100; over 1½ oz, 0-3 years/\$3,000.

Notes: The 7th state to pass decrim laws, last year Minnesota came close to enacting a medical-use bill as well; but after passing both state houses, it was vetoed by Gov. Al Quie.

MISSISSIPPI

Current Penalties: Less than 1 oz,

\$100-\$250; over 1 oz, 0-3 years/\$3,000.

Notes: The home state of the only U.S. government marijuana plantation (a stoned throw from the University of Mississippi) was the 8th to go decrim. No further action in '79, however. A house-sponsored medical-use bill died in committee.

MISSOURI

Current Penalties: Less than 35 gm, 0-1 year/\$1,000; over 35 gm, 0-5 years/\$1,000.

Notes: This year will see the Show Me State house consider a decrim bill that passed the house judiciary committee 5 to 4 late in '79. Dubbed the Marijuana Education Bill by its sponsor, David C. Christian, it includes a drug-education provision for juveniles. Meanwhile, some therapeutic-use bills languish in committees.

MONTANA

Current Penalties: Less than 60 gm, 0-1 year/\$1,000; over 60 gm, 0-5 years.

Notes: Stalemate in the Rockies—the only action last year was a Montana house-sponsored medical-use bill that won't be acted upon, according to NORML, until the federal government reclassifies marijuana as something less illegal than a Schedule 1 Controlled Substance.

NEBRASKA

Current Penalties: Less than 1 oz, \$0-\$100; 1 oz-1 lb, 0-7 days/\$500; over 1 lb, 0-1 year/\$500.

Notes: The 11th and most recent state to adopt decrim measures, in 1979 the Nebraska legislature resolved to study the feasibility of a therapeutic-use bill. Those Cornhuskers are growing more of their own, too.

NEVADA

Current Penalties: Minors less than 1 oz, 0-1 year/\$1,000; minors (with over 1 oz) and adults, 1-6 years/\$2,000.

Notes: A senate bill to increase the fine for possession of over 1 oz to \$5,000 (is this a backlash of gambling guilt?) was postponed by the assembly judiciary committee in '79 and should rear its head again this year. Meanwhile, a judge in Las Vegas recommended a house bill for therapeutic use that passed both houses and was signed by Gov. Robert List.

NEW HAMPSHIRE

Current Penalties: Less than 1 lb, 0-1 year/\$1,000; over 1 lb, 0-7 years/\$2,000.

Notes: The Granite State remains rock-hard against decrim. No action in '79.

NEW JERSEY

Current Penalties: Less than 25 gm, 0-6 months/\$500; over 25 gm, 0-5 years/\$15,000.

Notes: Decrim bills flared like sunspots here last year. One state senate measure was introduced and withdrawn, and 2 state assembly bills were introduced for further consideration this year. No fewer than 4 bills for therapeutic use were condensed into 1 house bill that's now being reviewed in the health committee before coming to a vote in the current session.

NEW MEXICO

Current Penalties: Less than 1 oz, 15 days/\$50-\$100; 1-8 oz, 0-1 year/\$100-\$1,000; over 8 oz, 1-5 years/\$5,000.

Notes: A successful 1978 medical-use bill has been the only recent action here.

NEW YORK

Current Penalties: Less than 25 gm, \$0-\$100; 25 gm-2 oz, 0-3 months/\$500; 2-8 oz, 0-1 year/\$1,000; 8 oz-16 oz, 4 years; 16 oz-10 lb, 7 years; over 10 lb, 15 years.

Notes: The Empire State was 9th to go decrim (1977). Some local lawmakers have shown nostalgia for the tough Rockefeller drug laws of the early '70s, for during the past year 4 different bills were introduced to recriminalize private possession of small amounts. All are languishing in various committees as we go to press. A senate bill was passed that changes the wording of the possession penalty for 25 grams of marijuana to 25 grams of a mixture containing marijuana, to alleviate police confusion over which part of the plant constitutes the controlled substance. A measure to reduce penalties for more than 2 oz from a felony to a class-A misdemeanor was defeated. One assembly bill that will come to a vote this year would make possession of small amounts on school grounds a criminal offense. And the state's own medical-use bill was introduced in the assembly for action this year.

NORTH CAROLINA

Current Penalties: Up to 1 oz, \$0-\$100; over 1 oz, 5 years/\$5,000.

Notes: In the house, a bill to make possession of up to 1/2 lb a misdemeanor was introduced. In the senate, a move to make possession of up to 10 plants a misdemeanor was defeated in the ju-

diciary committee. North Carolina is the 10th state to enact decriminalization.

NORTH DAKOTA

Current Penalties: Less than 1/2 oz, 0-30 days/\$500; 1/2-1 oz, 1 year/\$1,000; over 1 oz, up to 5 years/\$5,000.

Notes: Lawrence Welk's home state became a little friendlier for pot smokers last year. The above-mentioned penalties were passed into law by the state legislature overriding the veto of Gov. Arthur A. Link—previous penalties allowed for 1 year in jail and/or \$1,000 fine for an unspecified amount. Medical use of pot received a setback, however, in the defeat of a house therapy bill.

OHIO

Current Penalties: Less than 100 gm, \$100; 100-200 gm, 0-30 days/\$250; 200-600 gm, 6 months-5 years/\$2,500; over 600 gm, 1-10 years/\$5,000.

Notes: This year the house is due to vote on a medical-use bill that passed the senate late in the previous session. The Buckeye State was the 6th to adopt decriminalization.

OKLAHOMA

Current Penalties: Unspecified amount, 0-1 year.

Notes: No action on decrim in '79.

OREGON

Current Penalties: Less than 1 oz, \$100; over 1 oz, 0-10 years/\$2,500 fine.

Notes: Back in 1973 Oregon became the first state to decriminalize personal possession of small amounts of marijuana, and a 1977 study by the Drug Abuse Council reported that 68% of the adults surveyed continued to approve of the law, with only a 1% increase in usage noted since an initial survey in 1974. Last year a cultivation bill introduced in the house would have authorized the state's committee on controlled substances to set an allowable weight of plants grown for personal use; the measure passed in the legislature but was vetoed by Gov. Victor Atiyeh. In the medical arena, a bill passed unanimously by the house and senate allows for confiscated supplies to be used for glaucoma and cancer therapy.

PENNSYLVANIA

Current Penalties: Less than 30 gm, 0-30 days/\$500; over 30 gm, 0-1 year/\$5,000.

Notes: A decrim bill was introduced last year by Sen. Henry Messenger and cosponsored by Sen. Craig Lewis (also the sponsor of an antiparaphernalia bill, curiously enough), with no action taken on it to date.

RHODE ISLAND

Current Penalties: Unspecified amount, 0-1 year/\$500.

Notes: The nation's smallest state still frowns on "getting small." The sole 1979 legislative move was a house therapy bill that died in committee.

SOUTH CAROLINA

Current Penalties: Less than 1 oz, 0-3 months/\$100; over 1 oz, 0-6 months/\$1,000.

Notes: No action on decrim in '79; a medical-use bill was introduced in the senate.

SOUTH DAKOTA

Current Penalties: Less than 1 oz,

0-30 days/\$20; 1 oz-1 lb, 0-1 year/\$1,000; over 1 lb, 0-2 years/\$2,000. Notes: No action on decrim in '79.

TENNESSEE

Current Penalties: Unspecified amount, 0-1 year/\$1,000.

Notes: As we go to press, a decrim bill sponsored by Sen. John Ford and sent to the senate judiciary committee is due for consideration. Stay tuned to "Highwitness News" in future issues of HIGH TIMES for an update. Last year a house bill was introduced that would mandate an interim study on the therapeutic uses of pot.

TEXAS

Current Penalties: Less than 2 oz, 0-180 days/\$1,000; 2-4 oz, 0-1 year/\$2,000; over 4 oz, 2-10 years/\$5,000.

Notes: The penalty-harsh Lone Star State passed a house-sponsored bill to establish a marijuana-therapy program. Otherwise no action in '79.

UTAH

Current Penalties: Unspecified amount, 0-6 months/\$299.

Notes: A \$299 fine? Anyway, no recent progress to report.

VERMONT

Current Penalties: Less than 1/2 oz, 0-6 months/\$500; 1/2-2 oz, 0-3 years/\$3,000; over 2 oz, 0-5 years/\$5,000.

Notes: A house-sponsored decrim bill died in the judiciary committee. Better luck this year.

VIRGINIA

Current Penalties: Unspecified amount, 0-30 days/\$500.

Notes: The penalties noted above were signed into law last year, an improvement over the prior first-time penalties of 0-1 year and/or \$1,000 fine, but still a crime in this tobacco-rich state. In addition, a recent successful medical-use bill allows doctors to prescribe marijuana in glaucoma and cancer cases, but makes no provision as to legally acquiring the weed.

WASHINGTON

Current Penalties: Less than 40 gm, 0-90 days/\$250; over 40 gm, 0-5 years/\$10,000.

Notes: Washington was the 1st of 12 states that enacted therapy legislation in 1979. Marijuana confiscated here can be applied for medical use if necessary, as the government's Mississippi pot farm is chronically backlogged with requests from other states.

WEST VIRGINIA

Current Penalties: Unspecified amount, 3-6 months/\$1,000.

Notes: The Mountain State also boasts the passage of a therapy bill, sponsored by Sen. David Hanlon. No action on decrim.

WISCONSIN

Current Penalties: Unspecified amount, 0-30 days/\$500.

Notes: Last year a decrim bill sponsored by the League of Women Voters and Wisconsin NORML died in the assembly. A therapy bill remains in committee.

WYOMING

Current Penalties: Unspecified amount, 0-6 months/\$1,000.

Notes: There were two penalty-reduction bills introduced in the house last year, neither one considered. ☐

Thanks to Kevin Zeiss at NORML for his invaluable assistance.

SITUATION NORML

Today, in Alaska, you are allowed to grow and smoke small quantities of marijuana in the privacy of your own home. In Oregon, you are allowed to receive legal marijuana by prescription to help relieve your glaucoma symptoms. In California, where not long ago you could be arrested and jailed for being caught with a few joints, you now receive a traffic ticket-like citation and pay a small fine for possession without suffering the stigma of a police record. And in every other state marijuana laws have been challenged, softened or been struck down as unconstitutional. In every instance, NORML was there, leading the fight, working within the system to bring enlightened change to the way pot smokers are perceived in society.

As a nonprofit citizen-action group, NORML has helped hundreds of individuals arrested on marijuana-related charges find legal counsel. NORML also provides nationally known experts to give testimony at legislative hearings around the country, offering rational and accurate information about marijuana. During the paraquat scare of 1978, NORML filed suit against the U.S. government for spraying the deadly herbicide on Mexican pot fields; the courts found the government in violation of the law and ordered an immediate environmental assessment. Funds for the spraying program were subsequently discontinued.

For NORML the fight goes on, an exhaustive effort being waged county by county, court by court throughout the country. And on a broader scale, NORML is working to form an international organization to achieve nongovernmental status in the United Nations to reform cannabis laws worldwide. You can help in these efforts by contributing to NORML (2317 M Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20037). Who knows, justice may not be blind—perhaps it's just suffering a touch of glaucoma.

And we've got a remedy for that.

A High Old Time

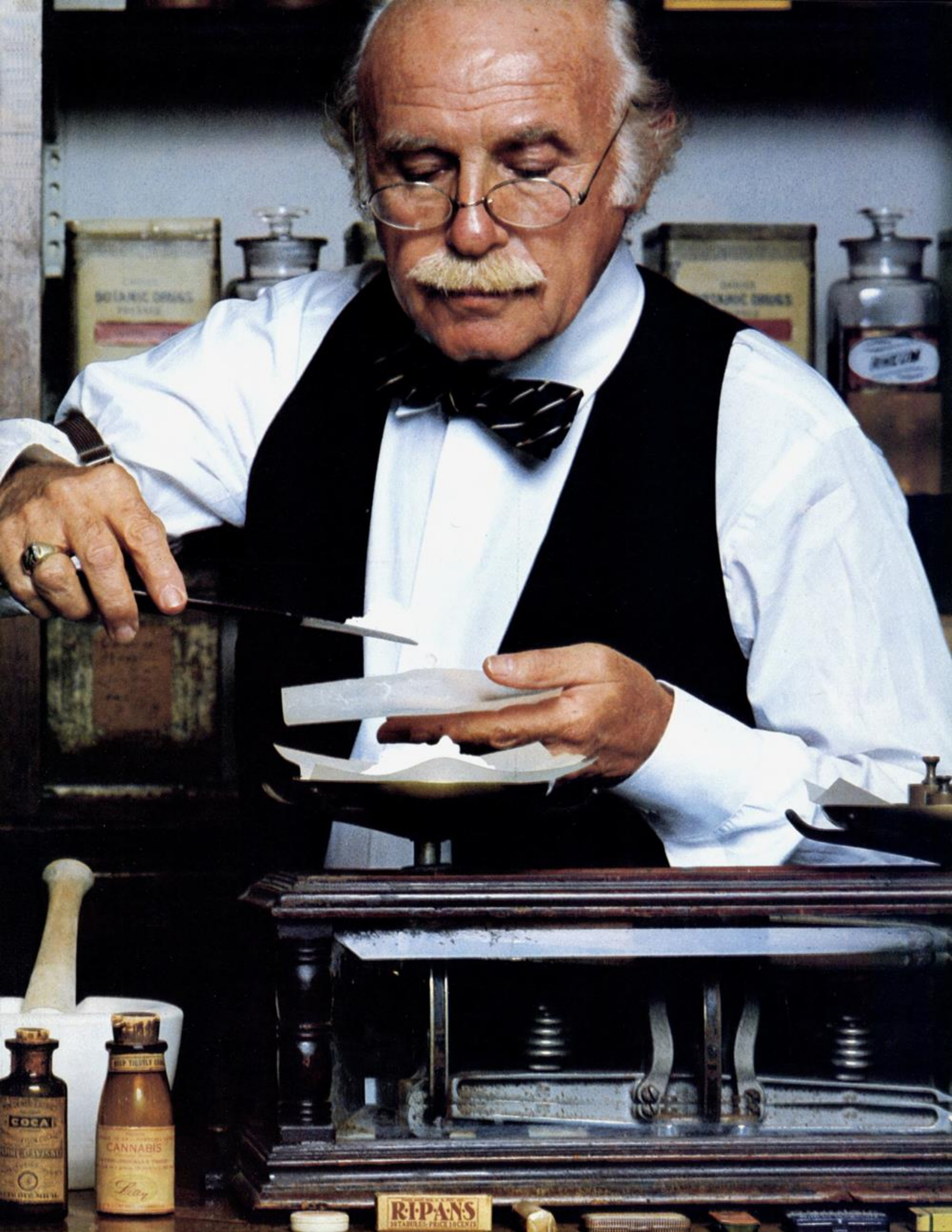
A glow comes over your silver-haired granny's face when she flashes on those years before World War I, the times she calls "the good old days"—and it's no wonder. There were so many ways she could get high back then, and most of them took no more hassle than dropping in on her friendly local druggist. If gran had a hankerin' for a line or two of toot, she could just scan the apothecary shelves for Gray's Catarrh Powder offering "relief" from "catarrh, hay fever, cold in the head, sore throat, tonsilitis and bronchitis" with a handy snorting tube attached to the bottle. Or any other preparation conveniently labeled "contains cocaine," as the Pure Food and Drug Act

of 1906 decreed. Gran's pupils dilate when she recalls how unbelievably simple it was to score enough good pot to get ten barbershop quartets stoned out of their boats. She could plunk down a few cents on the druggist's counter for a box of choice hemp tops labeled "cannabis" and detailing a long list of afflictions for which it was supposed to be help-

ful. Coca leaves, the unrefined source of cocaine, were also available for use in various delightful remedies, until of course the federal party poopers outlawed the substance in 1915. Could that have been how nostalgia got its start?







The Band

BACK ON THE ROAD WITH THE WHO



Mick Jagger looks out across the stage and over the huge crowd at Altamont Speedway. The makeshift stage is alarmingly close to the audience, placing Jagger face to face with dozens of grizzled Hell's Angels who set up their bikes as a barrier between the stage and the masses. Sonny Barger and his pals volunteered their services as stage security and have crude but effective crowd-control devices — sawed-off pool cues, chains, guns and knives. The Stones begin to play "Sympathy for the Devil." A brown dog trots across the stage. Suddenly, there's a tumult directly in front of Jagger. The Angels have surrounded a tall black man who is struggling with them. The blue steel of a gun barrel flashes briefly. The gleaming silver of a blade makes its quick arc into flesh, draws red and flashes again. "C'mon, people, cool out, cool out," Jagger protests impotently. A man lies dead and the Stones have no choice but to continue playing. It was the end of the '60s.

It's bitter cold in Washington, the first real day of winter. The last winter of the '70s. I'm fighting a stiff wind down Pennsylvania Avenue, as I head for Gallagher's, a popular Capitol Hill burger joint. At the bar I order a beer and ask the waitress how to get to the Capitol Center. It's a routine question and she handles it with the usual bored aplomb. "Who's there tonight, the Bullets?" She pegs me for a basketball fan.

"You were right the first time," I answer. "The Who."

Her eyes brighten in momentary delight. A smile crosses her face, but quickly turns to a scowl. "You'd better watch yourself," she says somberly. "You could get killed out there."

It was two weeks to the day since 11 Who fans were stomped to death outside of Cincinnati's Riverfront Coliseum in the worst tragedy in rock's 25-year history. The senseless death of so many kids is almost unfathomable despite the all too simple explana-

tion of what happened. Seven thousand people tried to get through two tiny doors at once. Only 6,989 made it. It's the classic way people die when fires break out in crowded clubs: Panic sets in and a number of people are trampled in the scramble to get out. The only difference in this case was they were escaping into, not out of, a building.

Just as the Rolling Stones were held responsible for the stabbing death of a single man at the Altamont free concert a decade earlier, many people associated these deaths directly with the Who—as if the band unleashed some killer instinct in its fans—rather than recognizing the Cincinnati tragedy as the result of irresponsible promotion at major rock concerts. A few days later the mayor of Providence, Rhode Island, took the opportunity to turn this sorrow to political advantage by canceling the Who's December 17 show there, the last stop of the '79 tour. Tonight's show at the Capitol Center had been scheduled in its place at the last minute.

Inside, the crowd shows its appreciation for the Who's decision to make this their last American concert of the '70s with roaring applause that almost matches the band's earsplitting volume throughout the first two songs, "I Can't Explain" and "Substitute." The kids are standing on their seats and cheering as lead singer Roger Daltrey, slightly hoarse from a throat-wrenching series of performances, greets them: "We had a good time here the last time we were through and we're gonna have a good time again tonight. Fuck it all!"

Pete Townshend signals the start of "Baba O'Riley" with flashing, sustained guitar chords. Townshend had lost his enthusiasm for live concerts in the past few years, citing loss of hearing and family responsibilities as his reasons for wanting to stop touring, and though he warmed to the task gradually during the band's 1979 comeback, he seemed unsure at times of

Played On

BY JOHN SWENSON





Lynn Goldsmith

The Who always maintained if one of the members left it would spell the end of the group. With Moon gone, it seemed certain the Who would not continue.

why he was doing it. But tonight there is no hesitation. "We care more about some of these kids than their parents do," he told reporters after the Cincinnati tragedy, and he is ready to serve those kids tonight. With a red bandanna wrapped around his neck, black jacket and bright red pants, he looks more like his brash, early-career self than he has in a decade.

"Teenage wasteland," Daltrey screams, "it's only teenage wasteland. They're all wasted!" Townshend's songwriting has always dealt directly with the band's relation to its audience. All the great Who oldies in their set have the effect of a sustained prophecy that plays itself out during the shows themselves. From the earliest songs through *Tommy*, *Who's Next*, *Quadrophenia* and the latest album, *Who Are You*, Townshend's writing forms a seamless mesh, each song amplifying the others' meanings and gathering more relevance as they age. If rock was betrayed by some of its greater lights succumbing to the temptations of success, the Who never really sold out—their commitment to the basics of rock 'n' roll and its implicit message has never flagged. It's no cliché to say you don't need drugs to get off at a Who concert. The supersonic, mystical sound drench at one of these shows is one of the most powerful mind-expanding dimensional warps one could experience.

Townshend's tribute to the original Who fans, the mods of early '60s London. The 1979 film version of *Quadrophenia* depicts the circumstances that surrounded the Who's inception with pinpoint accuracy. Back then they spearheaded a new wave of rock music that the mods called their own and used as a rallying point in their wars against the rockers, British kids who worshiped Gene Vincent, wore leather jackets and greased their hair back in '50s style.

By contrast, the mods dressed in the latest fashions, popped amphetamines and danced all night in between their confrontations with the rockers. The Who not only played for mods, they dressed like them. Each member of the group contributed a strange, seemingly incongruent personality—these were the most unlikely four musicians ever to share a stage. Daltrey was the front man, screaming out his vocals as he pivoted and twirled his microphone in huge circles, sometimes crashing it into the stage or Keith Moon's drum kit. Daltrey teased his hair into a Dippity Do bouffant, wore pink sequined pants and sweaters with pieces of masking tape in linear designs on the front. Moon moved around more than any other drummer in recent memory, blowing his cheeks out as he played, throwing cups of water around the stage and miming drum patterns on the few parts of the arrangements he wasn't required to play on. He dressed in ginger-colored suits and target T-shirts. Bassist John Entwistle stood impassively in front of his stacks of amplifiers, booming out those wall-of-sound bass

lines like a croupier working the gambling tables. He often dressed completely in black or wore dozens of buttons and medallions on his jacket.

Then there was Pete Townshend himself, the most flamboyant of the lot. Townshend looked and sounded like nothing the rock stage had ever seen, dressed in jackets fashioned out of Union Jack flags or with blinking light bulbs, flailing his guitar around like a weapon and engaging in the most kinetic stage performance in rock history. Part guitarist, part acrobat, he would play searing chord patterns accented by drunken leaps and speed-induced splits, leaping in five-foot-high cannonball poses while soloing, and resolve the lead with a gut-wrenching power chord as he hit the stage. At certain points Townshend would windmill chords in a blur of savage strokes. At each show's end he would smash his guitar into his amplifiers, his microphone and finally the stage itself, unleashing a wailing feedback screech and leaving the shattered instrument on stage. By that time the stage looked like a war zone. The Who did no encores. Now in the Capitol Center Townshend sings:

And on the dance floor broken glass,
The bloody faces slowly pass
The numbered seats in empty rows
It all belongs to me you know.

After a fierce rendition of "My Wife" comes a perennial Who's Next favorite, "Behind Blue Eyes." The first time the Who performed this song in the United States was right after *Who's Next* was released in 1971, at the Forest Hills tennis stadium in New York. Before the show a small riot between gate-crashers and security guards ended with one of the guards being stabbed to death.

"Nobody knows what it's like to be the bad man," sings Daltrey, "behind blue eyes." At that Forest Hills show Pete Townshend dedicated the song to Keith Moon. Years later, with Moon dead and the band still playing in his memory, it's become a kind of tribute to the sad side of the madcap drummer.

In September 1978 some of the biggest rock stars in London gathered at a London funeral hall to mourn Keith Moon's death. It was a solemn atmosphere that had little to do with Moon's celebrated antics. There was the time he smashed through a plate-glass window just for kicks. He drove a limousine into a hotel swimming pool and in countless episodes destroyed hotel rooms and pitched color televisions out of Holiday Inn windows. (Moon so terrorized hotel owners that at one point the Who were banned from every hotel in New York.) As they stood in front of the 50-yard spread of flowers surrounding the casket, Roger Daltrey turned to John Entwistle and said, "He's probably up there laughing at us right now."

Entwistle looked at Daltrey, one

The Who begin to play "The Punk vs. the Godfather"—one of the central songs from *Quadrophenia*. The two-record album, released in 1973, was

eyebrow raised, and replied, "What makes you think he's up there?"

As I walked through that hospital door," Daltrey spits out the opening of "Sister Disco," "I was sewn up like a coat." Townshend's kiss-off to disco on the *Who Are You* album has been taken as a battle cry by the punk and new-wave fans who see disco as the enemy of rock, but the song is more of a celebration than a curse and its spirit transports this audience. The kids go wild as the song breaks and "Music Must Change," another song from the recent album, starts up.

The Who always maintained that if one of the band members left it would spell the end of the group, and the constant battles that surrounded this outfit during its salad days had their fans prepared to see them split up at any moment. With Moon, whom Townshend called "our supreme melodramatist," out of the picture, it seemed almost certain that the Who would not continue. But Moon's death seemed to challenge the band to continue in his memory rather than close the door on what had gone before. Townshend, who had been the biggest obstacle to a return to the stage, voted to continue on with a new drummer, and the question of who could possibly fill Moon's shoes was put to a vote. According to Townshend, the "first and only choice" turned out to be Kenney Jones, an old buddy from a rival mod band, the Small Faces.

The group also added keyboardist John "Rabbit" Bundrick, who had played on Townshend's *Rough Mix* solo album, along with a three-piece horn section. "Music Must Change" is the first song in the set lineup that uses all the new elements. Bundrick's organ solo and the brass punctuation make this number a real fulfillment of its title.

"Here's another song from *Quadrophenia*," Townshend continues, "featuring two corpses in the first row, Roger Daltrey on harmonica, Rabbit on keyboards, Kenney Jones on the drums. You thought I'd never mention him? He needs no introduction. It's called 'Drowned.'"

The hero of *Quadrophenia* is a young mod named Jimmy. A Who fan. On the wall in his bedroom, next to the pictures of pinup centerfolds and newspaper cover stories on mod-rocker violence, is a picture of Pete Townshend. Jimmy hates his job, argues with his parents, but hits his stride on a scooter at night, popping pills and going to a party where he takes a slow song off the record player and puts on the Who's "My Generation." Jimmy has the time of his life at the Brighton riots, but when he gets back home everything goes wrong. He splits and takes his scooter back to Brighton, where he contemplates suicide as the movie reaches its denouement.

"Drowned" was one of the low points of



Lynn Goldsmith

"Who Are You" is both a statement and a question, an example of the way the feedback between Townshend and his audience gets incorporated in his songs.

the show in many of the earlier '79 gigs but this version in Washington tonight is amazing. As the band chugs along Townshend sings out, "I wanna drown." The horns play surging choruses and after the last verse Townshend begins testifying. "I don't wanna drown. Hey, let's forget about the new moon. You wanna know what's wrong with you? It's the new moon. That's what it is. I don't mean the drummer, I mean the moon. [He points up with his hand.] You gotta fight it. I don't wanna die, not tonight. I don't wanna die. I never wanna die. I'm never never never gonna die. I don't wanna die but I want to drown with you tonight."

This outburst crunches to a crashing metallic end and the stunned crowd gets only ten seconds' rest before the pre-recorded synthesizer rhythm track kicks off "Who Are You." The metronomic synthesizer patterns that set the careening rhythms of this song and *Who's Next* standards "Baba O'Riley" and "Won't Get Fooled Again" have become a trademark of Who stage shows. "Who Are You" is both a statement and a question, an example of the way the feedback between Townshend and his audience gets incorporated in his songs. "How can I measure up to anyone now after such a love as this" may be one of the best expressions of devotion to rock 'n' roll ever uttered.

In April 1968 the United States was in political and social turmoil. Martin Luther King, Jr., had just been assassinated. The weekend following King's

death threatened massive race riots in New York City; normally crowded streets were deserted on Saturday afternoon. That same night the Who played to an audience of 500 at the Fillmore East, a near-legendary show dedicated to all the people who *didn't* come. Within an extraordinary two-and-a-half-hour set Townshend played long instrumental sections that would later be fashioned into the rock opera *Tommy*. The building next to the Fillmore burned to the ground as the band played. A plainclothes detective hopped onstage in the middle of the show to grab the microphone and shout instructions to the crowd but Townshend clubbed him with his guitar and kicked him, then later paid a visit to the local police station.

Tommy became the major portion of the set that many people identified with the golden age of the Who in the late '60s and early '70s. The live version was light years more advanced than the blueprint demo that the original *Tommy* recording amounts to, and part of that music is still used, a medley of "Pinball Wizard," "See Me Feel Me," and the finale, the "Listening To You" refrain from "We're Not Gonna Take It," written and sung directly to the audience. As usual, when the spotlights and house lights all flash on the crowd while the spirited chorus rings out "Listening to you, I get the music," the show reaches an emotional high point. Tonight is no exception.

A long cheer issues as the band kicks into "Long Live Rock," Townshend's Chuck

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Can you find 87 mistakes on this tax return?

It's that time of year again: April, the month when even Sunday-school teachers, Osmond fans and people who went through the odd-even gas crisis with only one set of license plates turn their fancies to thoughts of tax evasion. The season makes everyone an outlaw, but if you already are one, either because you buy and sell a few ounces of recreational drugs for your stash and your friends or because you happen to earn your living schlepping the stuff from continent to continent, tax time can have some very special headaches.

In fact you're part of a growing bracket of American taxpayers—people who are to some degree involved in herbal highs and, come April 15, in trying to explain or stay subtle about undocumented cash income or expenditures. Without the corporate luxury of a phalanx of pencil-wielding CPAs, many a drug dabbler files a return that invites suspicion. . . or, worse, doesn't file at all.

And that's just what the Drug Enforcement Administration (DEA) is counting on. Hundreds of suspected reefer merchants have been targeted for harassment by the most ruthless adversary known to humanity: the Internal Revenue Service. The little-known tax-narc project, set up by the Nixon administration on the assumption

that the run-of-the-mill drug seller would be "a real patsy" for a tax audit, took more than \$12 million in taxes and penalties out of the drug economy in 1977 alone.

If you think the DEA and your local narcs are formidable nemeses, wait till you try to outfox the IRS. Operating within the Treasury Department, the IRS is a cross between a domestic gestapo and a very thorough collection agency. It can nail the taxpayer with civil as well as criminal sanctions. Willful tax evasion is fraud, a federal felony that could get you \$10,000, five years or both; failing to file a return is a misdemeanor, carrying a lesser penalty. But tax crime, like any other, is hard to prove and the IRS knows it. More often they go the civil route, which requires only establishing fraud "by clear and convincing evidence," as opposed to the criminal test of showing "guilt beyond a reasonable doubt." Losing a civil fraud case doesn't give you a criminal record, but it does put a lot of loot in the tax coffers, with penalties of up to 50 percent on top of whatever they figure you owe in income tax.

To make its collections, the IRS employs a network of amateur informants, sophisticated electronic surveillance equipment, hordes of special agents trained to trick everyone from your broker to your clergy-

man into blowing your private financial scene, and an arsenal of firearms, cameras, binoculars and handcuffs. The agency counterfeits its own "summonses" (real summonses are not issued by courts), which serve to terrorize taxpayers into "volunteering" information. They steal garbage, go through mail and question neighbors, relatives and business competitors. Not long ago one senator marveled that the IRS receives "more information from more people about more private affairs than any other federal agency. And therefore," he concluded, "it has in its hands tremendous power to harass and intimidate the American citizens."

Under such circumstances, a little cheating seems only fair. And with a tax structure that provides loopholes at the top and forces the less affluent to bear the nation's tax burden, it is in everyone's interest—outlaw and nonoutlaw alike—to spread around some of the best tax tricks. Our dos and don'ts are not for pot dealers only. They were culled from the advice of present and former IRS agents, newsletters dedicated to tax avoidance (legal, of course), and from those helpful folks at IRS headquarters. If you make more than \$500,000 per year, disregard this advice; you probably follow it already.

Write-Off!

Tax tips H&R Block won't give you

by Joan Flynn

DO file a tax return. The only acceptable excuses for not filing are: (a) You make less than \$2,000 a year (don't try this unless you live in an abandoned car and forage for roots and berries; the IRS may have been surveilling your spending habits); (b) You and your spouse are both over 65 and make less than \$7,400 excluding Social Security benefits (okay for retired dope dealers with Spartan tastes); (c) You're a tycoon whose entire income is from municipal bonds; or (d) You're legally dead (a difficult front to keep up unless you plan to stay out of sight).

People who have never filed a tax return and have no reason to believe they are under investigation by the DEA or the Treasury Department often prefer to tough it out another year. After all, an estimated \$200 billion of income goes unreported in the United States each year, and the figure is growing. One such phantom says he fears that filing now would only in-

vite queries about why he didn't file in previous years. "Why announce my existence?" is his philosophy. What would smoke him out? A W-2 form. "I can get away with this," he says, "because I'm off the books. If my boss gets uptight, or I have to change jobs, bingo, I exist."

DON'T use a Swiss bank account. That's a cliché of tax evasion and a tip-off to the IRS that you've got something to hide. Besides, more and more Swiss banks, giving in to IRS arm-twisting, are bending their traditional code of secrecy. Bank Leu recently asked an American customer to sign a declaration certifying that "all funds, securities or other valuables which may be entrusted by me to Bank Leu, Ltd., Zurich, have been acquired and are held in conformity with U.S. civil and fiscal laws." According to *Personal Finance* newsletter, which reported the incident, signing such

a declaration would allow the bank to hand over your account records to IRS investigators. Tax evasion per se is not illegal in Switzerland, but signing a false statement is. There are numerous banks in countries whose names are not synonymous with financial sneakiness—Austria, the Netherlands, Belgium, Mexico—where accounts can be stashed without those nasty reports to Uncle Sam or even to the country where the bank is located. Forget Liechtenstein. Having an account in that tax paradise looks just as fishy as having a landing strip on the Guajira Peninsula.

DO explain cash income by maintaining a credible, legitimate cash business, such as small appliance repair, domestic service or other trade, and file no W-2 forms. According to the IRS agent who wrote his unorthodox tax tips under the pen name Diogenes in his book, *The*

April Game, cash incomes are "essentially unverifiable."

DON'T start a church called "First Reformed Temple of the South American Sacrament" and expect to escape IRS scrutiny. The tax gestapo is cracking down on phony religion scams, especially those with provoking names. So who needs heat?

DO keep a normal checking account for necessities and deductible expenses. This is the account you wouldn't mind the IRS finding while attempting to investigate you, so it should look complete. No unexplained deposit of \$6,000 in small bills; no checks for exotic airline tickets. Do not keep your auditable checking account in the same bank in which you have accounts you wish to keep private or where you have one or more safe-deposit boxes. Also steer clear of the branches from which you send bank wires paid for with large amounts of cash, or where you change small bills into large ones for use in cash transactions. Keep the normal account near your home or office and the private accounts out of your neighborhood and preferably out of state.

DON'T order red checks from the bank. Red, because it shows up as black on photocopies, is a popular background color for financial finaglers. No one can make out any of the writing on the bank's copies of your checks, but the choice of red is like waving a red cape at a bull. The IRS will think you're up to something. A more innocent-looking ploy is to use checks with a pale background and write with nonreproducing turquoise ink, available at art stores. Photocopies will come out totally white.

DO file a "Doing Business As" certificate (or whatever local procedure applies) with your county clerk in order to get the legal right to open a bank account under a name other than your own. You can make up any business or organization name that isn't being used by someone else. People interested in maximum privacy generally choose the most boring, unmemorable title that comes to mind. Bank accounts in the names of businesses are not easily traced when the IRS tries to find all accounts held by, say, John Dope or Richard Rope. The bank files accounts under the name of the account, not the name of the signer. Have all mail related to the business sent to your mail drop, not your home.

DON'T try to deduct everything you're entitled to. Some items make the revenueurs think you're up to something you're not up to. Forget the investment tax credit of up to 10 percent of the purchase price of the tractor you bought for your until-now secret hemp farm. Forget the fees you're allowed to

deduct for your 16 safe-deposit boxes. Forget, too, the "uninsured theft loss in excess of \$100" you were going to subtract for that time your stash was ripped off at a rock concert. Such subjects as the depreciation allowance on a stale bale of smoke or an airplane no one knows you own are best left unmentioned, in spite of the potential dollar savings off your net tax.

DO keep records. Not having records and saying things like "I don't remember" when asked what medical problem cost you \$34,000 to treat sounds suspicious. For your personal taxes, keep receipts for everything so you can decide later what to show the IRS auditor. In case

The IRS agent operates largely outside the statutes. Think of him as a fellow outlaw.

of a search and seizure in your home, keep receipts on major items you don't want to discuss with the government in a safe-deposit box in a distant bank. If you tend to have large sums of cash around, plan ahead by having a detailed record that will provide legitimate documentation for the origin of the cash. ("Dear Joe, please hang onto the proceeds of the Carter-for-President bake sale until we set up a bank account. Yours, Mike.") Otherwise, the IRS folks will assume it's unreported income and grab a huge chunk for Uncle Sam. Sort your receipts for a given tax year by category of deduction to aid in your calculations at tax time. After you send in your return, scramble the receipts, throw in some grocery coupons, Monopoly money and candy wrappers and store in a large plastic garbage bag for the tax auditor. Save for three years, then throw out. IRS audits generally take place within 26 months of receiving your return. The auditor will take one look at the mountain of mess and try to find a way to drop your case. IRS agents work on quotas; they have to collect, say, \$100 per hour in new taxes to justify their productivity level.

DON'T make the mistake of deducting too little. It's just as suspicious as overdoing it. How can you find out how much to pile up in believable deductions? Ask the IRS. Anonymously, of course. These helpful folks issue statistics each year on how much taxpayers in certain income brackets averaged for key deductions. Of course, as the IRS warns, the figures should not be used for tax computation—only actual expenses can be claimed. But they'll clue you when your own figures are suspiciously high or low. For example, it is not unusual

for someone in the \$20,000 to \$25,000 bracket to claim \$505 in medical expenses, \$2,085 in interest payments, \$563 in charitable contributions, \$1,954 in other taxes and \$442 in miscellaneous other deductions, based on 1977 figures. To update these tallies, figure on 9 percent inflation for 1978 and 13.2 percent for 1979. Then plan ahead and spread these expenses throughout your checking records.

DO use safe-deposit boxes for cash, records and items you don't want cluttering up your pad. You are not required to give the bank your Social Security number to open such a box, and most banks don't enter the names of box holders in their central data bank. The IRS can get access to your box, but only if they can find it going branch by branch. An innocent error such as misspelling your name ever so slightly on the original application will cause the vault clerk to tell the feds, "Sorry, no got."

DON'T blow your whole game by filing an internally inconsistent return. If you live in a two-room apartment and have no medical expenses, you arouse suspicion if you claim to have six deductible children. Kids are great on paper. Each one gets you \$1,000 off, and the auditor, concerned only with verifying your arithmetic, is unlikely, according to one IRS agent, to ask to see their birth certificates. Of course, if your place is too neat and there are no toys around, or if you add more than one kid every nine months on your returns, the IRS'll begin to think you're not nearly as fertile as your imagination. One taxpayer whose kids are neither seen nor heard takes the allowable limit in "child-care expenses" as well and files the canceled checks made out to his pot connection under "baby-sitter." This suited the dealer just fine. He had cashed all the checks at the customer's bank and explained his sparse cash income to the IRS as a freelance baby-sitting business. And, with no W-2 forms, they'll have to take his word for what his gross income amounted to.

DO keep a list of the names of the doctors you paid for medical treatment over the year. No need for addresses and phone numbers. The IRS cross-check usually consists of asking to see a few of the canceled checks made out to them. Since they don't attempt to look up the doctors in every state and foreign country to see if they're really M.D.s, they're counting on you, the taxpayer, not to just assign the title "Dr." to your dope dealer and deduct him or her as a medical expense. They trust you not to make it look even more foolproof by adding "M.D." to the endorsement on the back of the check in a matching ink.

DON'T be nasty to the IRS agent assigned to your case. Don't hang up when he calls; politely

tell him you're taping the conversation. Don't be overly secretive; promote the open flow of information—from the IRS to you, that is. To put the IRS on the defensive, for example, you could answer their first correspondence with a request under the federal Freedom of Information Act for the name and title of the IRS employee who selected your return for audit and the reason it was selected. Some tax avoiders claim that in a criminal tax investigation, you are not required to answer questions about your return until the IRS has first contacted all government agencies to find out if any of them were tapping your phone. This is supposed to get you at least a one-year delay, but might also draw undue attention to your case. Don't call the agents "the gestapo" or other pet names that could be construed to be derogatory. Remember, the IRS agent operates largely outside the statutes. Think of him as a fellow outlaw.

DO use a mail drop for all mail from brokerages, banks, metal dealers and the mechanic who fixes your airplane. IRS agents on the prowl have been known to do unofficial mail covers and to go through a taxpayer's trash in search of clues to hidden income—such as the return addresses on discarded envelopes, often the only quick way to locate your supplementary bank accounts. A mail drop looks like a normal street address and can be rented at a low monthly cost from many answering services. Throw away your private financial mail in public receptacles or convert into alternative heating fuel.

DON'T buy too many money orders in the same bank on the same day. Because you buy them for cash, they are far more private than personal checks, although the ceilings some banks set on their face value may be inconvenient. A problem arises when you need a lot of them at once. If one person buys \$10,000 or more worth of money orders in one day, a bank branch is required to file a detailed report to the Treasury Department to help them snoop on the cash economy. The same goes for \$10,000 or more in cashier's checks (even more private because they don't require the purchaser's name at all), which can be obtained in large denominations and cash transactions in excess of \$10,000. A rule of thumb is: Keep your cash transactions under \$10,000 in order to stay out of the Treasury Department computers. The DEA and the IRS routinely check them against lists of drug suspects and other audit targets.

DO everything with the IRS by mail, not by phone. It's slower and more expensive for them. All delays work in your favor. You can neglect to pay whatever you're found to owe them, and when

(continued on page 96)



Here Come the Tax Narcs!

Disappointed with the relatively lame accomplishments of the DEA in the face of a growing market in illegal drugs, the government has initiated a little-known project to unleash upon the unsuspecting dope dealers of America the full fury of its most lethal weapon: the Internal Revenue Service. And, if all goes the way they plan, we may soon see the day when an unexpected knock on the front door will trigger a frantic attempt to flush not the household stash—but the cash—down the toilet.

Under the IRS Narcotics Trafficker Project, recently renamed the High Level Drug Leaders Tax Enforcement Project, special agents of the IRS Intelligence Division have been snaring previously untouchable drug suspects on some pretty unromantic sections of the income tax code. It was the same strategy that worked on the Mafia, sending a handful to jail and the bulk to some wonderful accountants.

The project was launched by Nixon & Co. in August 1971 and revamped in 1974 and 1975 to screen out all the two-bit loose-joint hustlers and nickel-bag vendors whose personal accounting habits were driving auditors nuts, and whose back taxes and penalties due were not very impressive in the press releases. In July 1976 the IRS entered into a memorandum of understanding with the DEA to iron even more wrinkles out of their dragnet.

One IRS district, according to an article in *Drug Enforcement* magazine, recently began matching Currency Transaction Reports (filed by financial institutions about people making cash deposits, exchanges or money orders in excess of \$10,000) against DEA files of suspected dealers and smugglers. Both agencies get computer tapes from Customs on all money reported going out of the country.

The DEA, not folks to miss an opportunity to make trouble, rattled out 579 people they believed to be "high-level violators" and the IRS tax narcs went to work on them. As of late 1978 the IRS had evaluated all but 70 of them, placing 120 under criminal investigation, referring 205 for civil audits, 65 for collection of delinquent returns and closing the files on 119 because neither a criminal nor a civil case could be made against them.

The IRS doesn't get bummed out if the narc squad fails to put most of its targets in the pokey. By merely plaguing most of them with civil action, the agency is opt-

ing for easier-to-prove cases and hopes, as one official put it, that "by collecting taxes due on their illegal profits, we can help cut into the money these criminals would plow back into drug trafficking and other illegal activities." His philosophy is in tune with President Carter's 1977 boast to Congress that his administration "will attack the financial resources of these traffickers."

And the IRS has an excuse for not nailing very many dope dealers on non-criminal infractions, either; they complain that their job is made particularly labyrinthine by the dealers' proclivity for dealing in cash with no books, stubs, W-2 forms or receipts, and by their annoying habits of placing assets in other people's names, banking overseas and laundering contraband receipts through legitimate businesses. But that doesn't mean the audit is a lot of laughs for its selected subject. Many have never before dealt with an adversary who wasn't a cop, and, according to one former tax narc, it was not uncommon for his cases to be surprised that the IRS wasn't trying to trace their income to illegal drugs, and that they were getting into hot water for their spending habits alone. Richard J. Trattner, who was a group manager of the trafficker squad until he quit to put his expertise to use as a tax lawyer in Beverly Hills, says that for the feds, making a criminal tax case against a smuggler or a grass merchant was as easy as "hitting the broad side of a barn with a shotgun." He said that even pot sellers who did all their transactions in cash and had no bank accounts tended to leave countless "spending clues" out of which the IRS could reconstruct these people's probable income. These clues might include purchase of a new car, frequenting a ritzy restaurant, real estate deeds on file with the county, brokerage accounts, plane tickets and safe-deposit boxes. IRS informants can be even more ruthless than DEA informants: While the DEA pays informants a flat fee, the IRS offers civilians a 1 to 10 percent commission to blab. The IRS says they hear from more than 10,000 mercenary tipsters per year, approve approximately one out of every five or six claims, and pay out about \$1.5 million in rewards.

The IRS says that drug traffickers remain "near the top of our list of people who we want to be sure pay their taxes." So it's high time to be on the alert for an ambush by revenuers with their trigger fingers on their pencils.



The B Ame

America has rediscovered pedal power. After half a century of neglect, the bicycle, long considered little more than a toy, has asserted itself upon the national consciousness in a way that may change the course of life in the United States. In the 1970s, for the first time in 50 years, the bicycle outsold the car, and it appears likely that during the 1980s the bike will roll into first place as it has throughout much of the rest of the world.

The signs are everywhere. While giant automakers teeter on the brink of bankruptcy and community mass-transit plans flounder under tremendous financing costs, bicycle sales are soaring. Many towns and medium-sized cities point with pride to their bicycle facilities and the number of commuters on two wheels.

Photo by
Steven Klein
Peugeot bike,
courtesy Angelo's, NYC;
Nishiki and Nomad bikes,
courtesy Bicycle Renaissance, NYC;
clothing and accessories courtesy
Morsan's, NYC, and Bicycle Renaissance, NYC

*icy*ycle Boom rica Rediscovered the Wheel

by Michael Chance

In some, such as Madison, Wisconsin, Davis, California, and Boulder, Colorado, bicyclists far outnumber drivers. As a sport, bike touring and bike racing are cranking to a preeminence heretofore found only in Europe and Asia. Even the popular culture has embraced bicycling: The movie *Breaking Away*, based on the collegiate Little Indy bicycle races in Indianapolis, has become an unexpected box-office hit and a college cult film. A half dozen magazines and newspapers cater to bike aficionados, and a new glossy devoted exclusively to touring, *The Two-Wheel Trip*, is about to hit the stands.

Only the federal government stands in the way of this burgeoning culture. Bicycles and cars coexisted until World War I, and after that the auto manufacturers had so established their importance that they lobbied successfully against both mass-transit and bicycle-projects funds. While highways for cars would receive billions of dollars from the federal government (\$320 billion in the last 20 years alone), until recently not a penny was appropriated for bike facilities. Bicycles, in fact, were outlawed from most federal roads and numerous towns and counties followed suit. Today bicycle lobbyists are pointing to this obvious discrimination in the push for equal rights.

Under pressure to supply bike-facilities funds after the oil crisis of 1973, Congress after four years of debate granted \$80 million in 1978 for bike projects to be spent over the next four years. However, from 1975 to 1978 the oil crisis subsided and by early 1979 oil lobbies had convinced Congress to slash the funds to \$4 million. The money was to be allocated by the Federal Highway Administration (FHA). Longtime flunky of the automakers and highway-construction industry, the FHA promptly announced the cancellation of bikeways and storage facilities in favor of "soft-

*There is no greater
way to see scenery
than on a bike.
Your senses are
heightened, sounds,
colors and smells
intensified, the air
rushes into your face,
the sky and earth
surround you.*

ware," or public information on safety.

Recently, two major studies have come out recommending "intermodal" forms of transportation—specifically, bicycles and mopeds. The Department of Transportation found that 62.4 percent of all automobile trips averaged five miles or less—accounting for the use of about 13.1 billion gallons of gasoline per year. The other study, by the prestigious Worldwatch Institute, a private social-research group, published a two-year study entitled *Running on Empty: The Future of the Automobile in an Oil-Short World*. It points out that 80 percent of automobile trips are shorter than ten miles and are "quite a reasonable trip by bicycle or moped."

Sales of bicycles skyrocketed to an all-time high of 15 million during the gas-line year of 1973, and while sales slumped in 1975 and 1976 when it appeared that the oil crisis was over, they began to climb again in 1977 and are now increasing by 15 percent annually. Since 1970 more than 92.9 million new bicycles have been sold in this country, compared to 91.2 million cars. Almost 10 million bicycles were sold last year, and as gas prices threaten to break the \$2-a-gallon mark, bicycle manufactur-

ers forecast even better sales figures in the '80s.

The bicycle is generally regarded as the most efficient machine ever built for converting human energy into results. A rider in moderately good shape can ride 50 to 100 miles a day depending on the terrain; a rider in good shape can knock off 150 miles in eight hours of riding; bike racers have ridden up to 600 miles in a single day, and the record for traversing the 3,400 mountain-studded U.S. miles coast-to-coast is 14 days.

Health experts say that a lifetime bicycling program, which could mean nothing more than riding to and from work daily, is one of the best physical regimens a body can get. More than running, weight lifting, swimming or any of the more strenuous exercises—which many researchers now feel are too intense and of too short and inconsistent a duration—the bicycle requires a varying energy output determined by the individual and sustained over a long period of time: the type of exercise that an organism would get in a state of nature.

Bikepacking

On well-known trails such as Wisconsin's 320-mile Sparta-Elroy bikeway or the Appalachian routes in the Northeast, there is a continual stream of bikepackers during the warm months. And elsewhere, on the serpentine, narrow back roads that cars scorn in favor of the freeways, the cross-country bicycle tourist has become a common sight. In addition to the obvious health and financial benefits of a bicycle tour, there is no greater way to see scenery than on a bike. Your senses are heightened, sounds, colors and smells intensified, the air rushes into your face, the sky and earth surround you.

If you haven't ridden much lately, don't

let it scare you. Once you're on the road and the wind is whistling by you will forget about all the little aches and pains you expected. You can easily make a one-day tour, ten miles there and ten miles back, with little more effort than playing a set of tennis.

If you've already got a few miles under your belt riding around the town where you live, to work, maybe with the kids on Sundays, then you're ready for an extend-

A lifetime bicycling program, which could mean nothing more than riding to and from work daily, is one of the best physical regimens a body can get.

ed trip of a weekend or longer.

Bikepacking is not much different from backpacking, except that it takes a little more planning. You've got to decide whether you want to spend nights at campsites or motels, whether you're going to buy or carry your food, and, of course, which route will take you where you want to go.

This last one is not as easy as it sounds. Most road maps do not show all the back roads, fire lanes and bike paths that you may want to use, and for these you have to get county maps. If you live close enough or are willing to wait the six weeks for mail delivery, most state governments with tourist bureaus will give you specially prepared bicycle maps with the safest and most advisable routes. Carefully trace your route and check it frequently. You'll find that traveling on back roads requires considerably more navigational skill than following freeway signs. It may take hours before you see a road sign and discover you have made a wrong turn, and hours to correct it. A compass helps.

As for traveling necessities, travel light. Invest in a loose-knit football-type jersey—which you can wear or use for everything from a pillow to straining water. You should wear pants with plenty of room (and, if you're a guy, wear a jockstrap). Also essential is a hat, sun visor or sunglasses. If you're going on a tour that will last longer than a day, you'll want to look into more sophisticated survival gear—water bottle, tire pump, perhaps a helmet, toe clips and various sprockets chosen for the terrain you'll be riding through.

If you're camping, you'll want a two-person pup tent: one of the nylon versions about the size of a football and weighing

about seven pounds. Likewise go for a lightweight sleeping bag and a half-size inflatable mat—a luxury bordering on necessity. Bring one extra pair of socks and underwear, a T-shirt, and a windbreaker or coat that can be rolled up tightly to be used as a pillow. Also, a mess kit, matches, a penlight, a knife and definitely, absolutely, bug repellent, the item most campers complain they forget to bring.

To carry this stuff you'll need a carrier rack, available for about \$5. Get two or three strong shock cords at about \$2 each. Wrap your clothes and personal items inside the windbreaker or coat so that it makes a rolled pack, like the tent and sleeping bag. Lay these across the carrier rack like a stack of logs and attach with shock cords to the seat and the rack and you are ready to roll. Some bikers put out \$30 and up for panniers (saddlebag-type packs), but these are really not necessary unless you are planning a long trip. All of this equipment can be scored in one fell swoop at a bike shop or ordered through bike-equipment catalogs and bike magazines.

Don't forget basic bike tools and a tube-patch kit.

As for your stash: The rule of thumb



is to keep it easily accessible so that if you need to use it or get rid of it in a hurry, you can. If you're worried about being shaken down by cops, carry it on you. It's safer there than in your pack, which they can ask you to open: They have to arrest you to search your person. If you're in really hostile territory, say, biking through Turkey or following the Mississippi River to New Orleans, you'll have to hide it better and only take it out when you know you're safe. A favorite hiding place is in various parts of the tubing, where baggies with strings attached can be secreted and fished out later by pulling the strings.

It helps to make your first tour or two on an established route. Later you can invent your own or explore the thousands of pre-mapped trips offered by bike clubs. If you live on the West Coast, you might think about doing the loop around (or portions thereof) Washington State's Olympic Peninsula, a spectacular ocean-road tour that



you can deviate from to climb into the interior mountains, some of the remotest federal parkland in the continental United States. If you live in the central states, a good trip is Wisconsin's 320-mile Sparta-Elroy bike route, mentioned earlier, which stretches from the Mississippi River to Lake Michigan. The nation's longest continuous bikeway, it runs through some of the Midwest's most beautiful countryside, including a 32-mile stretch on an abandoned railbed that crosses 30 trestles and goes through three mountain tunnels, the longest three-quarters of a mile and pitch-black in the middle (flashlights are requisite). On the East Coast, good starter tours can be found anywhere along the Appalachian Trail, and for a real thrill go to Nova Scotia and take the loop around Cape Breton Island. It is an ideal seven- to ten-day trip through some of the most unspoiled land in North America. And you can buy lobsters along the way for about \$3 apiece.

Trans-America tours are becoming increasingly popular, especially since the opening of the Bikecentennial Trail in 1976. Thousands of people have made the 3,400 mile odyssey, and thousands more are planning it. Seasoned cyclists can make the crossing in 45 to 60 days or less. Loafers averaging only 50 miles a day and taking one day of three off need 90 to 100 days. If you spend two nights a week at motels, you can still make the trip for less than a grand, providing you prepare most of your own meals. If you go coast to coast you'll want to ride from west to east—bucking the prevailing westerly winds is about equivalent to climbing two Everests—and arrange to have a friend send you pre-packed kits along the road, general delivery, containing maps, clothes, money or whatever else you might need each week or so.

In cities the major perils of the road are potholes, traffic and car doors that suddenly swing open in your path. On the open road your worst enemies are 18-wheelers that can blow you off the highway and dogs that feel obliged to snap at your

calves. Dogs can be momentarily distracted by squirting a stinging but harmless lemon juice or ammonia mixture into their eyes from a Realemon squirt container. In farmland areas dog defense is a must.

Bike touring is an excellent way to see Europe and Asia. Not only have bikers been taken into account by highway and city planners there, but drivers treat them as equals on the road. In the United States many drivers feel bikers are infringing on territory exclusive to cars.

If you like to travel with groups, there are virtually thousands of cycle clubs throughout the world that organize tours with everything provided, from hotel reservations to "sag wagons," a kind of accompanying Red Cross station with food, spare parts and room for exhausted cyclists. There are tours designed for every age group and cycling level. Write to the League of American Wheelmen at P.O. Box 988, Baltimore, Md. 21203, or call them at (301) 727-2022; or contact the American Youth Hostels, Inc., at 132 Spring Street, New York, N.Y. 10012, (212) 431-7100, for information. They can also provide help in planning a tour in another country.

Many riders hold to the old adage that he who travels alone travels fastest. It is true high adventure to plan and complete a lengthy, solitary tour. There is little to compare with the freedom of riding through the countryside at your leisure, stopping at particularly striking locations, perhaps reinforcing yourself with a joint, rushing down hills and huffing up the other side. After you loosen up and reach a quiet stretch on the road you will find that you don't even realize you're pedaling; you're just moving through space, bike-tripping along in that lucid frame of mind that exercise and nature generates.

It is a rejuvenating, thrilling experience that may put you in touch with some things that, like the bicycle, have been overlooked these last 50 years.

Pumping Rubber

The United States is not considered much of a threat in international racing circles. While over 850,000 people turned out last year for the finish of the Tour de France, races in the United States rarely draw more than a few hundred people. And while European bike champions are the toast of society—as celebrated as Muhammad Ali is here—most Americans would go blank if asked to name a champion bike racer. In the last Olympics the United States scored its highest ratings ever in the international meet—with a sixth-place finish. Before that they never finished better than tenth.

Things were not always so bad. In 1875 there were more than 600 professional racing cyclists in the United States, many of them national heroes. A.A. Zimmerman broke many world records during the 1890s, a lot of them while still drunk from all-night parties. In 1899 Charlie "Mile-a-Minute" Murphy became the first human to travel 60 miles an hour, covering the distance on his safety bicycle along a boarded-up section of the Long Island Rail Road in 57.8 seconds. It wasn't until 1906 that Barney Oldfield equaled the feat in Henry Ford's 999, coming in two seconds under Murphy's time.

As the bicycle was eclipsed by the automobile, racing disappeared almost entirely, with the exception of club races such as those held by the Amateur Bicycle League of America and some historic races like the annual running at Somerville, New Jersey. Now it appears things have come full cycle.

Today bike racing is one of this country's fastest growing sports. The number of "sanctioned" races alone has jumped by more than 500 in the last ten years. The biggest amateur race, the Red Zinger Bicycle Classic in Colorado, drew an unprecedented 85,000 spectators at last year's race. Established clubs such as the League of American Wheelmen have grown by thousands of members, as has the U.S. Cycling Federation, descendant of the Amateur Bicycle League. Scores of locally organized races have been run, including: the Salem, Massachusetts, Witches Cup; the Butterfly Criterium in Pacific Grove, California; the Concord in



may set new U.S. records there.

Foremost among the new U.S. races is the Red Zinger road race, sponsored by Celestial Seasonings. It is a nine-day, 600-mile invitational race held in five Colorado cities. Open to 80 men and 40 women,

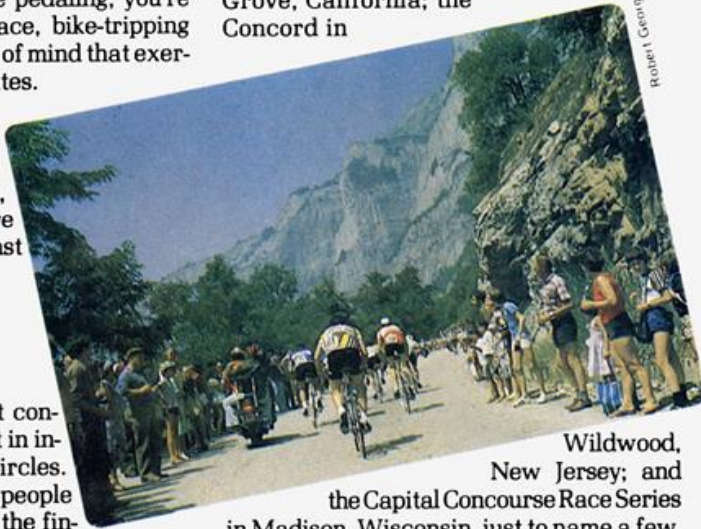
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it is the biggest amateur event of its kind in the world, at least in terms of advertising and prizes, with \$30,000 divided among the winners' clubs. (The winner can't receive the money because of amateur rules.) Many of the participants have compared the mountainous course to the equally peak-punctuated Tour de France.

The U.S. Cycling Federation (USCF), governing body of amateur bicycle racing, each year holds hundreds of local races through its club branches. The toughest contenders in each class then ride in a series that leads to the national championships. This year's races will be held in August in Bisbee, Arizona. The USCF is working closely with the Olympic committee and runs a training camp for Olympic-bound riders. The USCF can be contacted at 1750 East Boulder, Colorado Springs, Colo. 80909, or at (303) 632-5551.

World amateur meets are held at France's Tour de l'Avenir, Britain's Milk Race, the Peace Race in Poland and countless other places. The world amateur championships move each year. Last year's junior race was in Argentina, the senior in Holland. This year the women's championships only will be held in France (there will be no men's championships in this Olympic year).

Though U.S. riders haven't made much of a mark in international competition,



Wildwood, New Jersey; and the Capital Concourse Race Series in Madison, Wisconsin, just to name a few. And of course the famed Little Indy, a non-sanctioned "novice" race.

The United States now even has a legitimate bicycle champion—18-year-old Greg LeMond of Carson City, Nevada. Last year he won the junior-division road races at the amateur World Championships in Argentina, becoming the first American to ever win in that Super Bowl of bike races. LeMond will be riding in the senior division in the 1980 Olympics in Moscow and

coaches and observers alike agree that within the next five years the United States will be in the world running at last. A lot of this optimism stems from the fact that the 1984 Olympics will be held in Los Angeles. California is home to more bike racers than almost all of the other states combined: Of the USCF's close to 10,000 members, more than 4,000 are from California. Several California clubs have already begun training for the event.

As for professional bike racing, the United States has a long, long way to go to catch up with Europe. All of France celebrates the running of the Tour de France, a road festival unlike anything seen here. The French line the racecourse with picnic baskets and wine bottles in hand and watch as a carnival sweeps past them. Between the racers who fly by at loudly hailed intervals come bands, trick bike riders and stunt drivers, clowns and assorted entertainers, political spielsters and trucks whose drivers throw free samples of every product imaginable. The French, who know a fun sport when they see one, carry on like this for almost a month. The Tour de France is the world's biggest single spectator event. The riders in the Tour de France are national celebrities and the winners true cultural heroes.

Many of the contestants are on drugs at various stages in the grueling 28-day race. The big trick is to not get caught in the urine test. To avoid this, most riders are

adept at faking the test, and French officials rarely notice it. Sometimes they do though, as in the case of 1978 winner Michel Pollentier, who was caught red-handed turning in a flask of doctored urine. "I don't understand," he complained later. "I've always used the same rubber apparatus and nothing has ever happened."

Speed, coke, anabolic steroids and similar picker-uppers are the favorites, though some favor barbiturates as painkillers. Five-time Tour winner Jacques Anquetil

Many of the racers are on drugs at various stages in the grueling 28-day Tour de France. Speed, coke, anabolic steroids and similar picker-uppers are the favorites.

from Belgium, one of the world's greatest living racers, scorns the word *dope*. "I do not wish to hear spoken the word *dope*. One must say rather 'treating yourself.' All the racers try to cheat or avoid the controls. They know very well they cannot compete in the Tour de France on mineral water alone."

You can get all the racing information you need from *Velo News*, termed

by some the "bike racer's bible." It has all the scoops on races, hot prospects and bike-industry breakthroughs. Write Box 1257, Brattleboro, Vt. 05301 and include \$12 for 18 issues or a buck for one.

Wheeling and Dealing

Buying a bicycle is somewhat more complex than buying jogging shoes; more complex, some would say, than buying a car. As everyone learns, you've got to be very careful in choosing what to put between your legs.

When you go shopping, make sure that the salesperson with whom you're dealing is an expert, and not simply a nine-to-five salesclerk. The base length, handlebar height and seat positioning can make the crucial difference in how your muscles function while you ride and how they feel the next day. If you're buying a bike from a catalog or putting it together yourself, check one of the many bike books that include rules of thumb (e.g., the seat should be positioned so that one toe, but not two, can just touch the ground). Eventually you will make adjustments until your bike fits you like your clothes.

The best all-around bike is the basic ten-speed. The biggest U.S. seller for the past decade, the ten-speed race bike or tour bike affords maximum operation and minimal com-





Steven Klein

fort. Older folks, kids, invalids and cautious types might want to stick with the older, balloon-tire, disc-brake models that are slower, stabler and softer on the bumps. A ten-speed will enable you to easily ride 20 miles a day and navigate tough hills.

Expect to pay at least \$160 for a new bike. You can get bikes for less, but you'll get them with solid-welded frames instead of double-buttressed frames. For anyone over 60 pounds the solid-welded frames can be dangerous. Many respectable bike shops do not stock them for this reason.

In the \$160-\$175 price range you'll find scores of models of bicycles. Most of them are Japanese and American models, and whereas the former are usually to be trusted, there are many who feel that American bikes, among all those in the world, are markedly inferior. The venerable Schwinn is an exception, and its Continental model at about \$175 is comparable to most in that price range, though it is a pound or two heavier than other brands. As for Japan-made models, both Nishiki and Sekai peddle a good \$175 bike. Best all-around deal would seem to be the French-built Motobecane Nomad at around \$170, rapidly becoming one of the most popular imports in the United States. Another consumer favorite is the Italian-built Atala Grand Prix. Bike prices tend to vary widely, and the Grand Prix is sold around the New York area at prices ranging from \$159 all the way to \$275. Obviously, shopping around pays.

A cut above these bicycles are those costing from \$175 to \$300. This is your best price range. If you can spend \$250, you can buy yourself a bike that will take you coast to coast assured that the front wheel won't

Base length, handlebar height and seat positioning can make the crucial difference in how your muscles function while you ride and how they feel the next day.

fly off when you hit a bump at 40 miles an hour. An exceptionally good buy is the English-made Dawes line, priced at about \$225. It comes with the much-touted Reynolds 531 tubing frame (usually not seen on models priced at less than \$350), and one of the best commercial frames available. In this same class are the flashy French Motobecane models, Peugeot's UO8 and, at about \$300, the popular Fuji S12S.

The key to a bike's value, and usually its price, is its components. After a point most bike buffs build their own bikes, like stereo freaks, looking for that perfect feel. Among commercially built bikes there is usually very little difference at the wholesale level among bikes of the same general price. A bike's single big selling feature may be the inclusion of a quality component unavailable in its competitors—Weinmann brakes, perhaps, or Michelin tires. If you want to build a bike, Campagnolo of Italy is the undisputed quality component king, and the finest bikes sport "Campy" derailleurs, brakes, wheels, cranksets, pedals, seat posts and drop-outs. The two best commercial frame builders are Reynolds and Columbus. Cinelli has a firm grip on the handlebar and stem market, while

the best chains and freewheels are built by Regina and Maillard. There is a wide selection of good seats. A custom bike like this costs from \$800 to \$1300.

At around \$500 you'll find commercial bikes like Motobecane's Grand Record with a few such quality components. A great buy in this range is the Raleigh Competition. Peugeot checks in with a winner here too in its PX-10 racer.

From here on up in price most commercial bikes are racers. That is, they are built specifically for speed and sacrifice what little comfort the basic ten-speed provides. They usually have a shorter wheelbase and the angle of the seat tube is more vertical; the frame is more rigid so as to convert more energy to the wheel, and the gear ratio is generally stiffer than those found on touring bikes. Racers have tighter couplings, lightweight titanium, aluminum or alloy parts and extreme responsiveness. They are not what you'd want on a tour where you may ride up to 175 miles a day, but their quickness and lightness make them ideal for the serious city cyclist who doesn't own a car. An exception is in New York, where the crater-filled streets require a touring bike's resilience.

"Bicycle" Joe Avalos, owner of the Dade Cycle Shop in Miami, one of the country's biggest and best pro and amateur bike shops, says that the difference between bikes in this category "is the difference between a Maserati and a Ferrari." Bikes are built on frames by the master frame builders, almost all Italian and French, though Japan, Belgium, Switzerland, England and even the United States have their own master frame builders. The names that dominate the bikes ridden to victory in

the Tour de France and Champion de Monde are Cinelli, Flandria, Zitane, Guerciotti, Colnago, Masi and a few others. The Cinelli Super Corsa off the showroom floor in Conrad Weiss's bike shop (Conrad's) in New York City is a clean two grand. And Panasonic has an experimental model that will soon be commercial at \$2,500.

Though these bikes can be purchased off the floor, anyone with that kind of bucks would be foolish not to buy a custom-fitted bike. After measurements there is a six-to-eight-week wait while the frame is built; then measurements are taken again for the rest of the parts. It is truly a personal bike, and carries the price tag.

Weird Wheels

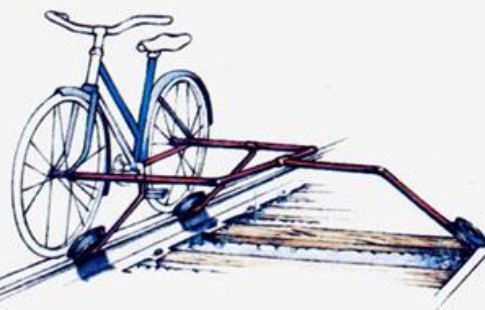
The bicycle has fascinated some of the greatest technological minds in the Western world. Thomas Edison, Henry Ford, the Wright brothers and even George Bernard Shaw have taken a shot at improving its basic design. Here's what some of today's bicycle engineers are working on.

The recumbent bike: The brainchild of Steve Reddick of Indiana, the recumbent bike was conceived when Reddick realized that if the rider was situated in a sitting position with his back braced, he could exert more pedal pressure. He designed such a machine and is now showing it around. Ultimately, Reddick claims, such a bike could be used as a highway vehicle. Actually a tricycle, it resembles a slingshot covered with a bubble-top, airflow frame. With high gears and the back-pressure technique, Reddick claims such a trike can cruise from 50 to 60 mph on flat terrain from pedal power alone. A breathtaking scheme, but one that gained credibility



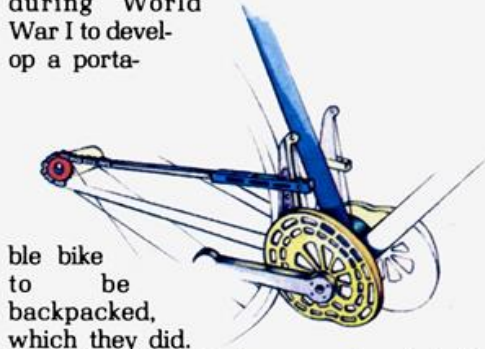
when Peugeot experimented in 1977 with an airflow frame that they claimed increased performance through lowered wind resistance. Either the back-pressure pedal technique or the airflow frame could end up revolutionizing the bicycle as we know it. Tests and development are going on now.

The rail bike: Several modern inventors have claimed title as the first to come up with a bicycle that could ride on existing railroad tracks; but, actually, it seems to have been tried almost a century ago as a spin-off of the railroad handcar. An inventor recently developed a bike with wheels that clamp over one rail with a balancing third wheel attached to the opposite rail, but the contraption was too unwieldy and created too much drag for effect. If someone does develop a good, workable rail bike, it will sell briskly, even if the railroads refuse to let the bikers on the tracks. It would be impossible to police the tens of



thousands of miles of unused track in the United States, and as anyone who has ridden on one will testify, there is no better biking than on railways. They avoid cities, are surrounded by the bountiful space granted them by the government over a century ago and, best of all, are engineered to a maximum 7 percent grade since most trains can't pull their weight on inclines greater than that. In Colorado there is a rail-bike club that rides on abandoned tracks from the gold-rush days.

The transcontinental pocket bike: Again, the notion of portable bikes is nothing new. France, a country that has contributed more than any other to bicycle design and culture, commissioned its army during World War I to develop a porta-



ble bike to be backpacked, which they did.

It weighed about twice as much as today's ten-speeds, and the soldiers were understandably unenthusiastic.

Probably the best contemporary design is that of Brian Wolfgang of Silkeborg, Denmark, who rode his bicycle from there to HIGH TIMES offices in New York (he took a steamer across the Atlantic) and then on to San Francisco. Resembling a trail bike, it had twin sprockets with six gears, a double-diamond frame of his own design and a trailing rickshaw-type carrier that held 70 pounds of gear. If the going got too tough, the wheels, handlebars, seat and carrier could be removed,



stacked and fastened on the frame and carried on the back—truly an effective and portable design. Wolfgang will probably be heard from again in the world of bicycle engineering.

The rotating cam driveshaft: First appearing in news stories a few years ago, the rotating cam driveshaft has since pretty much proven to be a flop. The idea was to gear the rotation pressure highest at the point of peak pedal pressure. It works well on paper but produces an erratic, shuddering effect in reality.

The battery bike: On sale now in New York City at Steve Stollman's Hammer and Xycle Shop (49 East Houston Street, New York, N.Y. 10012, (212) 925-7146), the battery bike is actually an offshoot of the bicycle and the moped. Mopeds, which zoomed to prominence in U.S. cities a couple of years ago after having firmly established themselves in Europe, utilize a tiny gas engine that can be turned off to allow a switch to pedal power. The battery bike has an electrically powered rotor



that, when engaged, turns the front wheel. The catch is the weight of the battery and the need for recharging every 100 miles or so. But, as Stollman and other

proponents of battery

bikes are quick to point out, power-cell technology is making rapid advances. Just last September General Motors announced a revolutionary breakthrough in power-cell development that will enable them to produce a practical battery-powered car within a few years. No doubt this will influence the future of the battery bike.

Bike sails and water bikes: A bike sail is just what it says: a sail that attaches to your bike so that you can utilize wind power. You've got to be a real glutton for punishment to toy around with these things—they topple you as often as small sailboats go over, but with a much harder landing. The only place they have a legitimate use is on salt flats and dry lake beds where you can make the necessary sharp turns occasioned by wind shifts. On a road they are truly dangerous. A bike helmet is an absolute must.

The water bike: is simply a bike with a set of pontoons and a waterwheel attachment that fits onto the rear wheel. A novelty item, it might have some use for crossing rivers but needs a separate car to carry it, which more or less defeats the purpose. ☐



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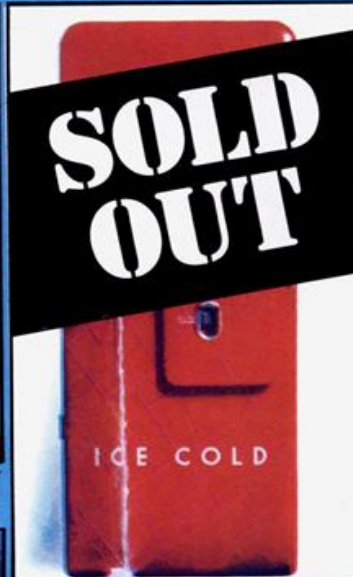
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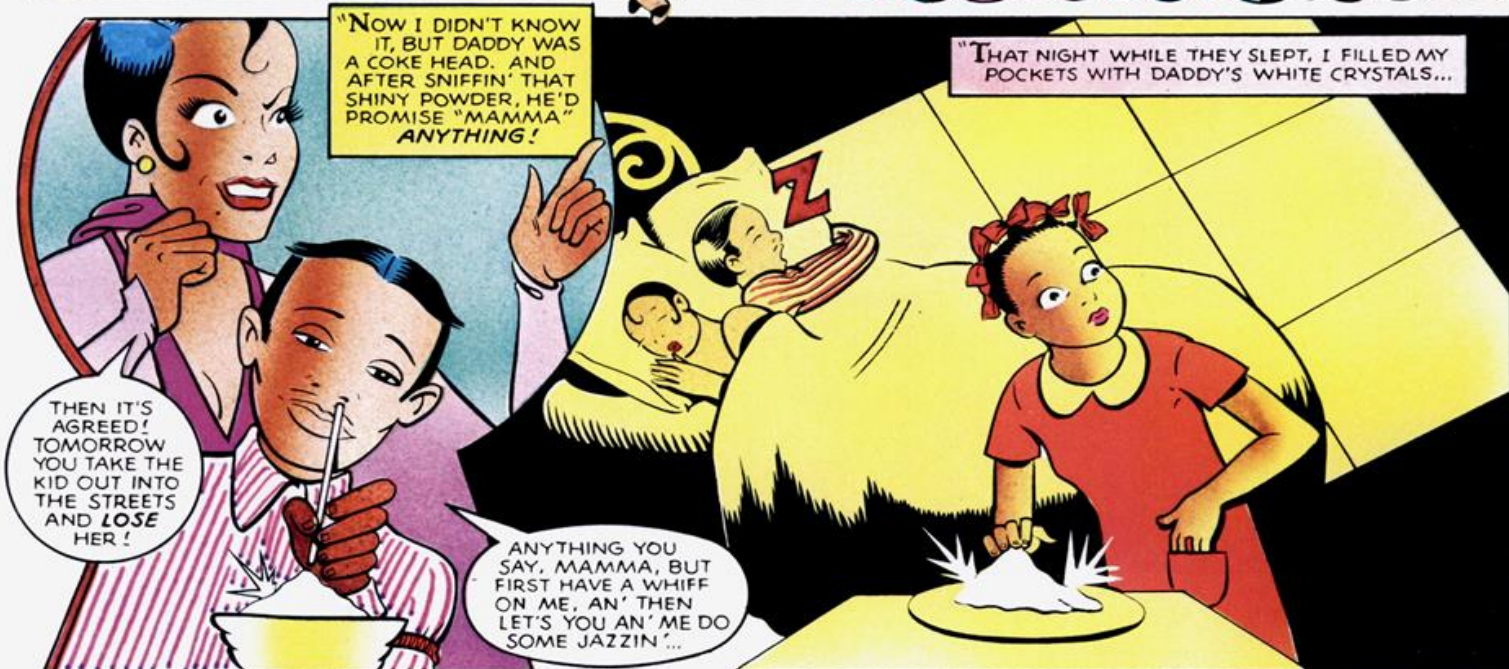
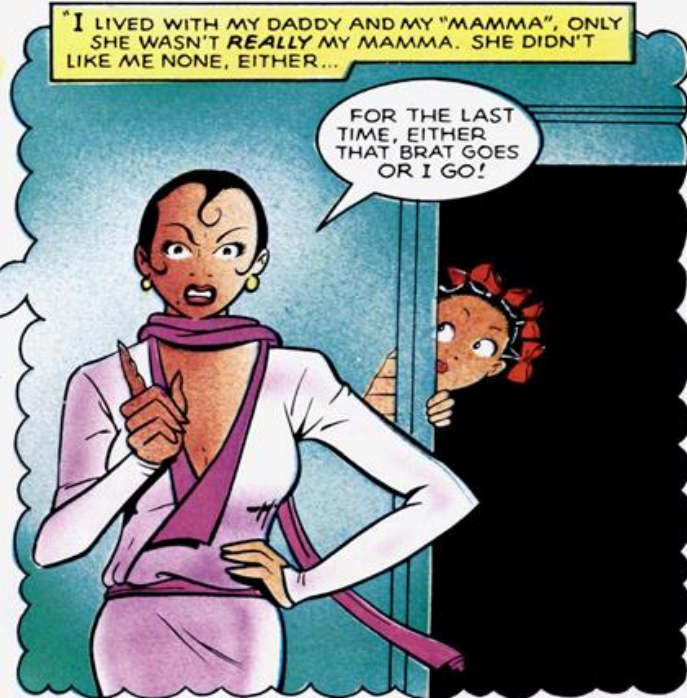
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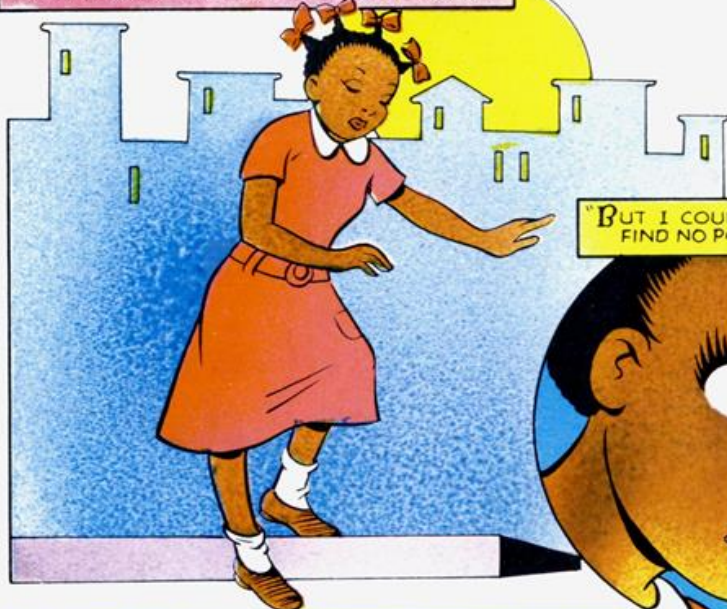


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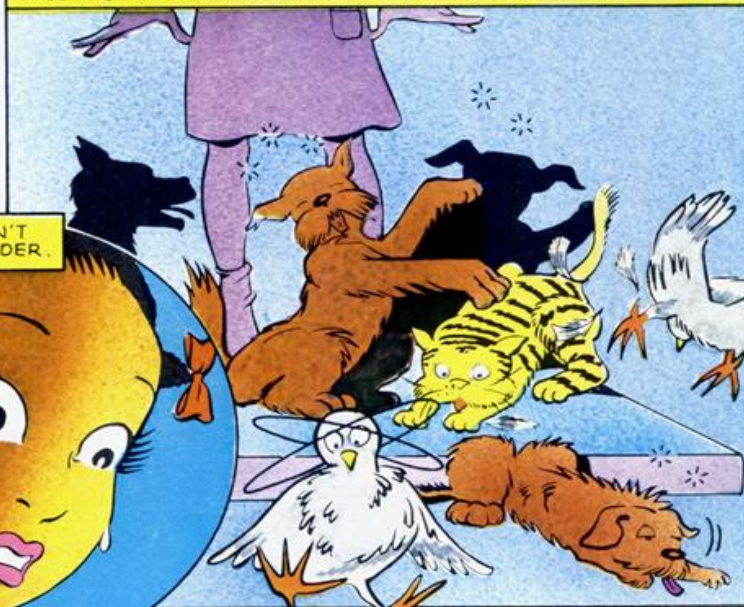


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BUT I COULDN'T FIND NO POWDER.

ALL I COULD FIND WAS A BUNCH A REAL CRAZY ALLEY CATS AN' PIGEONS AN' STRAY DOGS, ALL OF 'EM HIGH AS A KITE!



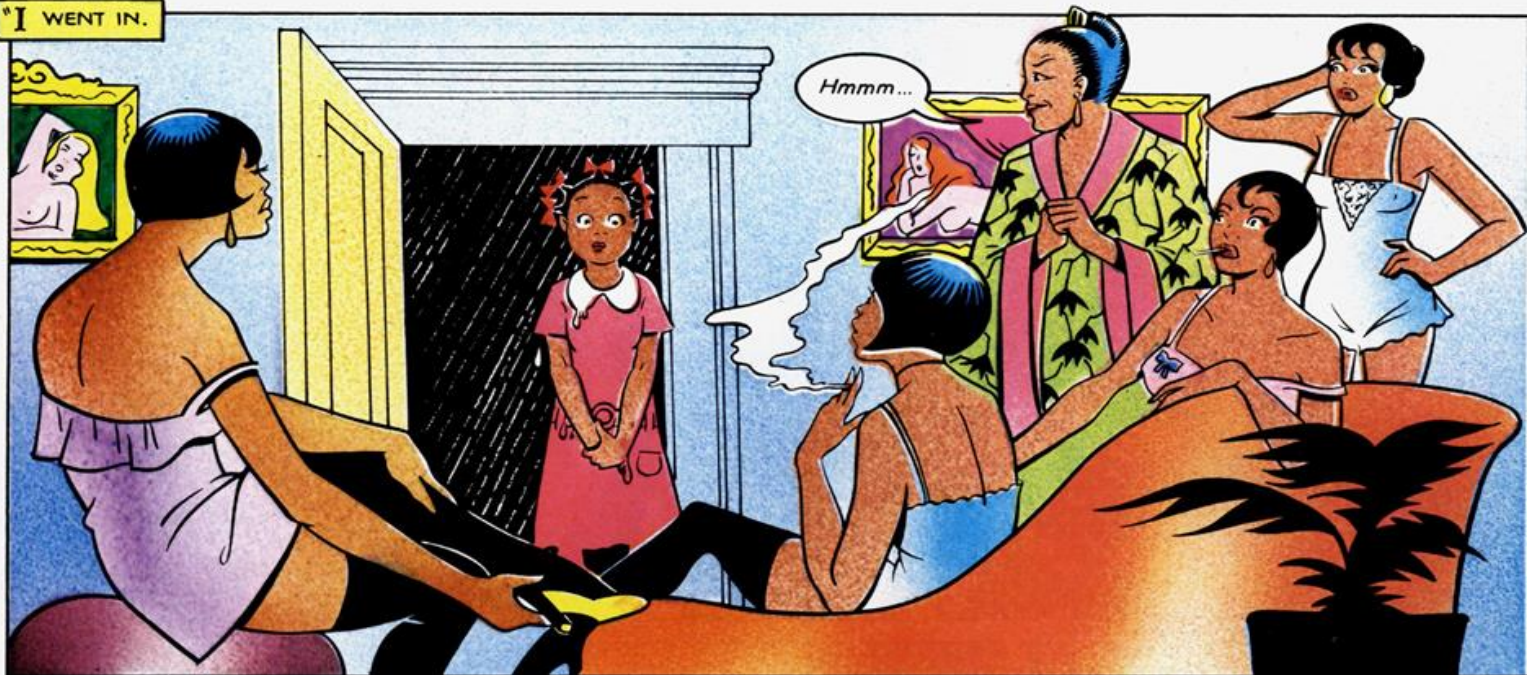
I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT TO DO, SO I WANDERED THROUGH THE STREETS. NONE OF 'EM LOOKED FAMILIAR. IT STARTED RAININ' AN' I WAS WET AN' COLD AN' HUNGRY.



SUDDENLY I SAW A GINGERBREAD HOUSE!



"I WENT IN."

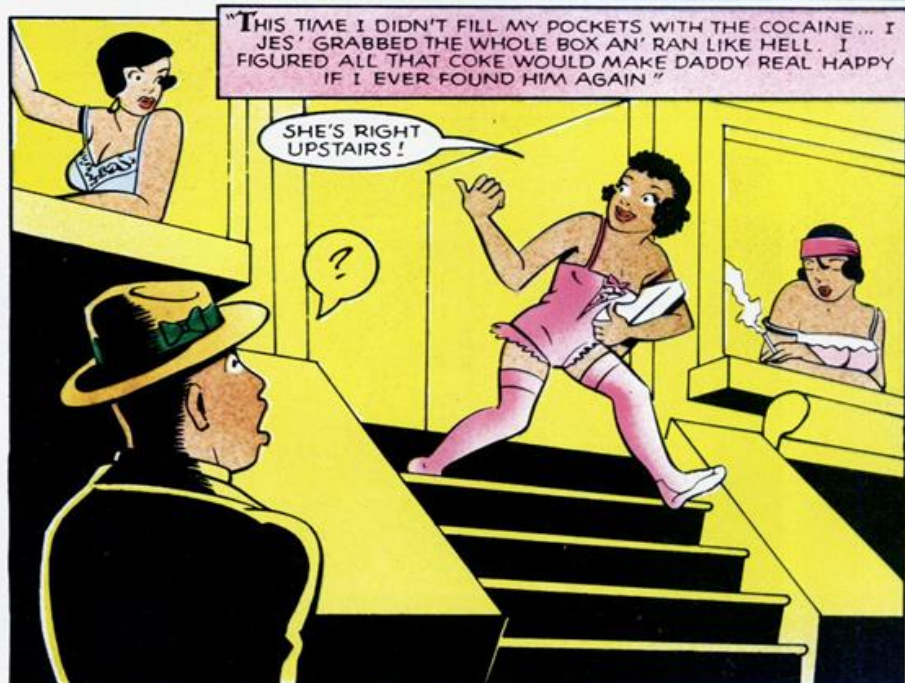


"THE OTHER GIRLS WAS REAL NICE TO ME."



"I SOON FOUND OUT THAT MADAME HAD A HABIT TOO, JES' LIKE MY DADDY."







E PLURIBUS PINHEAD

THE ZIPPY CAMPAIGN / PART 2.

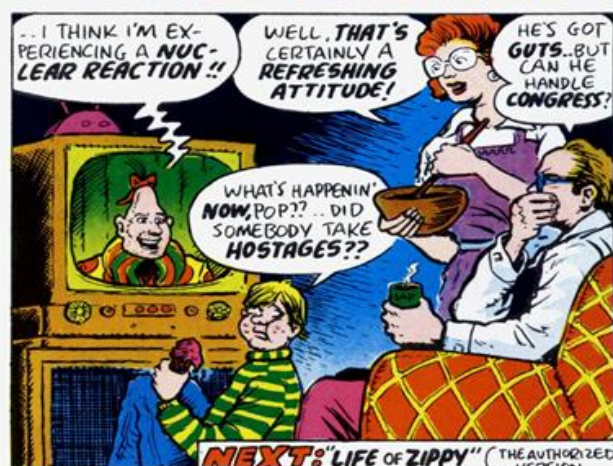
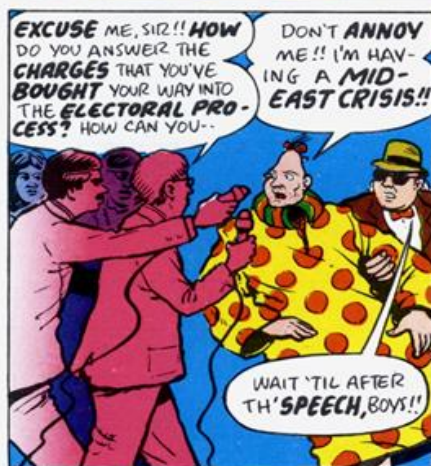
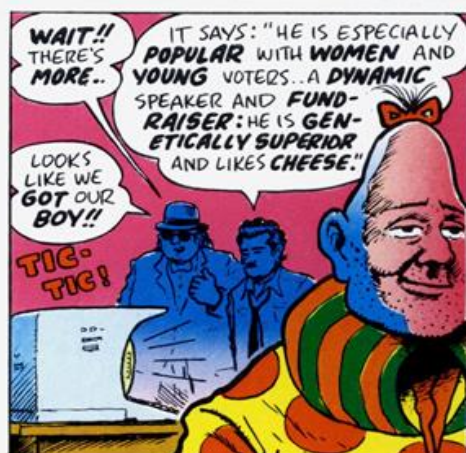
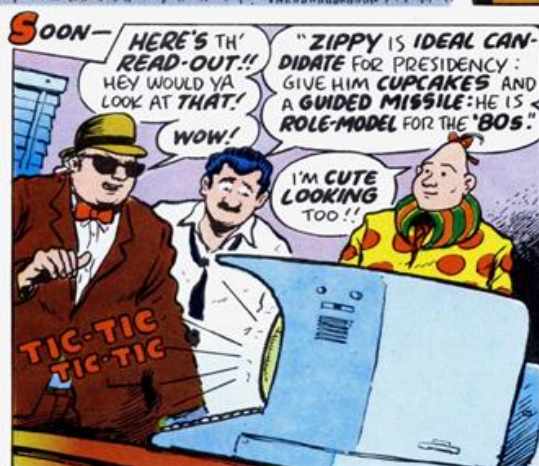
IN THE PLUSH OFFICES OF MEDIA-MOLD, INC. HIGH ABOVE THE STREETS OF MIDTOWN MANHATTAN, POWER-BROKER JASPER SKINNER IS PUTTING ZIPPY THRU THE COMPUTER TO SEE IF HE'S "PRESIDENTIAL TIMBER".

I KNOW IT SOUNDS CRAZY, MANNY!! BUT, BASED ON A RANDOM SAMPLING AT DIZZY'S LOUNGE HE CAME UP "VIABLE"!

WELL, OK... LET'S PUNCH HIM IN-- WE GOTTA FIND A CANDIDATE BY THURSDAY!!

I HEREBY ORDER CUBAN TROOPS TO THE WHITE HOUSE FOR PASSOVER... THEY HAVE TO WEAR DESIGNER JEANS AND SPIKE HEELS!!!

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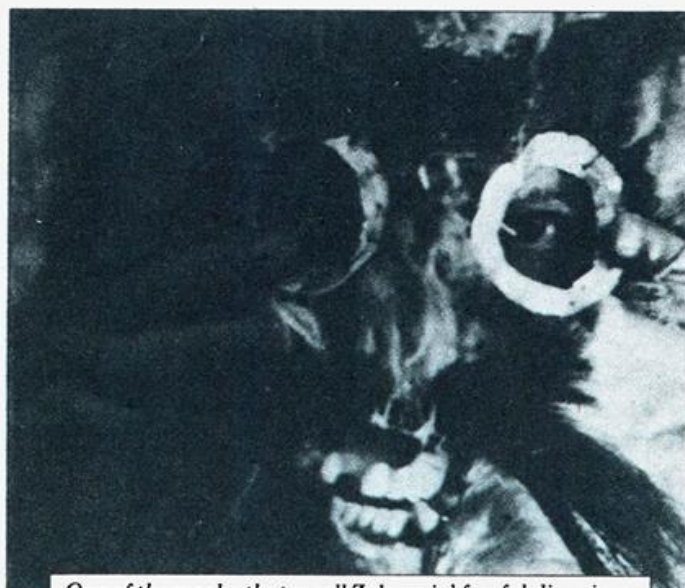
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THE POLARIS

To millions of people living in the Balkan peninsula, the name Zalmoxis is spoken in furtive whispers accompanied by a protective hand-delineated sign of the cross. Zalmoxis: neolithic god of hurricanes, hero to the slaves of ancient Crotona, legendary king and healer of the tribes north of the Danube River, the shadowy spirit of the mountain bear and a source of werewolf lore. Who was this mystical person and why is his influence still so strong?

Some legends hold that Zalmoxis came to earth aboard a spaceship shaped like a half-moon, and others note that he lived for 700 years. But most accounts treat Zalmoxis as a human being who achieved mythological stature in the minds of his followers.

Zalmoxis slept here: Near the Rumanian monastery of Hurezu is a cave known as Bistrita, at whose altar Zalmoxis is still worshiped. The passing centuries have seen layers of Christian murals and much graffiti added to the cave walls.



One of the masks that recall Zalmoxis' fearful disguises.

Zalmoxis —The Forbidden God of the Balkans

by Valery Oisteanu

Greek tales describe Zalmoxis as a slave belonging to Pythagoras. He led an unsuccessful revolt of fellow slaves, but Pythagoras was so impressed by his intelligence that he set him free. Plato describes Zalmoxis' journey from Crotona to Trachia, a hilly region in Rumania, where he lived (or hid, according to some) for three years in a subterranean temple named Sarmisegetuza. Here he disguised himself by wearing the fur of a bear or wolf, and he attracted followers by dint of his miraculous healing powers, according to a story that Plato attributes to Socrates. It is said Zalmoxis used burning cannabis for fumigation to cure diseases, a ritual still performed in Transylvania and Moldavia. He used the knowledge of astronomy learned from Pythagoras to predict the weather and was considered an oracle.

Cults that worshiped this mysterious mountain man began to flourish. He was ascribed

the kingdoms of the sky, the sun and the hills. Spirits of the dead were said to ascend to Zalmoxis via incineration. According to Herodotus, one related tribal rite involved choosing a messenger every four years and instructing him in the aspirations of the tribe. The messenger would then be tossed into the air above three raised spears. If he landed and was impaled upon the spears it signified that his soul was clean and he had been received by Zalmoxis. If the messenger missed the spears he was considered unclean and condemned to life, and the tribe would choose another messenger.

Today, the spirit of Zalmoxis is still worshiped in 25 regions in Rumania. Followers number in the thousands and can be divided into two categories, urban and primitive. The sophisticated urban occultist collects masks, legends and folk remedies, as well as the ancient symbols of the snake and the double ax that are found on tomb-

stones and relate to Zalmoxis' control of thunder and lightning. Primitive followers practice annual spring rites that require dressing up in bear and wolf skins. The "bear dance" signifying fertility, sex and returning from the dead is performed as a promenade in the middle of the village, with all the dancers chained, to seek out unmarried females. Another rite involves dapping around a fire, sacrificing goats and sheep and drinking a vile alcohol distilled from grain and wood.

The caves that Zalmoxis is said to have visited still draw the curious and the faithful, but to the majority of those familiar with his name, Zalmoxis is a pagan evil that is frowned upon by both church and state. Meanwhile, in a cemetery in northern Transylvania, the shorn trunks of pine trees are thrust into burial mounds, guarding the corpses. In these forests of the dead, the spirit of Zalmoxis is said to travel unobstructed.

The rites of spring as performed by Zalmoxis' present-day followers dressed here in bearskins.



New Reports of Bizarre Experiments:

The CIA Tried to Contact Dead Agents

by Martin Lee

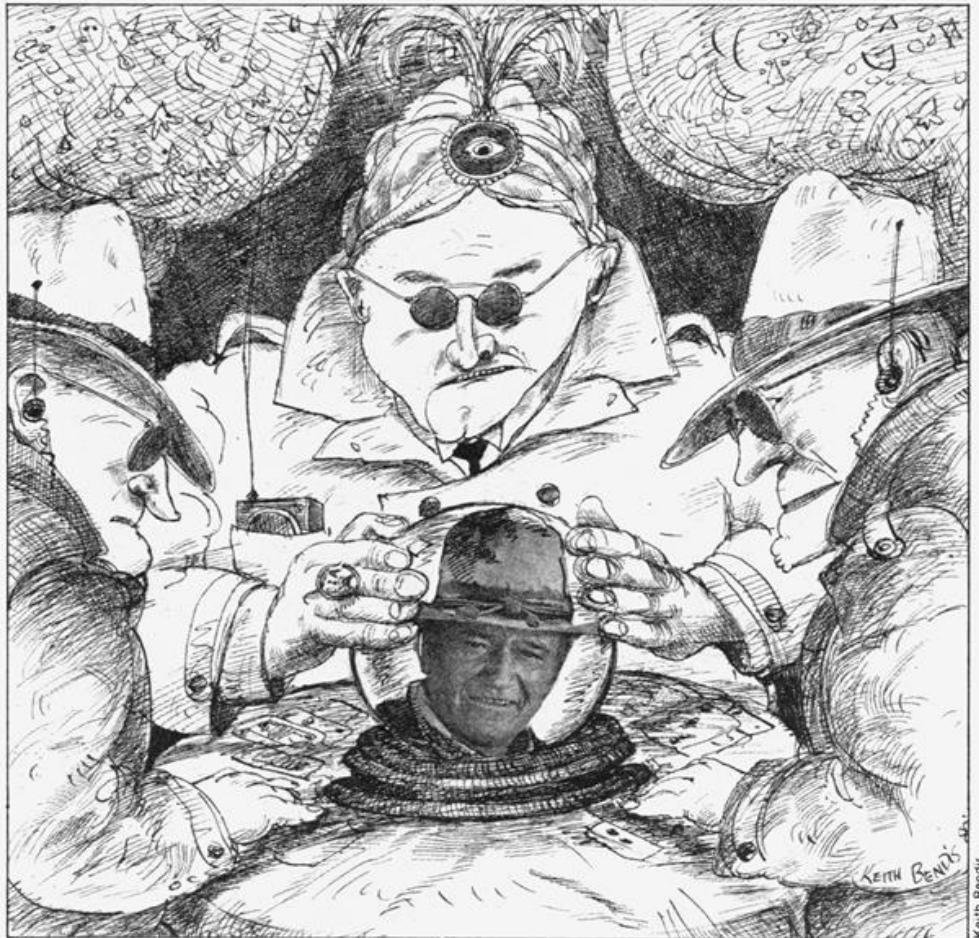
During the late 1960s, the Central Intelligence Agency experimented with mediums in an effort to contact dead agents. These attempts, according to former high-ranking CIA official Victor Marchetti, were part of a larger effort to harness psychic powers for various intelligence-related missions that included utilizing clairvoyants to divine the intentions of Kremlin leadership.

CIA documents recently released to *HIGH TIMES* indicate that the agency's interest in parapsychological phenomena dates back to the late 1940s. A handwritten memo from this period suggests that "hypnotists and telepathists" be contacted as professional consultants on an exploratory basis. A document dated April 4, 1950, describes a successful ESP demonstration wherein a young female employee was placed in a light hypnotic trance and then proceeded to describe accurately a scene in the life of another CIA operative as he held her hand.

While parapsychology has long been ridiculed by the scientific establishment, the CIA apparently has always seriously entertained the possibility that such phenomena might be highly significant for the cloak-and-dagger trade. The agency hypothesized that if a number of people in the United States were found to have a high ESP capacity, such talent could be assigned to specific intelligence problems.

By 1952, the CIA initiated an extensive program involving "the search for and development of exceptionally gifted individuals who can approximate perfect success in ESP performance." In an effort to locate such people, the CIA's Office of Security was urged to follow "all leads on individuals reported to have true clairvoyant powers" so as to be able to subject their claims to "rigorous scientific investigation."

Along this line, the CIA began infiltrating



séances and occult gatherings. A memorandum dated April 9, 1953, refers to a domestic—and therefore illegal—operation that required the "planting of a very specialized observer" at a séance in order to obtain "a broad surveillance of all individuals attending the

meetings."

The CIA's early preoccupation with parapsychological phenomena included a project to develop techniques whereby the ESP powers of a group of psychics could be used "to produce factual information that could not be obtained in any other way." As one CIA scientist put it, if it were possible to "identify the thought of another person several hundred miles away the adaptation to the practical requirements for obtaining secret information should not give serious difficulty." Moreover, he added, "everything that adds anything to our understanding of what is taking place in ESP is likely to give us advantage in the problem of use and control."

Other subjects of CIA interest included whether or not ESP capacities are affected by various drugs. A survey of the technical literature indicated that ESP decreased under the influence of barbiturates, but was restored by caffeine. The agency also conducted studies on the question of extrasensory perception in animals.

By the early 1960s, the CIA's parapsychological experiments were incorporated into the top-secret MKULTRA program. The ESP experiments continued after MKULTRA was terminated in the mid 1960s and are still being conducted at the present time, although agency officials refuse to comment on the exact nature of this research.



Grubbing down the campaign trail: This season's presidential hopefuls are leaving no constituency to chance, as California's Democratic governor Jerry Brown woos the gays and Republican hopeful Ronald Reagan courts the drunk vote.

Faith Healers and Father Confessors Plot 20-Year Conversion Binge

PALO ALTO, CALIFORNIA—Organized religions, suddenly finding it surprisingly easy to work together, are engaged in a major campaign through which they hope to reach out and snag a majority of the 70 million "unchurched" Americans by the year 2000. In the first-ever convocation of its kind, robed and collared Catholic priests recently met at Stanford University here with snake-handling, faith-healing "charismatic" preachers from Southern Protestant sects to work out strategies that will help them cope with what they see as a woefully "secularized" society.

"I believe we are at the outset of a new age of church growth," jubilated minister Robert Schuller of the Reformed Protestant sect, "the age of mission." Although Gallup polls annually report that nearly half of all Americans go to church every Sunday (and Schuller's congregation in Garden Grove, California, will soon move into a multimillion-dollar "Crystal Cathedral"), all the clergy at the National Convocation of Christian Leaders affirmed that they had higher hopes than ever of drawing new sheep into their diverse folds in the years ahead.

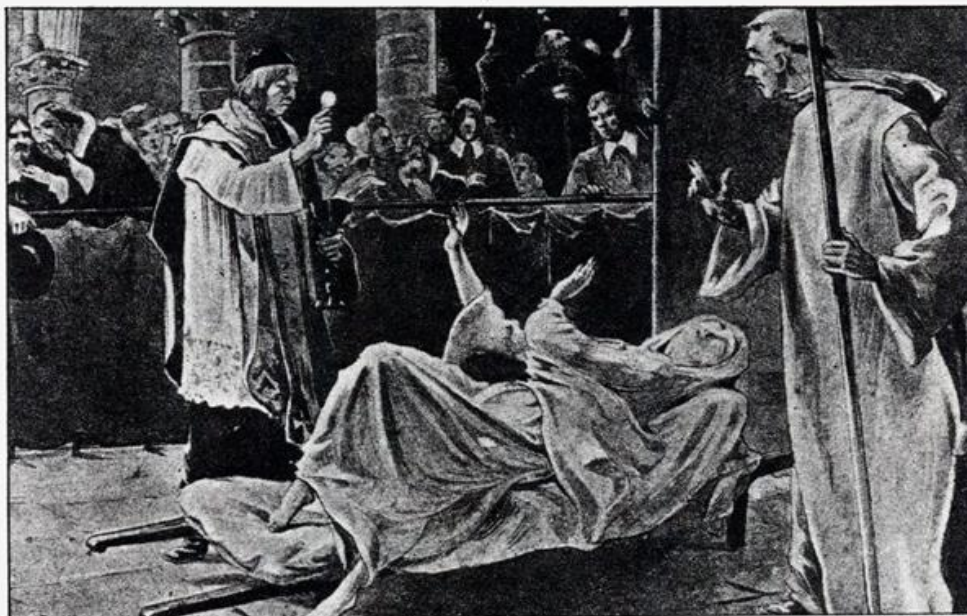
Schuller has envisioned an epochal renaissance of Christian belief that is veritably apocalyptic in scope. The period from around 1520—when Martin Luther and John Calvin began criticizing traditional Christian beliefs and getting off unburned—and the present has been the "reactionary age," says Schuller. Now that the 500-year epoch is nearly up, the period 1980-2000 should witness a phenomenon of spiritual retrenchment as dramatic and revolutionary as the Protestant Reformation was.

This illumination, if a trifle grandiose, was not likely to be challenged by a lot of more traditionalist clergy. Catholic catechist Christiane Brusselmans, though, expressed a rather more humanist analysis of the forces

behind the hoped-for national reawakening: "If you want to become a member of a Christian church today," Brusselmans pointed out, "you almost make a commitment to become a counterculture person, when you think of the secular and materialistic environment around us."

Disenchantment with American materialism and its acquisitive, competitive values may in fact make church a relatively laid-back, nonthreatening place for folks to get together, reports the Reverend Kenneth Chafin, who runs the South Main Baptist Church in Houston. Credited with operating "the most successful" church in the United States, Chafin has lately put on a drive to garner a "singles" congregation. To his surprise, he wound up with some 3,000 divorced or widowed people ("and 85 percent had never been in our parking lot before"), obviously seeking human companionship along with their spiritual succor. The reverend allowed to the Stanford clergy that initially he'd had to repress a traditional inclination to seek out and condemn the technical "adulterers" among his new flock and contrast them unfavorably to the technically "virtuous"; but once this niggling point of clerical judgment had been expediently overlooked, the Houston "singles" congregation took off like a rocket.

Protestants and Catholics alike at Stanford agreed that "outreach" ministries, with clergy and layfolk vigorously seeking to convert their unchurched neighbors, were decidedly the wave of the future, if not the present. However, they never did quite settle on the proper construction of one critical term: While the Protestants were eager to set out and start "evangelizing," the Catholics (who have always considered such medicine-show tactics a little beneath their dignity) would prefer to tastefully engage in "evangelization."



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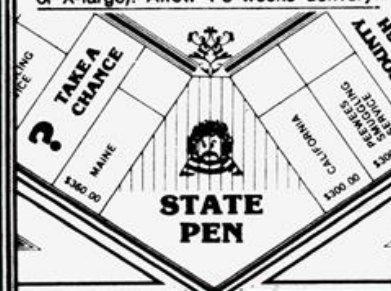
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Dracula is Alive and Well . . . in Colombia!

by Segundo Sombra

SANTA ROSA DE CABAL, COLOMBIA—A sinister shadow is hovering over this small country in Risaralda, one of Colombia's coffee provinces. It isn't the military cracking down on leftists, the Department of Administrative Security collecting their usual "taxes" or the mafias settling their internal disputes through armed force. Of all evils, Colombia seems to have been struck now by none other than the legendary Count Vlad Dracula of Transylvania, in the updated form of local mysterious "human vampires" that have attacked several townspeople late at night to extract—you guessed it—their blood.

The case of Javier López was widely reported in the local press. When he was walking late at night toward his home in Santa Rosa, he was suddenly attacked by a gang of pseudovampires who extracted 70 percent of his blood with hypodermic needles. Yet López is only one of the unfortunate recent victims of "vampirism." Besides Santa Rosa, similar cases surfaced in Manizales, Dosquebradas, Pereira and Armenia.

The case of Dimas Hurtado, a worker from Armenia, is particularly gory. Like a charac-

ter in an old gothic flick, the man was walking close to the cemetery of San Esteban late at night when he was ambushed by a gang of "human vampires." Forcing him to a nearby vault, they proceeded to extract two quarts



"Santa Marta gold? Ha! Try Risaralda red!"

of his blood. Semiconscious, the man reached the nearest street, where he was found by some neighbors who rushed him to the hospital for an emergency blood transfusion. Hours later, two women were attacked under similar circumstances.

The "vampire" wave has attracted considerable publicity here, to the point that one of the stories appeared on the staid front page of Bogotá's respectable daily newspaper *El Tiempo*. Jaime Peralta, an Armenian official, was quoted as saying that "we are facing a truly alarming situation, for it seems that [the vampires] are sick people who, with a very empirical approach and putting in practice a very backwards form of medicine, are trying to find in their victims the blood they need for their own necessities." And yet, as *El Tiempo* pointed out, there might be another reason for the current wave of vampirism. "It's neither a myth nor a fantasy nor science fiction nor a 'Chinese story,'" said the Bogotá paper. "In Santa Rosa de Cabal, as in the villages of Cluj, Bistrita and Paso Borgo, vampires of flesh and bone exist, who penetrate with their teeth or needles and then escape. Not to castles or monasteries but to pirate hospitals where they sell the bottles of blood for the miserable amount of 120 pesos (\$3)." So, in a country that has institutionalized almost every kind of possible illegal contraband, human blood has just been added to the list.

Shards of Empire Still Cling to Britain—or Anyone

NEVIS ISLAND, ST. KITTS—Leaders of this Caribbean island's 15,000 inhabitants, newly decolonized by Great Britain, are seeking reabsorption by the United States or Canada. Last year when the British announced their intention to dump all their Caribbean dependencies, they left Nevis in an official political confederation with St. Kitts, and most residents of Nevis want no part of it. "The British minister [Conservative deputy foreign secretary for the commonwealth Nicholas Ridley] was quite frank and made it clear that Britain did not want any more dependencies," says Nevis politico Simon Daniel, "and if the Nevis representatives insist on secession then they would have to go it alone. We will make an arrangement with a meaningful power, but not with St. Kitts."

St. Kitts premier Lee Moore has asked Nevis "not to disappoint our destiny," but St. Kitts has simply not had a great track record with smaller confederates: Some while back, Anguilla seceded from St. Kitts and has managed to remain a commonwealth dependency. The Nevis Reformation Party is now quietly seeking incorporation into the United States or Canada before St. Kitts gains full, formal autonomy.

Britain managed to divest itself last year only of St. Kitts (population 40,000) and Antigua (population 100,000). Though the Conservative Thatcher government is anxious to get out of the Caribbean entirely, the British still hold colonies here in Bermuda, the Turks and Caicos Islands, Montserrat, the Cayman Islands and Anguilla.

Grenada Quells Coup Attempt

ST. GEORGE'S, GRENADA—The fledgling government of Prime Minister Maurice Bishop claims to have narrowly averted a military coup here, with a series of house raids for explosives and a lightning roundup of alleged conspirators. The thwarted takeover plot was set in motion barely eight months after Grenada's new government ousted former prime minister Eric Gairey while he was visiting the United Nations in New York City; Bishop's revolutionary henchmen had termed Gairey a pawn of North American industrialists and reported that in his palace they had discovered a special "voodoo chamber" strewn with crucifixes, witchcraft totems and sacrificed chickens.

Among those rounded up in the latest coup suppression was former Howard University professor Stanley Cyrus, who had helped topple Gairey. Grenada U.N. ambassador Bernard Radix claims that house raids turned up massive quantities of arms and explosives, and evidence that a force of about 100 mercenaries had been scheduled to invade the island from Miami just a few days afterward. The landing of the mercs was to have been coordinated by sabotage fires at army and police headquarters here.

Ambassador Radix added that, given the United States' notorious history of opposition to revolutionary governments in the Caribbean, he suspected Washington of having had a hand in the thwarted coup. Casual



Bishop: Beset by Yank mercenaries.

inquiries into the Florida merc and gun-running scene by *HIGH TIMES*, though, tended to indicate that the botched Grenada operation had been blueprinted and bankrolled by private parties.

Mass Grave Found on Somoza Ranch

MANAGUA, NICARAGUA—The Sandinista army command reports turning up a fifth secret mass grave of bodies, believed to have been murdered and buried by the forces of deposed fascist strongman Anastasio Somoza. The



Somoza: Skeletons in the north forty.

latest grave, full of corpses decomposed beyond recognition, was uncovered on the premises of a ranch formerly belonging to Somoza himself.

Somoza is currently holed up in his Paraguayan estate.

Canada and Germany Compete to Build Argentine Nuke Plant

BUENOS AIRES—The Canadian and West German governments are desperately bidding with each other over who gets the fat construction contract to install Argentina's next nuke plant. President Jorge Rafael Videla, whose paramilitary "death squads" have set a four-year Latin American record for abductions and disappearances of political opponents, has announced plans to put up a 600-megawatt Atcha II nuke complex. The installation would provide the Argentine military regime with plenty of fissionable nuke material; a handsome construction fee would go to whoever gets to put it up.

Since the West Germans enjoy close trade contacts with Argentina dating from the heyday of the Third Reich, the Canadians are starting at a disadvantage. To help things along, Ontario's deputy trade minister Michael Wilson has already promised to vigorously promote heavy Canadian investment in Argentine industry, pledging "complete cooperation" with the newly installed Argentine trade office in Toronto.

However, Argentine economic minister José Martínez de Hoz has been working most closely with Germany's economics chief Otto Graf Lambsdorff. The Germans are said to be making a more expensive bid on behalf of the German Kraftwerk Union but are relying on old Nazi ties to push out Canada's Atomic Energy Ltd.

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Underground Press Forms in People's R

PEKING—"Many foreigners have got us wrong in comparing us to the Soviet dissidents," explains the publisher of the alternative-press *April 5 Forum*. "The Soviet human-rights movement is supported by high-grade intellectuals, while we in China are ordinary workers at the very lowest social level." In fact, publisher Xu Wenli is a railway electrician who runs the *Forum* out of his fourth-floor flat off Baiguang Street in Peking's shabby industrial section, and most of his staff of 20 are factory workers in their early 30s. Yet their range of interests and insights is often conspicuously broader than that of many of the official "intellectual cadres" in the government itself.

One Sunday last summer, for instance, notices went up on Democracy Wall here that an important new issue of the *Forum* was going on sale. When *Forum* staffers bicycled up soon afterward with bundles of copies, they found long queues of interested readers lined up. And what they received (for about a quarter) was a special 100-page edition calling for the development of a two-party political system in China.

Each page of each tract had been hand-printed through silk-screen apparatus that Xu keeps beneath his bed. This is rather more laborious than running off one-shot political

posters for Democracy Wall, which until recently was the sole venue for nonparty political expression, but Xu smiles, "One cannot stand all day in front of wall posters and discuss them."

The *Forum* was the first of Peking's new wave of alternative publications, appearing first in late December 1978, nearly a week before the Central Committee gave forth the first official signs that such activities might be tolerated henceforth. Since then the *Forum* has provocatively (but politely) exposed top-level bureaucratic bungling, reminded the public of past human-rights abuses and called for extensive democratic reforms. The government's only response so far was an awkward visit to Xu's home last spring by cops from the Public Security Bureau. They introduced themselves politely, leafed through the paper's records and asked about people who drop by the office. They haven't come back since.

On the other hand, the government has been exceedingly discreet about giving the *Forum* any recognition: Xu has anxiously offered to pay the proper tax on each issue sold, but can find no official ready to take it. The same is true with the half dozen alternative papers that sprang up last year, so although thousands of first issues and reprints are sold



Democracy Wall has been supplanted by the silk screen.

each Sunday at Democracy Wall, the government doesn't collect a yen in tax money.

Remarks Xu: "When there is only one side—the party and the government—something is lacking. The papers edited by the people can fill the gap. Both sides can mutually inspire and check each other, and can enliven the political scene." And evidently the government currently is thinking along the same lines: "At present there are no repressive

Apartheid Reforms Polarize RSA's Politics

JOHANNESBURG—Prime Minister P.W. Botha's "adapt or die" social reform policy looks likelier to die than not. When Botha succeeded the dishonored John Vorster last year, after the infamous "Muldergate" payoff and cover-up scandal had nearly wrecked the ruling National Party, Botha pushed through Parliament a series of measures aimed at easing some of the policies of the NP's traditional apartheid race-separation campaign.

Blacks—who comprise the vast majority of the RSA's inhabitants, but are denied virtually all citizenship rights by the NP—are now permitted to form and join labor unions, to make business partnerships with whites, Asians and mixed-race "coloreds," and even to engage in some athletic competitions with whites. However, the NP is persisting with its "bantustan" policy, by which "tribal homelands" such as Bophuthatswana and Transkei are accorded technical "independence" from the RSA, with their own black-run capitals and legislatures. These bantustans are geographically fragmented tribal communities, located in undeveloped areas of the country; nearly all able-bodied males are necessarily required to live and work in the cities and mines of the RSA proper, where—being now citizens of an independent nation—they have absolutely no citizenship rights whatsoever, and may be deported en masse to their impoverished homelands should massive civil strife ever flare up again, as in Soweto in 1975.

Thus, Botha's attempts to ease some NP



"Adapt or Die" Botha: Nobody's happy.

apartheid policies are regarded as wholly cosmetic by many English-speaking liberals. The Progressive Federal Party, which has wide support among members of the English-speaking population that makes up 40 per-

cent of the RSA's white minority, is calling for full citizenship for all persons in the RSA under a federated-state system similar to that in the United States.

Most whites in the RSA, though, are Boers who speak Afrikaans, a language evolved from their 17th-century Dutch pioneer forebears. Traditionally hyperconservative, holding to rigid race-separation as a tenet of their Dutch Reform Church, Afrikaners have reacted with something like superstitious horror to Botha's policies.

In fact, many Boers now are rallying behind the deposed information minister, Connie Mulder, who has formed the ultraright National Conservative Party. Mulder ran the agency formerly known as the Bureau of State Security (BOSS, the RSA's equivalent to the U.S. CIA) until early 1978, when a series of major scandals forced his resignation. Under Mulder, secret RSA funds were used to manipulate world opinion toward RSA policies; it was alleged that these funds were used to help finance the election campaigns of U.S. senators S.I. Hayakawa (R., Ca.), and Robert W. Jepsen (R., Iowa). BOSS was in the process of buying the *Sacramento Union* from conservative U.S. media magnate John McGoff when "Muldergate" exploded in the national press. Mulder resigned in disgrace; but now it appears that Botha's minor concessions on apartheid have been sufficient to rehabilitate Mulder in the eyes of the NP's most *verkrampste* (reactionary) voters.

epublic

campaigns under way by the government. If one begins, we should hardly be able to make it through," says Xu.

But the *Forum* takes care lest its humanitarian stance be misinterpreted as part of the new pro-Western fad: "There are many people who do not understand the West and think everything is okay there," warns a writer. "Despite that, the majority of our young people don't want either private redistribution of capital or the return of the big landlords; but no more do they want a new bureaucratic class at the head of our state."

The *Forum* appears only once a month, like the other alternative papers, because the staff is mainly occupied with working six days a week. Despite this, alternative publishers—even some from the provinces—have frequent meetings, which generally involve terrific arguments. And Xu Wenli, whose preference for baggy worker clothes over orthodox Mao-style cadre threads may qualify as an affectation, is beginning to talk like publishers everywhere: "Many people buy us and read us," he frets, "but are not confident enough to take out a subscription."

He also sounds unmistakably like an alternative-press publisher: "When people begin to think independently," Xu speculates, "there will be no more going back."

Red Presence Hurts Angola OPEC Entry

LUANDA, ANGOLA—Although Cuban troops steadfastly guard the Gulf Oil installations off Cabinda in northwest Angola, those same troops will probably be a major block to Angola's admission to OPEC (the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries). Currently Angola exports only some 200,000 barrels of oil per day, but the fields at Cabinda and north along the Congo River are believed to harbor large quantities of crude.

Fighting between various antigovernment guerrillas and federal troops (supplemented by 20,000 Cuban "security advisers") has made expanded oil exploitation unfeasible since the 1976 socialist revolution led by the late Dr. Agostinho Neto. Opposed by guerrilla forces armed and "advised" by the United States and the Republic of South Africa (RSA), Dr. Neto was compelled to ask the Soviet Union for help, and the Soviets soon flooded the country with their own "advisers," along with several Cuban regiments.

Now that the guerrilla movements seem to be petering out—aside from the occasional air strikes by RSA fighter jets, Angola has been relatively peaceful lately—the Luanda government is asking to join OPEC in the hope of attracting oil developers. OPEC, however, is still mainly controlled by pro-U.S. producers like Saudi Arabia and Kuwait. "The Saudis will probably vote against it because they don't want another radical like Algeria or Libya," says one analyst.

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A Career of Daring Escapes Is Stifled:

France's Favorite Fugitive Dies with His Seat Belt On

PARIS—Jacques Mesrine, the buccaneer-style free-lance "revolutionary" who mixed his implacable enmity for the French prison system with a colorfully vainglorious lifestyle, has finally been greased for good at the age of 42 by the police. Paris cops blew Mesrine away in his car by machine-gunning it while it was parked in a busy flea market in the north part of the city; his woman friend, Sylvie Jean-Jacquet, had been sitting next to him, but she survived her injuries. Plainclothes cops on the hit squad were cheering and embracing before the smoke cleared out of the car.

"Several of our men got within a few centimeters of him," a French cop later admitted, "but it was impossible to arrest him. He had a bag with two grenades in his hand and always walked with his right hand in his belt. Can you imagine what would have happened if shooting had broken out with all those people about?" As it turned out, Mlle Jean-Jacquet was the only casualty besides Mesrine (eyewitnesses said she'd been shot twice running out of the car), and afterward claimed she was relieved to be safe from his beatings and temper tantrums.

Mesrine, after escaping from Paris's notoriously Kafkaesque La Santé top-security prison two years ago, had sworn to give his life in struggle against the French prison system's institutionalized brutality. Last year he actually attempted to kidnap a top federal judge (see *HIGH TIMES*, "The Planet,"



"We will meet again," Mesrine threatened his reluctant sweetheart—"not in paradise, but maybe in hell."

March '79), but wound up surrounded by riot cops in the judge's home. Mesrine simply walked out flashing a badge, saying, "The boys are still upstairs. Get up there quick." After the *flic* SWAT squad had rushed past him to the house, he called back, "Fools, don't you recognize me? I'm Mesrine!" and

took off in a hijacked car.

The cops finally zeroed in on Mesrine by following an old cellmate, who unwittingly led them to Jean-Jacquet's third-floor flat in Montmartre. Their phone was tapped, and the police waited for a likely opportunity for a collar. However, when they overheard that he always went about with the two hand grenades and a gun and with Jean-Jacquet walking well in front of him to sniff out possible ambushes, they decided to wait until they could get him in his car. Mesrine always faithfully wore his safety harness in the car, and this—as cops had counted on—kept him from touching off the grenades before they could kill him.

Mesrine was not known to be affiliated with gangsters or other political terrorists, but when the cops cleaned out his flat they found sizable quantities of cash and gold. There were several automatic weapons as well, a shotgun, a mattress shield and even a clothes dummy to draw fire in the event of a shoot-out. Most touchingly, there was a tape recorder with Mesrine's final words duly recorded for posthumous publication.

Mesrine correctly forecast his demise: "Confronted with a man like me, they are not going to give me any gifts," he predicted of the police. But then he erred: "I am certainly not going to give them any. My skin is going to cost them dearly."

He also had a properly romantic parting word for his mistress: "My dear Sylvie, when you hear this recording I shall be dead, gunned down by the police. But I regret nothing. I have lived the life I wanted, a full life.... One day perhaps we will meet again, certainly not in paradise, but maybe in hell." Mlle Jean-Jacquet, from her own account, was not avidly looking forward to any such rendezvous.



Nukes, nein! In one of the largest protest gatherings in postwar West Germany, an estimated 70,000 demonstrators marched peacefully through Bonn recently to demand an end to the country's atomic-energy program. At present 15 nuclear plants provide 15 percent of West Germany's energy needs, with an additional 17 plants in the planning stages. But the nuke program has been at a virtual standstill for the past six years due to environmental protests.

Accused Milanese Godfather May Have Ripped Off God

ROME—When American and Italian authorities are done with international financier Michele Sindona, he may still have to answer to a higher authority: Between 1969 and 1974 he may have blown away about one-third of what the Vatican had been worth before Sindona got to it. In 1975, Vatican economics chief Cardinal Egidio Vagnozzi reported the Holy See's assets to be less than \$120 million in solid holdings, which, according to the Milanese magazine *Europeo*, represents a drop of about \$750 million after 1969.

In that year Sindona, an extremely flush Milanese businessman, was introduced to Pope Paul VI through family friends. He so impressed the pontiff that arrangements were made via the erstwhile president of the Vatican Bank, American-born Bishop Paul Marcinkus, to let Sindona handle some of the Vatican's investments. Sindona promptly divested the Vatican of controlling interest in the Societa Generale Immobiliare (which itself has interests in the Rome Hilton, the Paris Pan Am building and Washington's Watergate), and speculated the value on international exchange rates. The Vatican never saw a lira of it again.

Subsequently, Sindona was convicted *in absentia* by an Italian court for frauds totaling \$225 million involving his Milanese banking operations. At the time, he was in the United States, having bought the Franklin National Bank. The bank collapsed in 1974—the biggest bank flop in U.S. history—and last year U.S. officials handed up a 99-count indictment on Sindona. He is charged, among other things, with ripping off money from his Milanese banks to buy Franklin National.

While out on bail last summer Sindona disappeared briefly, in what appeared to be a kidnapping from his condominium flat in New York's exclusive Hotel Pierre. The event occurred less than a month after Italian attorney Giorgio Ambrosoli was due to testify before a joint U.S.-Italian legal panel on his five-year investigation into Sindona's activities; Ambrosoli was shot dead in a Milan



Sindona: Absconded with holy bread?

street by three thugs the day before he was to sign the minutes of the proceedings.

"I will take legal action against anyone who connects my name with this cowardly act," promised Sindona shortly before dropping out of sight from the Pierre. He presently reappeared and currently is defending himself against the United States, Italy and perhaps the wrath of God.

Nazi Death Toys Resurface

HAMBURG, WEST GERMANY—Massive quantities of extremely lethal Nazi antipersonnel ordnance have lain rotting dangerously for over 35 years in an abandoned warehouse here, more may be stashed in unknown locations and some may even have been stolen, locals were shocked to learn last autumn. An eight-year-old boy, Oliver Ludwig, had been playing in the old Hugo Stoltzenberg chemical plant in the Eidelstedt district and came across some curious-looking material; two hours later it blew up as he was showing it to friends, killing him and mutilating two other children.

When police and army investigators went to check out the decaying warehouse, they

promptly discovered in a toilet there eight grenades filled with tabun, a nerve gas tested on concentration-camp inmates by the Nazis; one pound of it could kill 200,000 people, and two of the grenades had been leaking, evidently for years. Old postwar records were turned up, indicating that perhaps 500 tons of killer gas, nitroglycerine and explosives were abandoned at the Stoltzenberg plant after the 1945 surrender and simply ignored by city officials for two generations.

"You could even read the labels on things when you looked through the fence," relates one local resident. "It's amazing only one child was killed. Lots of them went to play there for many years."

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Lumberjacks of the South Seas

Terrorist Horticulture Dept.: In the Solomon Islands, Ulawa tribespeople don't chop trees down, they just scare 'em over. According to the British magazine *Weekend*, when the Ulawa want some woodworking done, they send



out some tribal elders, who converge silently on the designated tree at dawn, shriek piercingly at it and slink away. Within a month or so of steady harassment, they say, the persecuted tree just gives up the ghost and falls down.

Eminent Pratfalls

Ireland looms huge in a recent historical volume called *The Book of Heroic Failures*, compiled by Stephen Pile. A sort of Guinness book of human folly, *Failures* presents items like the least successful Alcoholics Anonymous meeting, held in Belfast in 1974, where the folks spent \$847 at the bar and wound up punching each other out. Then there's the infamous nine-foot-high postbox erected by the city fathers of Ballymacra, which the locals actually somehow managed to use for the three weeks it was up: "I am told someone provided a stepladder," reports the Ballymacra postmaster, adding, "The mind boggles." Meanwhile, across the channel, the Anglo-Saxon sense of history is bleakly displayed by an exhibit on view in a County Durham museum in 1971, billed as a Roman sesterce minted circa A.D. 135; it took a nine-year-old kid to correctly identify it as a plastic prize from a popular soft drink.

To be fair, France is credited with running the most unpopular TV show of all time, an interview with a 40-year-old Armenian woman who propounded her homely philosophy of life and love; according to a poll, *nobody* at all watched that program. And Britain takes the prize for the most noxious industrial-safety film, a 1976 British Aircraft Corp. documentary on the horrors of working without safety goggles: It was so exceedingly gory that 13 people passed out at its first showing, and one welder took seven stitches from hitting his head while fainting.

Eau de Prolétariat

The birthrate among Russian couples is dropping like a shafted hawk, to the great puzzle-

ment of Politburo think-tankers—who evidently haven't checked out the local perfume displays for an obvious clue. For Soviet scent makers, apparently, patriotism precludes any hint of eroticism in the packaging of their sultry odors. Indeed, they tend to give their perfumes ponderous flag-waving names like Red Moscow, and decorate the labels with staunch social-realism images. The closest thing to sinfulness in Russian perfumes is the label on the Leningrad bottle, which majestically depicts an equestrian statue of Peter the Great—a politically risqué reference to the unmentionable fact that before 1917, Leningrad was actually St. Petersburg. By contrast, the label on Kremlin perfume is a model of rectitude: It merely shows the onion-shaped towers of Red Square itself. The notion that people might employ perfume to incite the amorous propensities of the opposite sex is simply not recognized, even subliminally: A fierce Russian bear serves as the *stopper* on bottles of the unisex cologne



Northern Ice. However, there's *one* overtly sensual label on the market that might stimulate the hormones of Yves St. Laurent himself: a brand called Red Poppy.

Unreal Estate

"Kick 'em-Jenny" is a literal Caribbean hotspot—a live volcano growing up toward the sea surface at the rate of 15 feet per year, due to emerge as a dot on the map around the year 2000. The dot will be five nautical miles north of Grenada, the little independent island nation that is continually plagued with threats of an insurrection from native voodoo cultists and blatant takeover plots suspected to be engineered by the U.S. CIA. Grenada's prime minister, Maurice Bishop, can hardly accuse Kick 'em-Jenny of implication in CIA skullduggery, though, since the incipient island's been growing steadily since 1939, when it declared itself with a massive explosion. Since the island will rise up well within Grenadan waters, perhaps they could annex it and make it into a free-trade zone.

The Thief Was a Blur

The stalker's M.O. went like this: He would lurk the streets of Croyden, England, wear-



ing a ski mask until he found a bespectacled woman, noiselessly come up behind her—and rip off her glasses! He collected 38 pairs of specs this way—including one pair so sexy he'd actually broken into the woman's house to score them—before he was nabbed and identified as the friendly local postman, known and respected by all. At the trial, a shrink promised to keep the spectacles fetishist in outpatient therapy until his obsession was cured, and the judge handed down three years' probation.

Down the Drain

Thomas Crapper, the Victorian sanitary engineer who is credited in popular folklore with inventing the flush toilet, has been set in his proper place at last. When someone proposed that Crapper's family home be set aside as a national landmark, complete with a big honorary plaque bearing his name, the Greater London Council's buildings committee dumped all over the idea. "Memorable though Crapper's name might be in popular terms," sniffed council agent Victor Kenny, "evidence from the Patent Office shows he was not a notable inventor or pioneer in his chosen field." In fact, the Romans had flush toilets long before they invaded Britain in A.D. 43; recent excavations at Knossos on Crete suggest that the Minoans may have anticipated the so-called Crapper gimmick by 2,500 years.

Bite Threat Quelled

Someone smuggled 80 illegal piranhas into Manila from Singapore, in plastic water bags packed in a crate of apples. Filipino authorities raided the pet shop selling the toothsome people eaters, though, and killed all the fish.

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The Drug Stops Here

(continued from page 47)

and now the White House drug-policy adviser.

Speaking to a Defense Department drug and alcohol conference last summer, he said that "it is important that the White House policy on marijuana be very clearly articulated because I believe there has been a very wide general misunderstanding about the White House position. . . . The administration strongly opposes the use of marijuana and is taking several actions to further discourage its use in this country. . . . The penalty for marijuana use must be enforceable and must give a clear and unequivocal message that the federal government and the American public do not condone the use of marijuana."

Despite Dogoloff's claim that this is not a new policy from the 1977 Drug Message drafted by Stroup and others, there is no doubt that he and Bourne have very different views.

The focus of Dogoloff's antigrass campaign is on adolescent use. And to be sure, kids are toking up more along the corridors and in the restrooms of America's high schools. The University of Michigan's annual survey of high-school drug use shows that there were 80 percent more seniors smoking grass daily in 1978 than in 1975—a jump from 6 percent of the class of '75 to 10.7 percent of the class of '78. But the survey also found that daily use of other drugs held steadily or dropped.

The boom in adolescent pot smoking is part of the new campaign. Florida, Connecticut and Georgia, as well as some other states, have produced parents' groups dedicated to stamping out grass. Only a political fool would suppose that such groups can be ignored. But Dogoloff's concern for the children seems to be built more on pretext than principle. A longtime friend and ally of the DEA's Peter Bensinger, Dogoloff has raised the banner with a special fervor, even flailing out at the scientific community "to take the necessary 'leap of the imagination,' [which is] enough to convince me that regular marijuana use poses a serious threat to the health of an individual."

It is believed by many that the real leap Dogoloff made was into the arms of Peter Bensinger, who is the most powerful spokesman for drug policy in Washington. After Peter Bourne's downfall, his office was abolished. Deputy Dogoloff was given responsibilities similar to those held by Bourne but was shuttled off to an associate position on the Domestic Council, where, in the words of one Carter speech writer, "he was lucky to get occasional White House mess privileges." Thus there opened a serious power vacuum over who was to articulate and carry forward the Carter

drug policy.

Power vacuums seldom last long, and Peter Bensinger, already a darling of the House Committee on Narcotics and of Georgia senator Sam Nunn, waltzed right in. Bensinger hit the lecture circuit with a fantastic new charge—to wit, that "marijuana represents a more serious cancer threat than cigarettes." He claimed his evidence came from both the American Cancer Society and the American Medical Association. There indeed was a real "leap of the imagination," for neither organization had the vaguest notion of what evidence he was referring to. About the only thing a Cancer Society spokesman could recall that related cancer and grass was a study "looking into it for treatment of pain for cancer victims in certain controlled circumstances." Said Dr. Lester Grinspoon, a top marijuana researcher at Harvard: "There is no basis for what Bensinger said, and young people who find this out will believe nothing that we tell them." Unfortunately, Mr. Bensinger receives more speaking requests than Dr. Grinspoon.

Pooh-poohing such details, DEA spokesman Con Dougherty explained that "Bensinger felt it was incumbent now for us to have something said out in the open. He wanted to make it clear that the federal government would not decriminalize marijuana." Even more bluntly, Dougherty declared: "The White House is not making any bones about making the DEA the lead agency in drug enforcement and also the expert on what's going on with drugs. We don't have to wait for the White House to decide we're going to crack down. We're the experts, but we're also really appreciative of the support we have from the White House on this."

Policy man Dogoloff naturally finds it somewhat disagreeable to be rendered an apostrophe, or even worse to be transformed into a nonperson. So, he's been accepting press interviews from most anyone and pounding the lecture trail himself. If there is a change in thinking, he says, it is "evolutionary." Certainly, he adds, "I don't agree with the notion of putting young persons in jail for the first offense of a one-time small amount of marijuana." Fine, he was asked, but hasn't all this new talk helped to whip up a new antigrass hysteria, reminiscent of the old reefer-madness days? If so, he said without pausing, "I hope some of it's coming from here, because we've been fanning it."

So it is that the men charged with administering a national drug policy have come to speak for the first president in history promising to end a half century of reefer-madness hysteria. A sellout on an important issue of individual liberty? Not precisely, says Walter Shapiro, one of Washington's most astute political analysts and a former Carter speech writer. "The thing is," he says, "you've got to realize that drugs are not a good issue for Democrats." □

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The Band Played On

(continued from page 61)

Berry-inspired tribute to his music, "be it dead or alive." At one point he complains about the loss of rock ideals: "Landslide, rocks are fallin', falling down around our heads. We tried but you were yawning. Look again. Rock is dead. . . ." Most audiences take that line in stride, but these kids know that the Cincinnati deaths could have caused the rest of the shows to be canceled. "Rock is de-ead," sings Daltrey and this time the crowd yells back "No!" "Rock is dead!" comes Daltrey's answer, but behind him the Who keep playing for their lives. When the Who came back to America a lot of old fans argued about whether the band was still any good without Moon. But now the fans are standing and cheering for the Who, just to be with them and hear great rock 'n' roll.

Jones, whose playing has grown stronger as he's overcome the Moon stigma (people booed in New York when he was introduced), really shines on "My Generation," pushing Townshend's solo with a ferocious nonstop roll across his whole kit, a crashing feat of endurance worthy of Moon at his most inspired moments. After an incredible version of the instrumental "Underture" from *Tommy*, it's obvious that Jones is unafraid of sounding like Moon. As great a drummer as Moon was, his importance to the band was more in

the spirit of his playing than the playing itself. The spirit is still there.

Jones was one of the last people to see Moon alive. The two were good friends and had been together at a party the night before Keith died. "We went to a screening of the Buddy Holly film at Paul McCartney's house," Jones recalled. "I went home. He went home. I woke up. He didn't. I found out the next day. It's just another

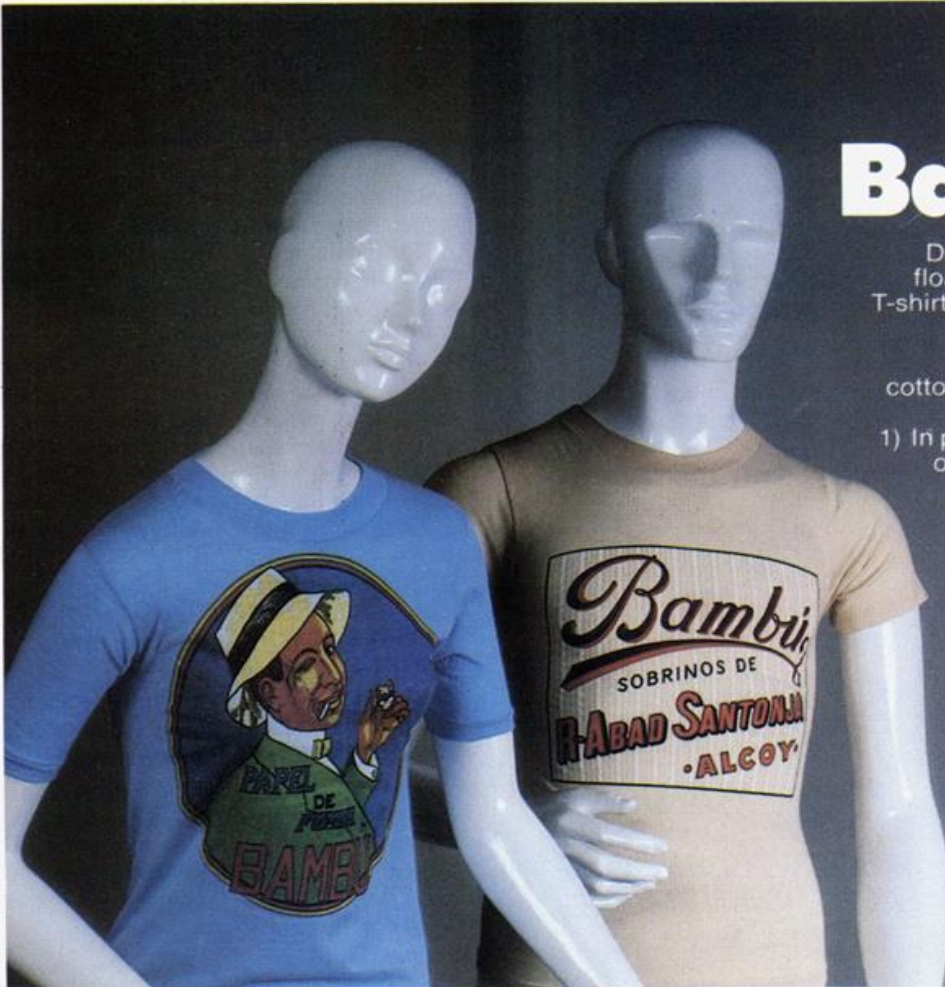
"We'd like to thank everybody on this tour. It's been . . . most enjoyable."

example of the load of strange things connected to the Who. I was used to seeing him with those people. It took me a little while to get used to it. I still feel his presence."

After Townshend tells the audience he'll "pick up my guitar and play, just like yesterday, then I'll get on my knees and pray" in "Won't Get Fooled Again," he readies to leave the stage. "Goodbye, America. The States, we'll see you next year. We'll never, ever be able to let you know how much we love you. You're the greatest people in the world, that's the truth. Don't ever let anybody tell you any different." The kids stand on their seats and cheer for a full 15 minutes without a letup before the band returns, kicking into a

searing version of "Dancing In the Streets." The horn section is pumping it along and a sudden switch in the arrangement sends the song into a long instrumental vamp over which Townshend begins to sing, "Sing you a song, and we're almost gone, gonna miss you bad, we're the best you've ever had. But you've got problems. You know and we do too. Maybe dancing will bring you through. Try dancing away. Dance it away. Just try and dance it away. Try it on your way home tonight. Get into the street. And if you can stay on your feet dance in the street."

Before the last horn line dies out Townshend begins to play the chords for "Magic Bus," the Bo Diddley-inspired rave-up that has been a staple of Who shows for more than a decade. And the kids are instantly moving around in the house, dancing in the aisles and on their seats as the band plays its "rhumbaba" boogie for more than ten minutes with the horns joining in for the finale. After it's over the audience screams itself hoarse for over five minutes. Onstage the Who stand, arms around each other, basking in the ovation. They start off but suddenly Townshend grabs the mike. "We'd like to thank everybody that's gone with us on this tour. It's been . . . most enjoyable." He's not being ironic, either, I suddenly realize. "Friends," he says, searching for the right words, "and everything else." It was the end of the '70s and the Who had made it through. And so had we. ☐



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(continued from page 65)

they finally do collect, you will be charged only 12 percent interest, which is far less than the current inflation rate and a bargain basement lending rate compared with a bank or financing company.

DON'T flaunt your luxuries unless you want to be taxed in the same style. Since the IRS can't prove your income (because it's cash), they'll be snooping into your spending habits in order to compute your probable income. That's called the Net Worth Expenditures method of nailing a tax cheat. If your expenditures for a given year vastly exceed your declared income, you could be hit with a bill for back taxes. So, don't have a house fit for a rock star on a declared income fit for a dishwasher. And forgo that new Porsche in favor of a serviceable secondhand Buick—jealousy of your lifestyle could inspire your neighbor to become a tax snitch. The IRS says that's the most common motive for turn-ins.

DO go alone to an IRS audit. Bringing an accountant or a lawyer to the first meeting is almost an admission of guilt. See if the auditor is going to get heavy. Then call in only as many professionals as the occasion calls for.

DON'T deposit checks into your personal account if you don't want the IRS to assume they're unreported income. Cash them at the payer's bank; if the payer's bank is out of town, but has a branch office near you, mail the check to the bank it was written on, ask them to write a cashier's check to you for the amount and to deduct their fee. Take the cashier's check to the bank's local branch and ask for the cash.

DO use a tax attorney, rather than an accountant, for complicated problems. The difference is that the attorney is bound by attorney-client privilege not to reveal any financial information about you, but an accountant or bookkeeper can be required to testify and to produce documents.

If you read all this and still don't know what to put on line 17C or what to subtract from line 9B, the following may be of additional help:

The April Game, by Diogenes (Chicago: Playboy Press, 1974, \$1.50). The book is out of print but available in many stores.

Tax Angles, a newsletter for the privacy-conscious taxpayer, is published monthly by Kephart Communications, 901 N. Washington Street, Suite 605, Alexandria, Va. 22314. Subscriptions are \$36 per year. Kephart also publishes *Personal Finance*. ☐

GAME WARDEN'S POT BUST DOESN'T FLOAT IN LOUISIANA



NEW ORLEANS—Game wardens can't bust for pot, the Louisiana Supreme Court has ruled. The court suppressed from evidence a batch of pot a wildlife agent had seized: It seems that nothing in the rules governing wildlife husbandry had given him authority to do so. When the prosecution tried to make the bust out to be a citizen's arrest, the supreme court pointed

out that citizens can only bust for felonies in Louisiana, and grass possession is a misdemeanor.

So next time you're charting a pleasant tour of your state's natural wonders—or deciding in what patch of woodland to bring up next season's crop—you'd do well to do some research into the applicable legislation.

PUBLIC DEFENDERS OPEN TO MALPRACTICE SUITS

PHILADELPHIA—Negligent public defenders may be sued for malpractice by persons whom they fail to properly represent, the Pennsylvania Supreme Court has decreed. In the past, court-appointed public defenders have commonly been assumed to be immune from malpractice prosecutions, just as county prosecutors are so immune. In the case of a man who was involuntarily committed to a mental hospital for a week, though, the state supreme court has ruled that the county public defender and his staff may in fact be sued for damages on the grounds of negligent malpractice.

Unlike prosecutors, the court points out, public defenders are not accountable to their employers—the county—once they've been assigned to a case. Once on a case, the public defender's actions are cloaked by the attorney-client privacy stipulation; if the public counselor then fails to adequately represent the client, the only way this might come to the county's attention is through a malpractice suit brought by the defendant.

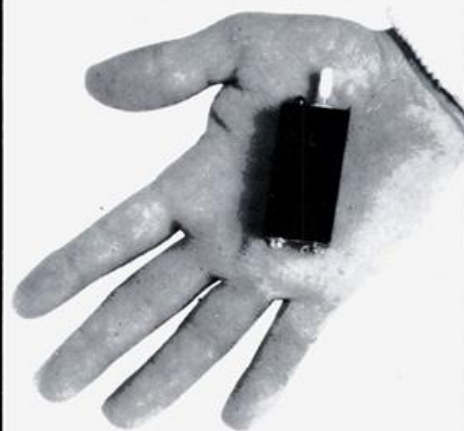
The court firmly rejects the argument that immunity from liability is necessary in order to recruit top-talent, highly motivat-

ed public defenders. A great many public defenders are fresh out of law school, have relatively modest incomes and may still be paying tuition debts; liability for malpractice prosecution could burden many by raising their insurance rates.

On the other hand, immunity from such liability might conceivably encourage negligent representation in some cases. Public defenders regularly make deals with county prosecutors in the normal course of plea bargaining and so on; and it's been rumored, from time to time, that a prosecutor wishing to nail a particular defendant in an especially publicized case will privately agree to "go easy" on the public defender's next few clients if the defender will overlook a few critical defense points and help ensure a conviction.

Thus, to grant immunity to public defenders "is tantamount to a suggestion that we distinguish between groups of plaintiffs based on economic status," says the court. Persons who have enough money to hire private lawyers are entitled to sue them if they see their rights being neglected; indigent people stuck with public defenders have precisely the same right, says the court. □

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R.I.P. (1969-1979)

Lowell George and Billy Payne founded Little Feat a decade ago. They were the funkier mostly white garage band anyone had ever heard. But the combination of tuneful high energy and rhythmic intricacy never found an audience, so they broke up, came together, broke up and ultimately became a spectacular musical ensemble. Most fusion music is made by jazz musicians trying to find the mother lode in rock, but the members of Little Feat were always rock musicians reaching toward jazz for the fun of it.

On a good night they could match the delicacy of Weather Report and the energy of the Rolling Stones. They were really something.

But somewhere along the way, Lowell George (lead singer, songwriter, slide guitarist, producer, etc.) got lost. Whether it was booze, drugs, sickness or the passage of time, his songwriting (his supreme talent) weakened. In the last few years his songs became fewer and less powerful. On the final tour (the one that produced *Waiting for Columbus*), he seemed to have become little more than the band's lead singer, unwilling or unable to match the instrumental virtuosity of the rest of the act.

So Little Feat broke up (again), Lowell

began a solo career and then he died. For some of us, it was the hardest loss since Buddy Holly. It's no accident that their new album opens with an ominous yapping cricket—an allusion to rock's first casualty.

Down on the Farm (Warner Bros. HS

From Little Feat to Lowell, "straight from the heart. Good-bye, friend. Be free." What a class act this was.

3345) is the last Little Feat album. It's the most powerful final testament we're going to get.

According to Billy Payne, *The Farm* was nearly complete before George died. Ironically, Lowell seems to have played a stronger hand in this than he had in years. He's listed as producer and had a hand in writing all of the album's nine songs.

The results are mixed. George once said that he developed songs so that you could listen to them 30 times and still hear something new. That's not true here. On *The Farm*, melodic counterpoint and turns are

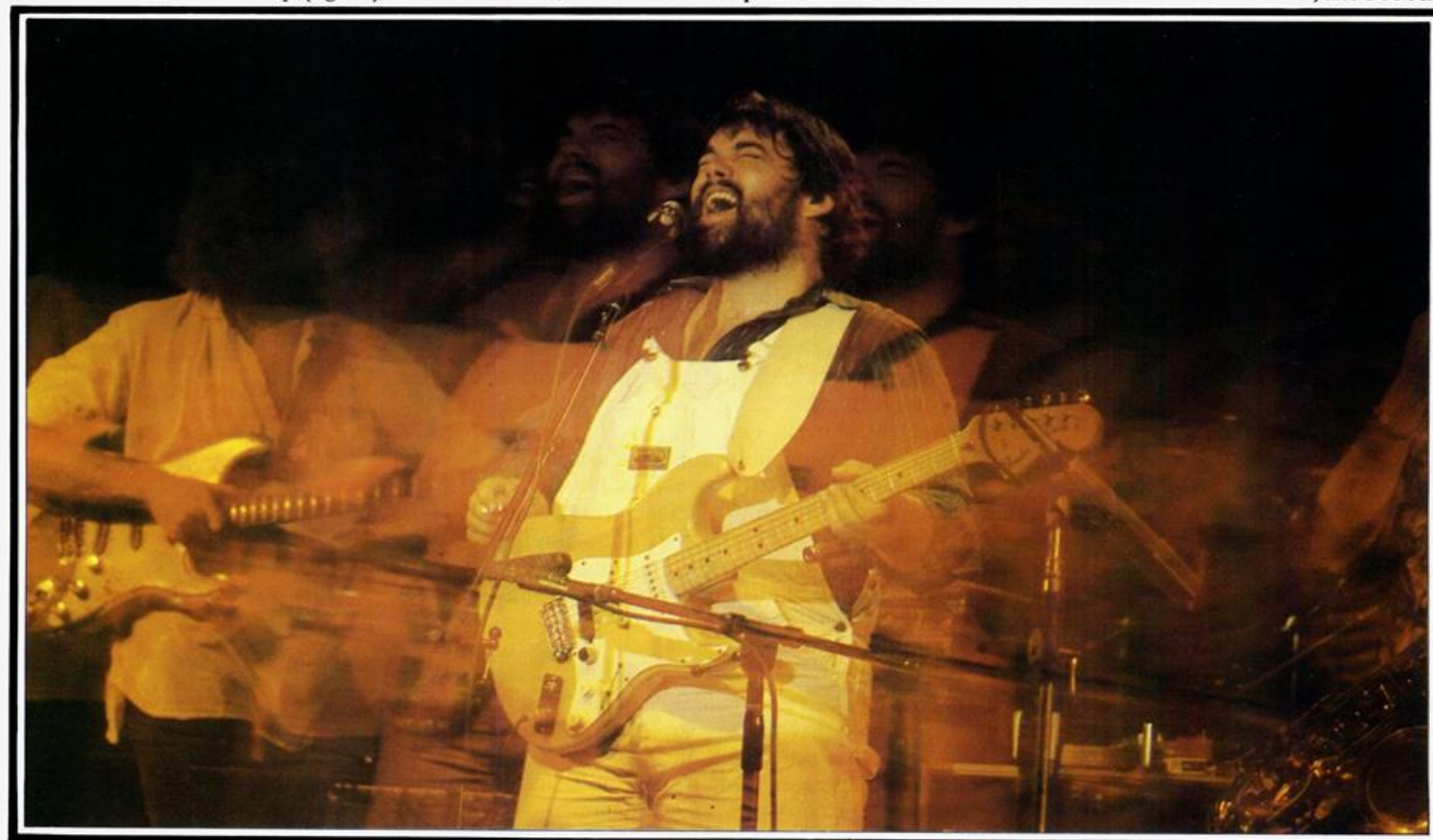
limited, polyrhythms are simplified and displays of instrumental virtuosity are tightly reined. Payne's keyboards are strangely quiet and Paul Barrère's savage, eccentric guitar only comes through on "Wake Up Dreaming," the best song on the record.

Relatively speaking, the music is lucid, laid-back and simplified. It sounds more like typical L.A. pop rock than it does the Southern or New Orleans funk of the earlier days. In fact, it sounds like a step toward Lowell George's solo career.

Down on the Farm doesn't include any song that can stand with Lowell's best. Although "Six Feet of Snow" has its moments, it's no "Willing." There's no anthem here like "Dixie Chicken." In fact, the strongest songs on the album are not by Lowell George.

When Lowell was at his peak, Little Feat had already outgrown the role of backup band. The fact that they play that role so willingly here is their tribute to him. Greater love hath no man than this, that a man play second fiddle for his friend. As Little Feat puts it: "This is from us all to Lowell, straight from the heart. Good-bye, friend. Be free." What a class act this was.

—Jake Poobah



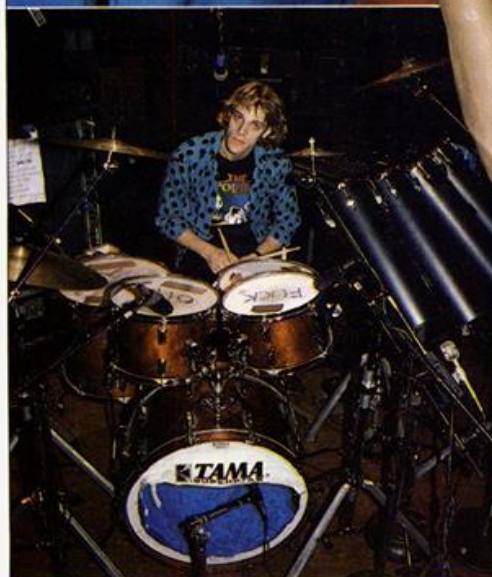
Charlyn Zlotnick

POLICE WORK THE BEAT

When Pete Townshend decided to cast Sting, the tall, blond bassist and lead vocalist for the Police, as the ass-kicking ideal mod in the *Quadrophenia* film, it was a selection so perfect it could qualify Townshend for clairvoyance. The Police then were only one of many rough-edged British groups lumped together under the loose term "new wave." They have since established themselves as the best of the new-wavers with a blockbuster debut album, *Outlandos d'Amour*, which included the monster hit "Roxanne."

The second album, *Reggatta de Blanc*, (A&M SP 4792) shows so much growth that the new-wave reference is entirely shattered in relation to the Police; this is simply one of the best rock 'n' roll bands to come along in years, and the attempt to lump them into some kind of trend is patently absurd. Not only that, Sting himself has emerged as one of the most arresting rock performers in the past decade. The Police are a three-piece band, a format that places an inordinate amount of importance on each member of the group; but whereas most trios rely on a smart rhythm section to support a featured lead guitarist, the Police have an intricate ensemble sound that yields Sting as the frontman and focus. This is appropriate because his songwriting is what gives this group one of its strongest advantages over its peers. *Reggatta de Blanc* turns on three Sting tunes—"Message in a Bottle," "Bring On the Night" and "Walking on the Moon."

"Bring On the Night" fits right into Sting's *Quadrophenia* mode—the call to action of a restless kid who "couldn't stand another hour of daylight." With Sting's reggae-fied bass popping in between Stewart Copeland's neat drum punctuations, guitarist Andy Summers gets to strut his stuff on some tasteful double-tracked leads and cross rhythms. Sting's other songs ride twisted love themes through strange imagery in what amounts to almost metaphysical conceits. "Message in a Bottle" is clever enough, with the lonely pilgrim discovering that he's not the only one looking for a love when he finds "100 million bottles washed up on the shore." The album's triumph, though, is "Walking on the Moon," a great love song that equates love's lofty spirits with low-gravity physical performance. Above all else, though, what makes *Reggatta de Blanc* so exciting is the band's improved instrumental sound, the result of constant gigging and a sure sign of a group about to break big. It's easy to make a good first album, but when you have enough ideas and room for growth to improve so dramatically the second time around, you are on the verge of greatness. The Police are poised to become one of the greats. —John Swenson



The Police: New-wave reggae with a bullet.

APOCALYPSE SOON COME

The decline of the West got you down? You say you're tired of waiting on gas lines, paying big bucks for hamburger, and you're pissed because you couldn't get into Studio 54 last night? Well, cheer up, baldheads. Peter Tosh is here to tell you that yes, things are that shitty. But like Nero before him, Tosh's ax sounds so sweet.

Mystic Man (Rolling Stones Records COC 3911) is a soundtrack for the apocalypse. Now, we're not talking about your Hollywood area; there's no Marlon Brando up the river, no heavy heart-of-darkness Vietnam metaphors operating here. Tosh is anything but subtle in his denunciation of Babylon culture: "I man don't eat up your fry chicken, not licking/I man don't eat up dem frankfurters, garbage, and/I

man don't down de hamburger."

But it's not just our food. Tosh ain't no re-treatist vegetarian woosie. Although Rastafarianism is a bit millenarian, Peter is recruiting Jah soldiers for the here and now to strike "downpression" in our time. In "Fight ON," which supports Africa's wars of liberation, the Mystic Man has even set a deadline: "Africa has got to be free by 1983." Remember Mark Rudd.

But what's amazing about the album is that with all the strident politics and downpressing culture and Rasta testifyin', the music is so damn buoyant and cheerful. It's like listening to the Book of Revelations as played by the Hollyridge Strings. Anyone who can sing "We need majority rule, Smith and Vorster is too cruel" and back it up with three chicks going "Shew bee doo" is okay in my book.

But the album's centerpiece is an eight-minute-plus breakthrough, "Buk-in-hamm

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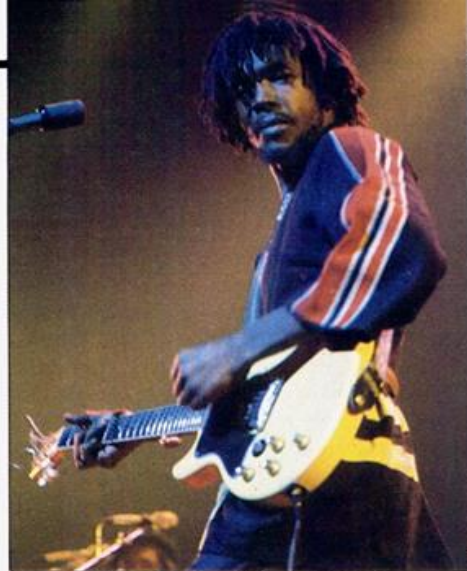
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Palace." Here Tosh and his strong backup band, Word, Sound and Power, forge a new form, "dread disco." Although the concept of lighting up a spliff in the Queen's digs is well-traveled in reggae circles, sort of the Rasta's next-year-in-Jerusalem, Tosh gives new power to the genre with a blistering arrangement and some fine vocalizing. In fact, there's only one problem with Mystic Man. You see, Tosh sings that everything gonna be all right "the day the dollar die/It's gonna be nice/The day Sammy dollar die/We will love each other." Sounds nice. But how's he gonna collect royalties? I mean, we can't pay him off in Big Macs and Colonel Sanders. I wonder if he takes American Express?

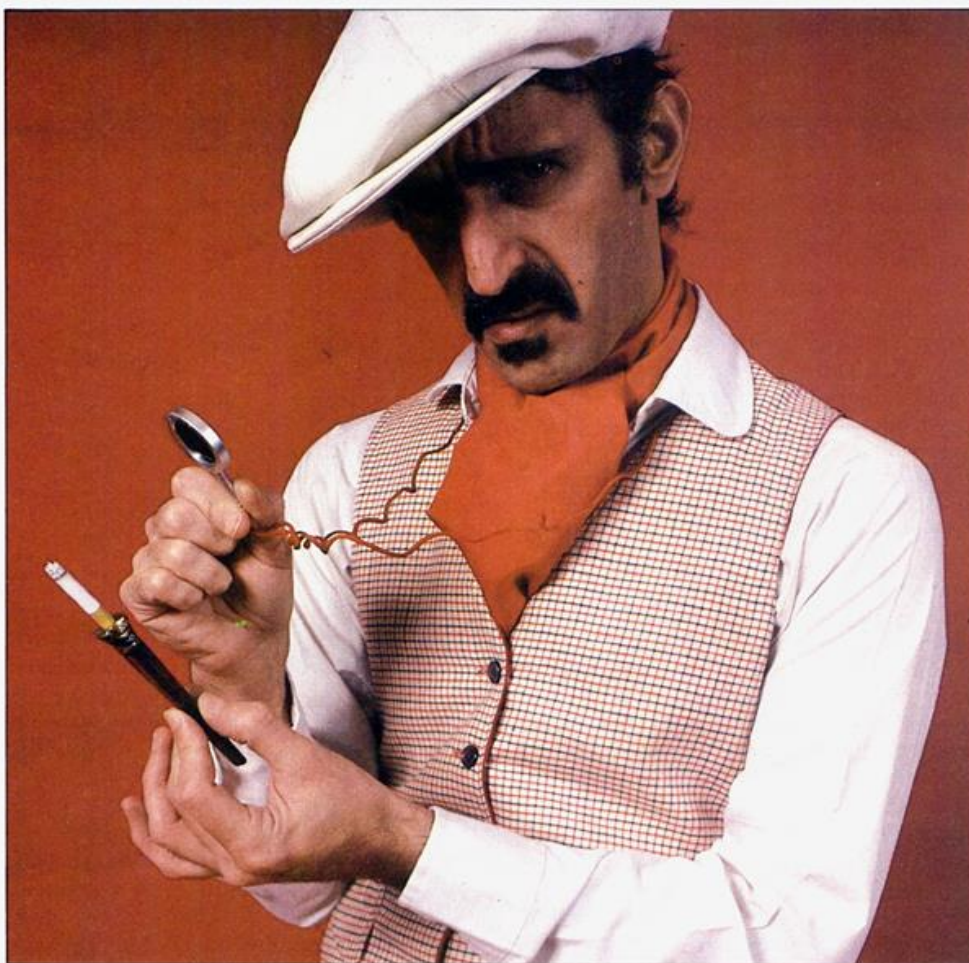
—Ratso Sloman



Peter Tosh: Hold the pickle, hold the lettuce...

Kate Simon

REASONS FOR A LUBE JOB—PARTS II & III



Lynn Goldsmith

Frank Zappa: The Voltaire of Ventura Boulevard.

Look at the cover of Joe's Garage: Acts II & III (Zappa/Phonogram SRZ-2-1502). See how Frank is covered with filthy grease. That's a warning, because after you listen to this album you will feel the way Frank looks. You should not be surprised at this: Good satirists always aim to cover their audiences in filth.

The message of most satirists is more or less the same: The world is a sleazy place; it's going to get worse; one of the reasons it's going to get worse is that stupid fuck-buck-

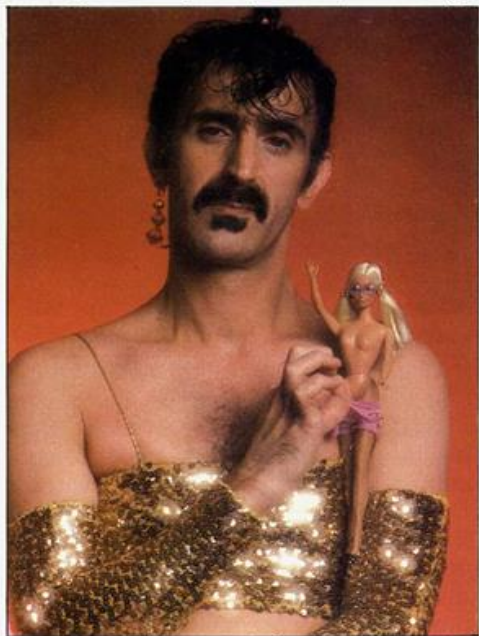
ets like yourself are part of it. How do I know you're a stupid fuck-bucket? Simple, because you laid out a lot of money for this disgusting record. In Frank's words on the final climactic cut, "Anybody who would buy this record/Doesn't give a fuck if there's good musicians/On it/Because this is a stupid song AND THAT'S THE WAY I LIKE IT."

Now, the question you may be asking yourself about now is If good satire always attacks and humiliates its audience, why

do people like it? This is a difficult question, and if you're an Eagles or Fleetwood Mac fan you may never find an answer.

But if you like Zappa, you know how much fun it is to have a weapon. There are so many optimists, bureaucrats, hypocrites, Eagles fans and other low lives you can play this for. They'll hate you for it but it might do them some good. Make them sick.

Imagine doing a report on *Joe's Garage*



The Zappa menagerie: Baby snakes and magical pigs.

for your English class. Let's see, you could play them "Scene Eleven—Sy Borg." In this episode, Joe, the hero victim of *Joe's Garage*, has bisexual, sadomasochistic fun with "a tiny chrome-plated machine that looks like a magical pig." Joe gets so excited that he "looks too hard" and destroys the little machine by short-circuiting it with a "golden shower."

And as many of the people in your class act disgusted or amused, you could explain how this song ridicules our preoccupation with mechanical gizmos, toys and other materialistic status symbols. You could show the similarities between this scene and the affection so many people felt for the robots in *Star Wars*.

You could go on and on, playing excerpts from Zappa's interminable Hendrix-type guitar solos, scenes of imprisoned record-biz executives gang-banging incarcerated musicians or the return of Mary (the debased working-class groupie from Act I) chanting the lessons she's learned in *Joe's Garage*:

Truth is not Beauty
Beauty is not love
Beauty is a French
Phonetic corruption
Of a short neck ornament
Currently in resurgence.

Pretty soon everyone would be as sick as you and Zappa. Throwing up either physically or spiritually makes you feel real good afterward. —Jake Poobah

YOU'RE NEVER ALONE WITH GEORGE JONES

My Very Special Guests (Epic JE35544) is a collection of duets sung by Mr. Country Music, George Jones, and the very special guests who originally sang each song. The list is curious indeed: "Stand By Your Man" Tammy Wynette, formerly Mrs. Country Music until she and George got a d-i-v-o-r-c-e; country-western outlaws Waylon Jennings, Willie Nelson and Johnny Paycheck; Elvis Costello; Emmylou Harris; Linda Ronstadt; James Taylor; Dennis and Ray from Dr. Hook; and Pop and Mavis of the Staples. Billy Sherrill produced the album and the sidemen are the best available in Nashville. George Jones, considered the best voice in country music, makes each song his song. Like most country songs, they're about sex, suds and sawdust, sung by people who have a hard time keeping their private lives together. This album's full of sad stories.

Waylon Jennings's "Night Life" is not a good life. James Taylor's "Bartender's Blues" is the blues of a slob who hates his job, burnt all his bridges, sank his ships, TV's on the blink, toilet's out of order and he needs four walls to keep him from going insane. Emmylou Harris is feminine, marvelous and drifting away, whereas Linda Ronstadt is sorry she didn't leave sooner, having held somebody captive and turned him to stone. George and Tammy don't



Play "Together Again" again, George.

know what they had, don't know where it went, but they lost it. They don't know what it was but "It Sure Was Good." Willie Nelson sings "I Gotta Get Drunk." And Elvis Costello feels unwelcome in his own home, a "Stranger in the House" who nobody's seen but everybody says is taking his place. Everyone says he looks like him.

If someone has taken your place and you're a stranger in your house, and you gotta get drunk because whatever it was you had you lost and you've been turned to stone, then this album is you. —Scott Cohen

FATBACK BOOGIE LIVES

When ZZ Top surfaced in the early '70s they were lost in the heavy-metal shuffle that had seen power trios degenerate from the heights of Cream, Hendrix and the Who to the strident overstatement of Grand Funk

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Railroad. Even though the band came on like a Tex-Mex Creedence Clearwater Revival with the manifesto "This is the way blues-rock is meant to be played: openly, honestly and spontaneously," most listeners turned a jaded ear while they tried to figure out what the music of the '70s was supposed to be. Now, at the other end of the telescope, ZZ Top is touted as a classic band working from many of the same values that the new-wave bands champion.



Charlyn Zlotnick

Three assholes from El Paso hit the top.

Both views missed the point. ZZ Top is and was a no-holds-barred Texas blues and boogie band, festival favorites whose blistering live sets are strongly reminiscent of Cream at that band's best moments. Up until their 1975 set, *Fandango*, with its live side and the hit single "Tush," the group's records were poor reflections of their in-concert intensity. Now they are a pretty sophisticated studio group, and *De-güello* (Warner Bros. HS 3361) shows them in the process of significantly altering their sound.

On the surface this is a standard ZZ Top outing: ten hard-edged blues tunes played lustily with Billy Gibbons's lead guitar in the spotlight. But there's a uniform subtle difference that accumulates into what amounts to a new style for the band. Everything here is fat—slowed down, stretched to the limit, echoed and phased and digital-delayed until you feel like there's a taffy pull going on in your head as you listen to the record.

It's almost like this is Top's answer to disco's approach to R&B. Slow everything down to a superfunk crawl so sticky even George Clinton would holler for help. The cover of Sam and Dave's "I Thank You," the use of Elmore James's calling card, "Dust My Broom," and the open-ended guitar on tracks like "I'm Bad, I'm Nationwide" and "Hi Fi Mama" show Top's willingness to take it to the stage. Texas blues, a long neglected form of American rock 'n' roll, may well be ready for a major comeback with ZZ Top working the point.

—John Swenson

YELLOW MATTER CUSTARD

It took 12 lawyers to get Dutch rock-drug bad boy Herman Brood into the United States. Brood is something of an enigma overseas, where in his own words he is

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viewed as "a junkie, a professional burglar, a crook and a psychiatric patient" thanks to, among other things, a two-year mid-60s jail term for theft and drug possession.

Herman Brood and His Wild Romance, currently Holland's number one rock group, have hit paydirt with their first American release, simply titled *Herman Brood and His Wild Romance* (Ariola SW-50059). The album rocks all the way through. Side one, cut one: "Saturday-night," Brood's best-known tune in the United States thanks to some heavy air-play, is a raw blues-rocker about everybody's favorite night, featuring Brood's gravel-throated vocals and some very tasty guitar licks by his coauthor, Danny Lademacher. Lademacher, one of the better guitarists this reviewer has heard in a while, shows his stuff again on the album's closer, "Skid Row," a downbeat rocker and a place where, Brood sings, "pain is exclusive."

The tunes in between are just as strong, and the song titles tell where Brood is at and where he's been. "Rock 'n' Roll Junkie" is Brood's musical tale of his personal methadone; "Dope Sucks" offers some rock advice to the younger generation, showcasing Brood's piano fingers; "Never



Herman Brood mainlines tulips.

Enough" and "Pain" are two thematically linked stories of love, lust and loss, spotlighting some more great ax work by Lademacher; "Doin' It" is a thumping rocker about you know what; "Prisoners" is about jail, a place Brood knows firsthand, and there's also a heartfelt cover of Otis Redding's (to whom the album is dedicated, along with Lenny Bruce and others) "Champagne (and Wine)," with a brassy Stax/Volt horn arrangement behind Brood's emotional vocal. Drummer Ani Meerman and bassist Freddie Cavalli are no slouches and provide the perfect rhythmic backdrop for Lademacher's wailings and Brood's gritty teasing vocals.

But art imitates life and, besides this successful album, Brood is now a movie star playing the lead role of a bank robber turned rock star in the new European flick *Cha Cha*, which costars Stiff's Lene Lovitch and Brood's ex-girl friend, German rock singer Nina Hagen. —Doug Phoenix

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THE UNDERGROUND BIBLE

THE NAG HAMMADI LIBRARY, James M. Robinson, general editor (New York: Harper & Row, \$17.95).

In December 1945, two Arab peasants digging for fertilizer in a cave near the town of Nag Hammadi in Egypt unearthed a huge jar. The men were afraid to break it open lest it prove to contain an evil genie, but suspecting that it might also contain gold and jewels they went ahead and smashed it anyhow. Inside were neither jinns nor gems nor gold, but something much more powerful and valuable. The peasants were both relieved and disappointed to find that the jar contained nothing but 13 very old parchment manuscripts bound in leather. They returned home and dumped their find next to the oven. For several weeks the mother of one of the discoverers used bits of the parchment to light the oven. All 13 documents might have gone up in smoke, but shortly after finding the ancient books the brothers killed a man to avenge their father's death, and fearing police investigators they took the books to a local priest. The priest loaned one to the village history teacher who sent it to Cairo for appraisal. Soon what was left of the manuscripts was in the Coptic Museum at Cairo, where they were found to be lost sacred scriptures of Gnostic Christianity—52 texts of uncommon and extremely diverse gospels, epistles, prayers and cosmological and metaphysical tracts.

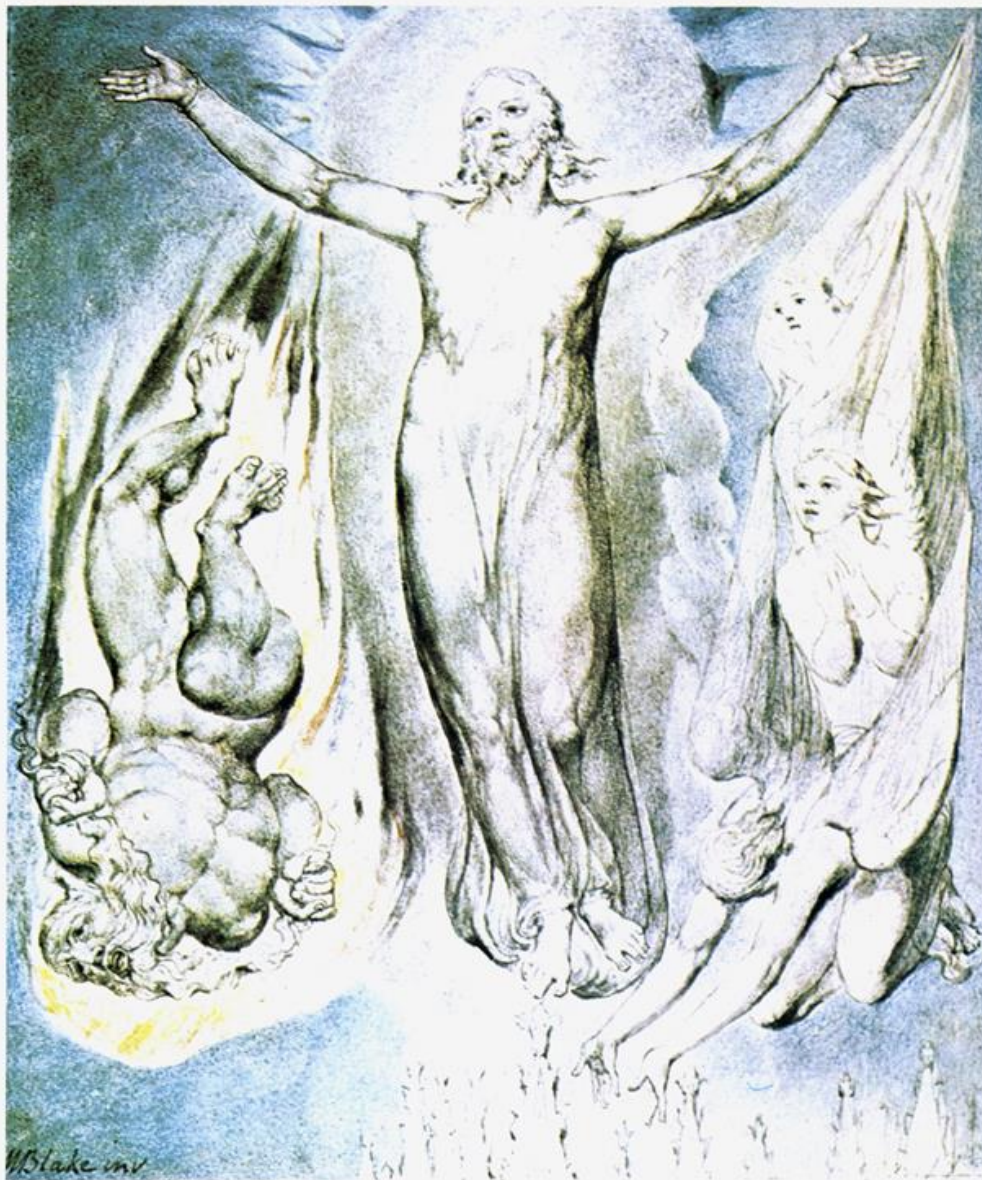
What put these documents in the jar in the first place was that they were illegal. The Gnostics, to whom these books were sacred, were declared heretical in the second century and persecuted throughout

Christendom by the emerging hierarchy. After the fourth-century conversion of the emperor Constantine and the standardization of Christianity, Gnostic writings were regarded as dangerous contraband. Very few documents were known to have survived before this find. And it's easy to see why. Gnostic Christianity was a truly revolutionary movement. Based on the individual's perception and knowledge of God, gnosis (knowledge) was by nature antiauthoritarian and antihierarchical. Here, in the translations of the Gnostic stash at Nag Hammadi, is the original, pure, uncut Christianity.

Gnosticism was in some ways a secret society, secrecy being necessary to protect the Christian brethren, at first from the state and later from orthodox Christians. Thus the Gospel of St. Thomas begins,

"These are the secret sayings which the living Jesus spoke and which Didymos Judas Thomas wrote down." The Jesus we meet here is quite different from the divine man we met in Matthew, Mark, Luke and John. He said to his disciples, "If you fast, you will give rise to sin for yourselves; and if you pray, you will be condemned; and if you give alms, you will do harm to your spirits. When you go into any land and walk about in the districts, if they receive you, eat what they will set before you, and heal the sick among them. For what goes into your mouth will not defile you, but that which issues from your mouth—it is that which will defile you."

The Gnostics, as Elaine Pagels pointed out in one of a series of fascinating articles in the *New York Review of Books*, were feminists to a remarkable degree. And perhaps this was one of the principal reasons for their suppression. The *Nag Hammadi Library* documents the Gnostic woman as equal to the man in their rites. The functions of bishop, priest and deacon were periodically assigned to all members of the congregation and were chosen by lot at each assembly. Thus the early Gnostic churches were completely democratic. Furthermore, in writings here dealing with creation, the creator is not simply God the Father, but God the Father and the Mother. One remarkably poetic discourse, "Thunder, Perfect Mind," is written from a distinctly feminine point of view.

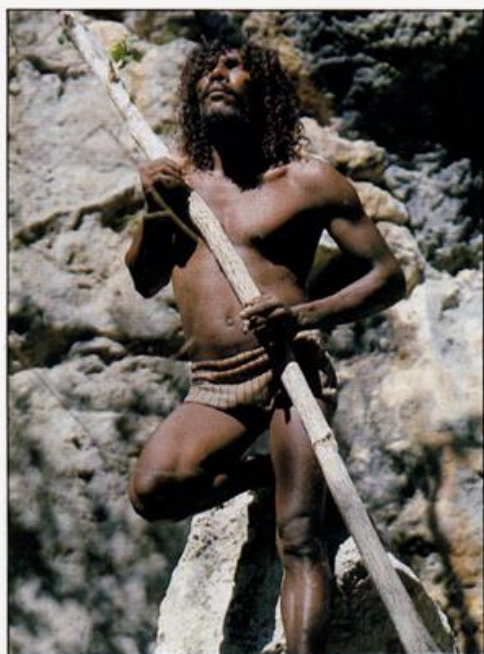


Painting by William Blake

tics, the holy spirit was synonymous with intelligence. To know one's self was to know God: "Jesus said, 'Recognize what is in your sight, and that which is hidden from you will become plain to you. For there is nothing hidden which will not become manifest.'"

Obviously, such a view is highly incompatible with creating hierarchical organizations. So Gnosticism as a movement had

**In the translations
of the Gnostic
stash at Nag Hammadi
is the original,
pure, uncut
Christianity.**



Kate Simon

Rastas echo secret Gnostic teachings.

to remain underground and went deeper and deeper underground all the time these books were buried. However, this find occurred at a most symbolic time—with organized religion in apocalyptic crisis, and more and more elements of real live Gnosticism coming into actual practice every day.

The Gnostics were probably not unlike today's more advanced Rastafarians, the ganja-smoking dreadlocks who praise God with electric guitars. As good a definition of Gnosticism as any is Peter Tosh's answer to any question regarding his beliefs. "Rasta don't believe. Rasta knows. Belief is 50 percent of doubt. Seen?"

The original Gnostic movement was a great democratic, communistic manifestation of loving intelligence. It was the most dangerous knowledge ever known. It was buried for almost 2,000 years, but it was buried alive and it's now walking the land.

—Glenn O'Brien

"CALL ME HAIRHEAD"

GRIFFITH OBSERVATORY, by Bill Griffith (Rip Off Press, Inc., Box 14158, San Francisco, Ca. 94114, \$1.25).

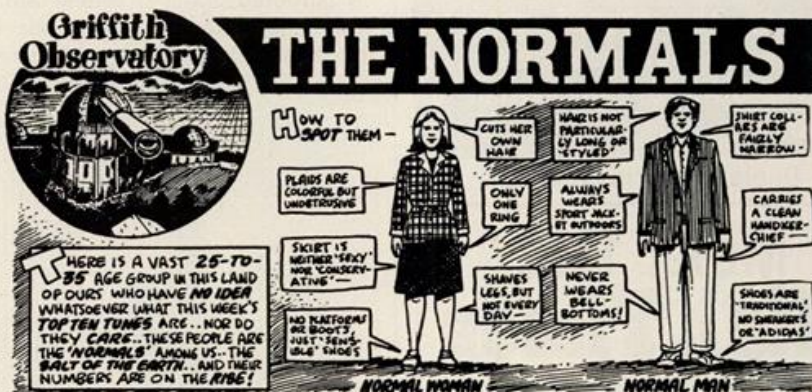
America 1980 is a fast society. Highways and media have created a half-real, half-illusory pace of life far speedier than our ancestors would ever have deemed safe or sane. Fast-living advocates proclaim this progress, while pessimists warn that the big burn-out is at hand. Either way you look at it, as things get faster they also seem to get shorter (by virtue of some quirk of Einstein's theory of relativity, no doubt). Money is shorter, concentration time is shorter, patience is shorter.

Minimal art reflects this, as do the two-minute, three-chord songs of the Ramones. And now we have what may well be the first Great American Novel in comic-book form.

Bill Griffith, the creator of Zippy the Pinhead, has telescoped the whole of America into 36 short pages. Griffy (or "Hairhead" as he is fondly called by his sidekick frog), the voyeuristic narrator of the comic-epic, accomplishes this by scanning the country with a magical telescope. American consciousness is condensed to a series of character types: Religious Nuts, Anal Retentives, Worriers, Street Crazies and some 20 others, each chronicled and dissected with biting humor and disarming clarity, one to a page, in *Griffith Observatory*. A big statement in a short space: reading time, approximately 30 minutes.

This is great for people who don't have much time, or who feel there isn't much time left. And if, by chance, a spare moment can be found—sitting on the john for instance—rereading Griffith's quick takes on art critics, media addicts or punk rockers can provide superb filler.

—Jeff Goldberg



Bill Griffith

(continued)

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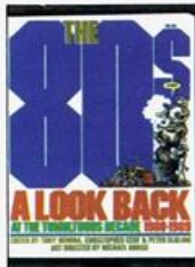
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THE 80s: A LOOK BACK AT A TUMULTUOUS DECADE 1980-1989, edited by Tony Hendra, Christopher Cerf and Peter Elbling, art directed by Michael Gross (New York: Workman Press, \$6.95). The 80s is a



serious way of being silly. It was put together by the same tricksters who published *Not The New York Times* during the New York newspaper strike back in '78. Featuring contributors like Paul Krassner, Jon Landau, Marvel Comics' Stan Lee, George Plimpton and Abbie Hoffman, *The 80s* laughs at sex, sports, religion, music, drugs, fashion and food as it looks back, in words and pictures, at a decade before it happens. The result resembles a stoned Time-Life book.

Among the best articles are "Looking for Mr. & Mrs. Goodbar," "The Lives of a Cancer Cell," "The Beatle-Maniac" and "Blimpie Nation." Events in the '80s include the opening of the Great Wall of China National Tour; a real-estate coup in which the United Kingdom is purchased by the Disney Corporation and turned into a



An '80s event: the Great Wall of China tour.

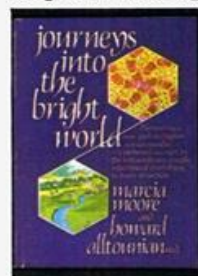
theme park called the United Magic Kingdom; and the first interview with a dolphin, conducted by Dr. John C. Lilly, who finds the fish boring, talking exclusively about how salty halibut tastes.

The best-selling "boox" of the '80s are *Dead*, a gripping thriller about the passengers of a DC-10 crash in the Canadian Rockies who don't survive; *The Kennedy Teeth*, an intimate, straight-from-the-mouth memoir by the Kennedy orthodontist; *If Life Is a Dream How Come I Can't*

Sleep, another Erma Bombeck sizzler, and *Hitler Said the Darndest Things*. And among the magazines satirized is, of course, *HIGH TIMES*, cleverly disguised as *Prime Times*—The Magazine of Rare Society, which reports on the quality, quantity and market prices of "Virginia Red," "London Broil" and other connoisseur meats.

—Scott Cohen

JOURNEYS INTO THE BRIGHT WORLD, by Marcia Moore and Howard Alltounian, M.D., (Para Research, Whistlestop Mall, Rockport, Mass. 01966, \$5.95).



Back in '71 some friends of mine who were working at a V.A. hospital in New Jersey told me that a bunch of the young M.D.'s and interns were getting into ketamine. They called it "special K." It reportedly had a greater kick, though a shorter duration, than acid, producing a pleasant, dreamlike state, vivid imagery, hallucinations and a distinct sense of separation between mind and body.

Marcia Moore, a yoga teacher, astrologer and author (*Astrology in Action* and *Reincarnation: The Key to Immortality*) had been a student of metaphysics for 35 years. She was working in hypersentience therapy, a method of reincarnation therapy that strives to capture former lifetimes, when in April 1976 a friend of hers invited her to go on her first ketamine-powered astral trip.

"I would say that the lesson that this and subsequent ketamine trips taught was that one can discard all traces of ego awareness and individual volition and still be more than one was before," she writes. "For years, I had read of such states of being in the writings of eastern philosophers and western mystics but most of what they said had remained book knowledge.... I thought ketamine was a gift from Venus. Not just that it was a Venusian substance in the astrological sense, but that I felt it had actually been brought or manifested from another higher planet." Her first trip was so mind-boggling that upon her return to earth her first thoughts were, "Oh dear, I have completely blown my mind, now my friends will have to deal with a zombie, what a bummer for them."

Several months later, a strange series of events brought her together with Dr. Howard Alltounian, a member of the International Anesthesia Research Society. They had many of the same theories, a bond was formed, and they decided to experiment on themselves with this wonderful drug. In the course of their reserach, they were married.

The results of their experiments are presented in *Journeys into the Bright World*. It is a personal chronological account of their experiments and astral excursions. The narrative focuses on the

therapeutic and mind-expanding effects of ketamine and the realm between science and religion.

The sessions started off with small, 12-milligram doses that created the effect of a vibrating bed: "gentle massage jogging every particle of my scattered psyche back into proper alignment." They upped the trip to 25 mg. "This dose would open the door to an easily remembered aesthetic archetypical realm of pure sensuous enjoyment." On her first 35-mg excursion Moore was contacted by her inner plane guide. "I didn't see his figure and very little of his face. I could sense the quality of his presence. All that was really clear was his eyes. As he looked at me, my whole being was irradiated by the light of his all seeing gaze. I was being drawn into the glowing nimbus of his consciousness and rendered transparent."

Elsewhere she writes, "For years I had been amassing evidence that mankind is not alone in the cosmos. I was convinced that not only are we monitored by an exclusive hierarchy specifically connected with this planet, but we were the subjects of scrutiny from visitors from elsewhere. These are beings who for the sake of discussion I will call the 'space brothers.'"

It was when she increased the dosage to 50 mg that Marcia was able to make contact with one of these beings, a goddess-type figure, "veiled in light," with "an aureole of blonde hair, or a flicker of liquid sunbeams that caught my attention." In subsequent encounters, the goddess had different lessons to convey; often, information and instructions were imparted by means of parables or humorous vignettes.

At the same time, in southern California, John Lilly, his wife Toni and a group of researchers were also deep into ketamine experimentation. Their dosage levels were extreme in comparison to Marcia's and Howard's. Lilly was doing 50 mg per hour for up to 20 hours at a time. His group too had been experiencing contacts with aliens. A meeting between Lilly and Marcia was arranged. Ketamine and space people were the topics of discussion.

In the months following, members of Lilly's group found themselves prone to "robotlike" behavior carried to a point where it appeared that the body was actually taken over by alien forces. One member drove his car off a cliff, another died in strange circumstances and Lilly himself had a near-fatal accident. They dropped their ketamine research at this point.

Marcia and John continued for a while before they stopped to finish work on *Journeys into the Bright World*. Several months after the book was printed, Marcia Moore, having resumed ketamine experimentation, disappeared without a trace. Howard Alltounian continues ketamine research and hopes that the goddess will lead him to his wife or provide some answers as to where she went and why. —Charlie Frick

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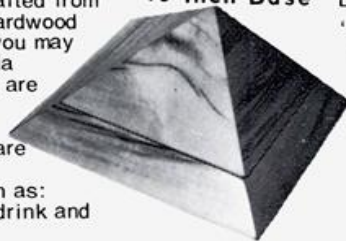
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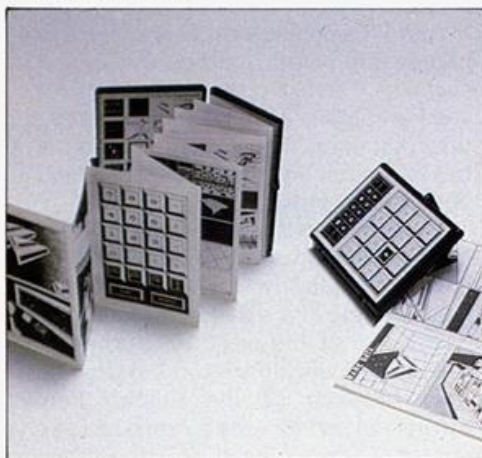


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MAGAZINE DREAM

Throw all your notions of what a magazine should be out the window. Then go downstairs and clean it up, you gullible swine. *Micro Space*, the first magazine that reads you, is a futuristic assemblage of inner and outer space that comes in a pocket-sized plastic container and folds out like a season's hockey schedule. Some call it a blueprint for eternity; others have no comment. Either way *Micro Space* will find you, so surrender and send \$3 for one issue to Brian Brain (the Hugh Hefner of electronegativity), P.O. Box 1533, New York, N.Y. 10001.



A BAG FOR ALL REASONS

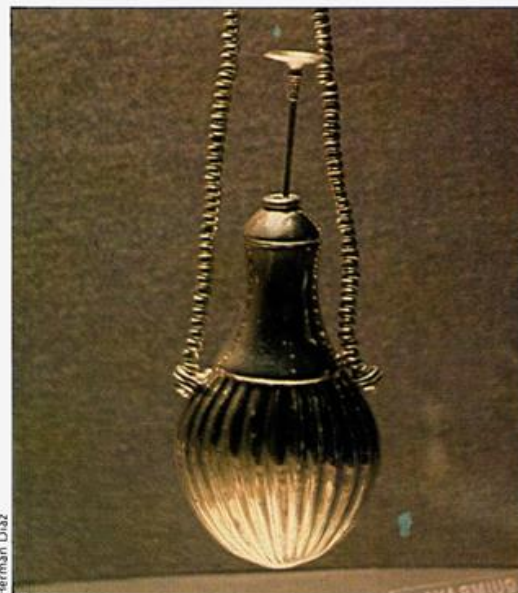


Whatever it is you're carrying, the Danish Souperbag has room for it and lots more. This international favorite of photographers, hikers, nuns and duck hunters is made of heavy-duty, water-repellent canvas and features more pockets than a herd of kangaroos. The adjustable strap helps convert the bag to a shoulder sling-along or backpack, or you can tuck the strap inside and have a new-wave portfolio. It measures 15½ inches across, 11 inches deep and 4 inches wide, and by unzipping the bottom pleat it expands to double width. The Danish Souperbag costs \$39.50 plus \$2.50 shipping and comes in brown, black, gray, blue and green. Also pictured is the

Small Schoolbag with a similar sturdy canvas construction and adjustable strap for \$22 plus \$1.50 shipping in brown, black, gray, beige and red. Available from the Yeoman Group (importers), P.O. Box 3015, Grand Central Station, New York, N.Y. 10017.

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EL DORADO AIR FORCE



Among the golden treasures at the Museum of Natural History exhibit: 1,000-year-old coke paraphernalia and five delta-wing model airplanes.

by Antonio Huneus
and Jeff Goldberg

The legends speak of El Dorado, the lost kingdom of the Golden One, variously described as a vanished city, a treasure-filled temple, a mountain of gold. Goldbug-bitten conquistadores, like Gonzalo Pizarro and Francisco de Orellana, ventured into the Amazonian heart of darkness in search of it, only to face disappointment and often grisly death. And the legend persists to this day, snagging the occasional unwary dreamer who, believing he at last has divined El Dorado's elusive coordinates, plunges blindly into the jungle, never to be seen again.

The legend of El Dorado is said to have originated in a custom of the Chibcha Indians of Colombia, who each year anointed a chieftain by stripping him naked, rolling him in mud and dusting him with gold that the "golden man" then ceremonially washed off in a sacred lake, casting handfuls of precious metal and jewels into the waters at the same time.

Whether or not the city of gold exists, the evidence of an age of gold among the Indians of Colombia is undeniable. Last month, "The Gold of El Dorado," a glittering array of gold artifacts and pottery from Colombia, ended a four-month stay at New York's American Museum of Natural History. Regarded as the most comprehensive exhibition of Colombian archaeology ever displayed outside Latin America, the collection dramatically attested to the mastery of native Colombian goldsmiths 1,000 years ago.

Among the 500 gold relics on display were—in addition to religious objects and jewelry—simple weapons, hunting and fishing gear, cooking utensils, musical instruments and drug paraphernalia (some absolutely gorgeous stashes for lime powder to chew with coca leaves). But what to make of the set of objects pictured here, officially listed in the exhibition catalog as

We are left with the rather confounding impression that the El Dorado air force was buzzing the skies of Colombia around the time of the final breakup of the Roman Empire.

"figura zoomorfa"—animallike figurines?

For the most part, archaeologists have regarded them as representations of birds, insects or flying fish. To these experts, we at *HIGH TIMES* say, "pooh pooh": These little lovelies are clearly airplanes! Our contention is supported by one Dr. Ivan T. Sanderson, who studied the aerodynamics of these curiosities way back in 1954, when a similar tour of Colombian gold stopped at the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Dr. Sanderson showed a duplicate of one such object to several aviation engineers and solicited their comments, without telling them what it was or where it came from. To a man their immediate

response was that it was neither fish nor fowl, but unmistakably airplane.

"Certainly suggests an airplane, especially the vertical tail," mused Arthur Young, then a plane designer at Bell Helicopter. "Although the nose is very unplane-ish." His view was echoed and expanded by Jack A. Ullrich, one of the first rocket-plane test pilots. Pointing out the delta-wing construction (which differs markedly from the wing structure of birds), he suggested the little gold object represented some form of *high-performance* aircraft. "The object spells out one thing to me, mainly jet."

Ullrich went on to counter Young's objections to the specimen's ungainly parts: "The funny thing is if such things were put on modern airplanes, [they] would still fly. Many modern aircraft have more junk than that hanging on their outsides." Another aviation expert, Adolph Heuer, went a step further when he argued that not only could the object represented fly, it could plunge into water and proceed under the surface. (Such experimental designs of subaquaplanes have been devised by military planners, though confirmation of an unsuccessful test flight in 1966 has not been forthcoming.)

We are left with the rather confounding impression that the El Dorado air force, possibly piloted by high-flying aquamen, was buzzing the skies of Colombia (currently one of the most UFO-prone countries in the world) around the time of the final breakup of the Roman Empire. Strange to ponder—as strange as the mystery of El Dorado itself. ☐

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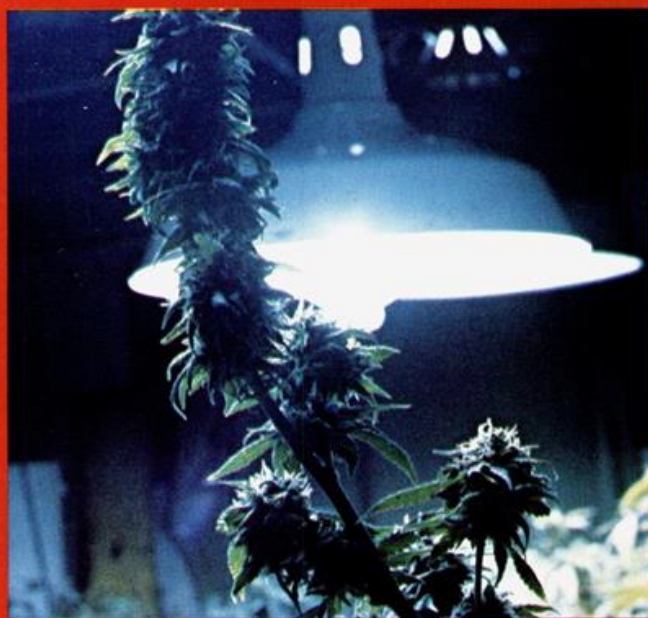


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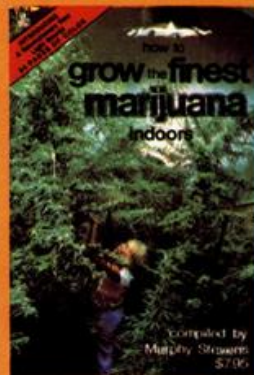


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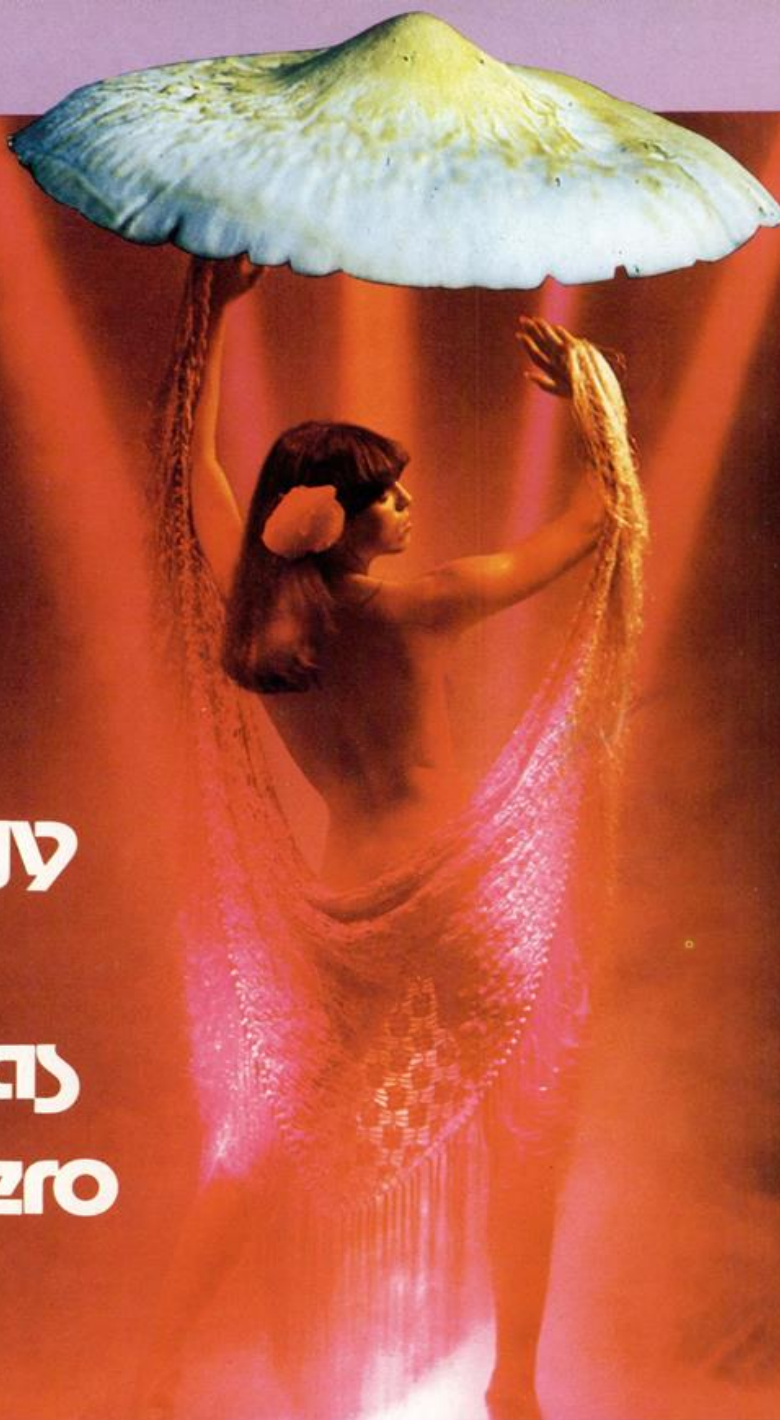
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